THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hal G. Evarts—George Weston—Clarence Budington Kelland—May Edginton
Horatio Winslow—Thomas McMorrow—Samuel G. Blythe—Wythe Williams

Motorists who seek super-comfort, a smartly equipped car and the utmost of perfected motoring, find it in *the master* of balloon tires

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

"Best in the Long Run"

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Of course you'll want one. A double breasted. More than that - the right one; *the* double breasted. The illustration gives you an idea of the cut. Points to note: the wedge coat, with broad shoulders, very snug hips: deep, wide lapels, low set pockets. Straight, easy trousers. You can get exactly this suit from the merchant who sells Society Brand Clothes.

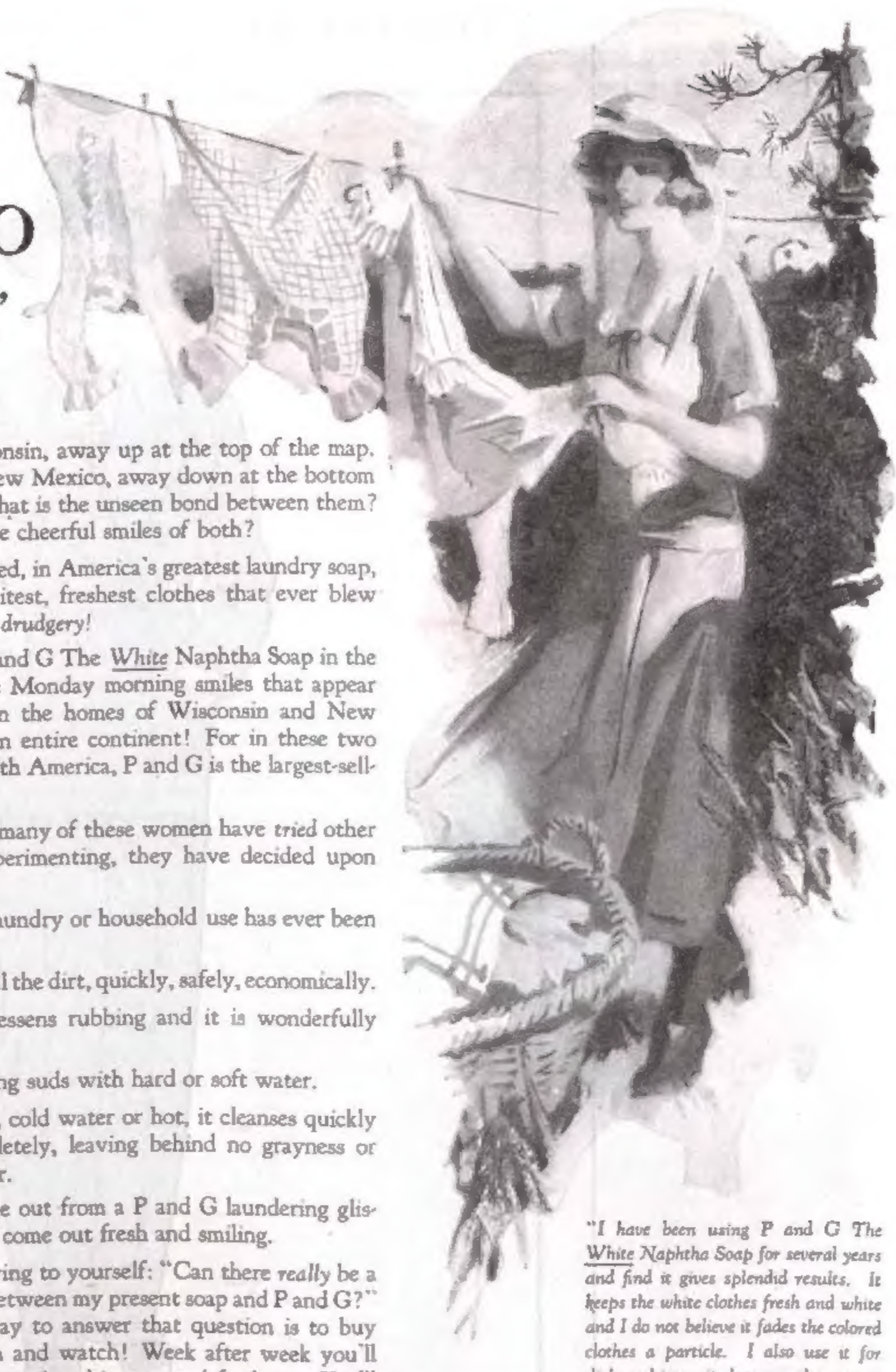
Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO NEW YORK
In Canada SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL

Wisconsin *says to* New Mexico

"I'm glad you agree, too."



THERE'S Wisconsin, away up at the top of the map. And there's New Mexico, away down at the bottom of the map. What is the unseen bond between them? What accounts for the cheerful smiles of both?

Both have discovered, in America's greatest laundry soap, the secret of the whitest, freshest clothes that ever blew upon a line—*without drudgery!*

The presence of P and G The White Naphtha Soap in the washtub explains the Monday morning smiles that appear regularly, not only in the homes of Wisconsin and New Mexico, but across an entire continent! For in these two states, as in all of North America, P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap.

Like you, perhaps, many of these women have *tried* other soaps. But after experimenting, they have decided upon P and G, because:

No finer soap for laundry or household use has ever been made.

It really takes out all the dirt, quickly, safely, economically.

It saves time, it lessens rubbing and it is wonderfully easy on clothes.

It makes rich, lasting suds with hard or soft water.

Winter or summer, cold water or hot, it cleanses quickly and rinses out completely, leaving behind no grayness or unpleasant soapy odor.

White clothes come out from a P and G laundering glistening white—colors come out fresh and smiling.

Maybe you are saying to yourself: "Can there *really* be a *noticeable* difference between my present soap and P and G?" Well, the simplest way to answer that question is to buy P and G—then wash and watch! Week after week you'll *see* your clothes improve in whiteness and freshness. You'll *feel* the difference in your arms and back.

Before your next washday, order P and G from your grocer. In its spick and span blue-and-white wrapper, the clean-smelling white cake holds the secret discovered by the women of Wisconsin, New Mexico, and all the rest of America. There is no real mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

"I have been using P and G The White Naphtha Soap for several years and find it gives splendid results. It keeps the white clothes fresh and white and I do not believe it fades the colored clothes a particle. I also use it for dishwashing—it loosens the grease better than most soaps. I like it for general housecleaning such as washing woodwork, kitchen walls and floors, and for bedroom rugs and rag rugs. In fact, I recommend it highly for all general household purposes."

MRS. G. O. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

"I find P and G unsurpassed for washing white as well as colored clothing. I have no dread that my colored clothes will fade. For dishwashing it is all anyone could want. For general housecleaning, such as washing woodwork and the bathroom, I would use nothing but P and G."

MRS. J. S. G., Tucumcari, N. Mex.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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THE PAINTED STALLION

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

LOOKING back, the boy would testify that old Pete Challoner had said a mouthful.

"No matter how trivial a thing appears on the surface, it has possibilities of growin' to significant proportions, give it plenty of rope and sufficient time," Challoner had observed to the boy when the latter was in his fifteenth year. "And no matter how big a thing looms, bear in mind that its start was likely real triflin'. Trace any stream to its source and you'll find that it heads in a spring seep or the trickle from the downhill edge of a snow bank or some similar unpretentious puddle. Reverse yourself and follow any insignificant trickle of water downhill and it ends up in some sizable stream that goes to help fill up the ocean. Don't ever forget that if you elect to ride on the east side of a sagebrush you may meet something that'll send you to hell in a hurry, whereas you may loiter on the way there a whole lot longer if you take the west side, or vicy versy. What I aim to convey is that just any little turn in the road may alter the course of your whole future, sending you off on some trail that plays out, like one that leads away from a water hole in the desert, or you may pick up a faint lead that'll set your feet on the main trail to water and rich grass aplenty. Fate is interested in us mortals the same way you'd be entertained by the antics of a red ant on a hot brick. Keep that in mind."

The boy failed to keep it in mind, as all youth fails to take heed of the counsel of age, but the time came when it recurred to him forcefully.

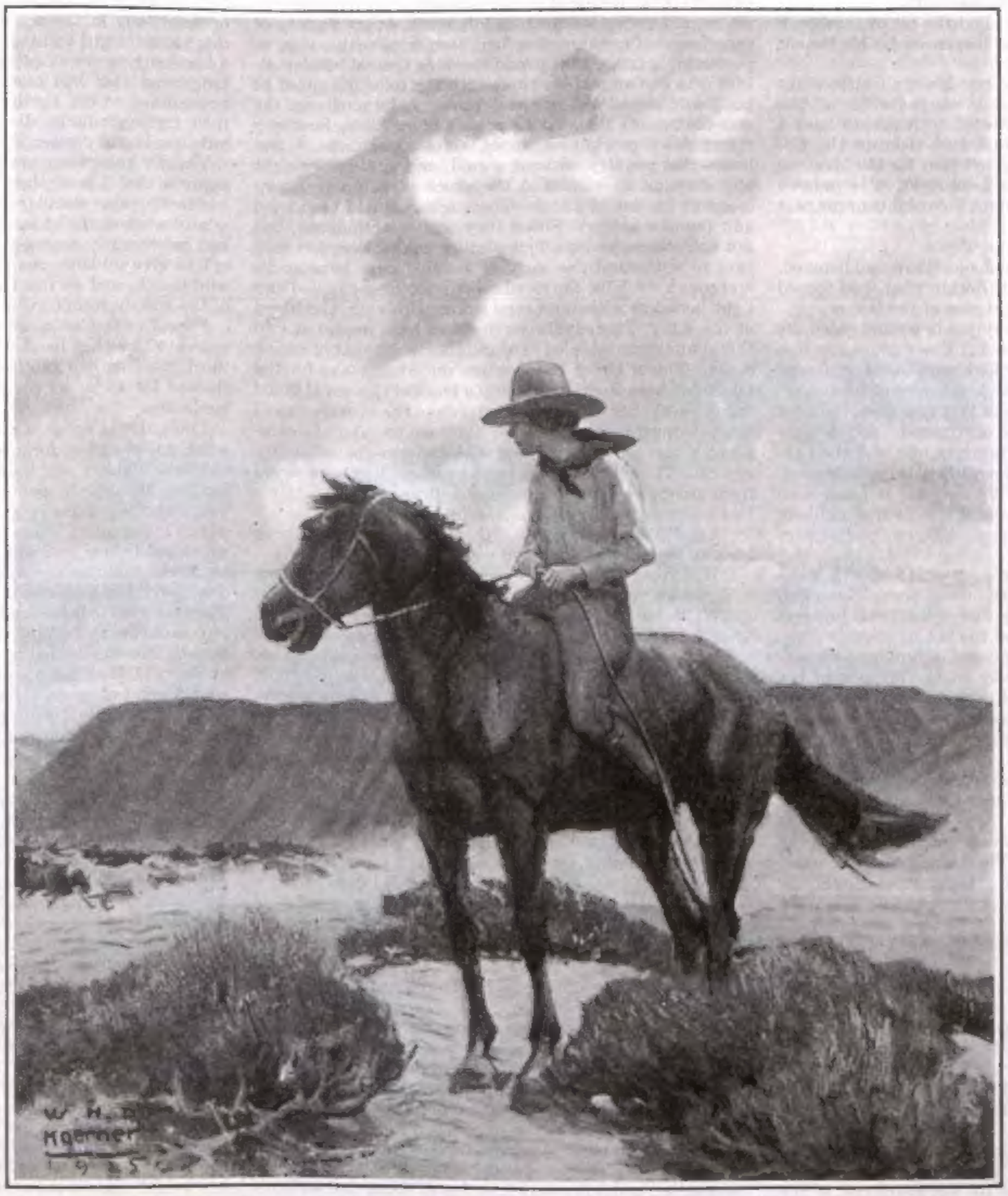
When four riders extracted some thirty head of horses from their rightful range it would seem to have no direct bearing on his career, since the scene was a hundred miles removed and he had no knowledge of the occurrence. Nevertheless, some ten days after the incident he was just breaking camp in the morning when three stern-faced strangers accosted him and requested that he pass over his gun. For a moment he hesitated, but three weapons menaced him, so he grinned and complied.

"How did you come by them Cross C horses?" one of the trio demanded.

"Purchased 'em two days back—and dirt cheap too," the young man asserted.

His interlocutor grunted skeptically, unconvinced even when shown a bill of sale.

"The kid's right," another of the men testified. "They've sheared him of his money with a forged bill of sale. He ain't one of them. I saw that quartet."



Eventually She Brought Him to a Standstill and Sat Watching While the Desert Horses Faded From the Landscape

"Well, son, I'm real sorry to see you come out at the tail end of the horn, but we'll have to relieve you of them ten Cross C horses," said the leader of the three riders.

"I thought that price was too good to be true," said the youth regretfully. "I've got a good eye for horseflesh. There goes six months' wages and a lot of high hopes."

"Well, you've still got a good mount and a passable pack horse," the Cross C man offered by way of consolation.

"And now you can pass back my gun," said the youth. "I'm doubling back to look round for the buzzard that peddled them horses to me."

"Look sharp, buddy," one of the trio cautioned. "They're a hard bunch."

"And me," said the boy—"I'm a hard bunch too."

Some two weeks thereafter a horseman rode into the little sun-baked town of Morello. Four strangers had ridden into Morello a few days ahead of him and had remained there to frolic.

One of this quartet was the man whom he sought. The others he did not know.

He left his horse at a hitch rail and strolled the length of the street, casually scrutinizing the faces of those who passed him. Then he retraced his way. A man stepped from a saloon and the youth accosted him. Bystanders could not catch the trend of the few words that passed. The man's hand flashed toward his gun, but the boy beat him to it. The man pitched forward and lay sprawled on his face.

The boy stood looking down at him. He was about to sheathe the smoking weapon when something tugged at his hair as a report sounded from twenty yards up the street. His own gun spoke again as he shot from his side, sounding simultaneously with the second shot of his assailant. He shot again as the man fell. Then he turned to the bystanders. "You all saw I shot in self-defense," he said.

One man nodded.

"But self-defense or not, you'll have to stand regular trial," he informed. "Folks hereabouts insists on that, right or wrong."

"This first rat was a horse thief and I reckon that other was into it with him," said the boy. "I was acting within my rights."

"Then you'll come off free, likely," his counselor predicted.

The Mustangs, Ever Alert, Frequently Shifted, Running for Miles After Being Startled Into Flight

"But I don't aim to rot in jail while they're deciding about it," the boy proclaimed. "I'll just flit and let folks fix it up any way they see fit."

He suited the action to the words and rode out of town, headed for the Solaro country to the south.

Perhaps ten days later he recalled the bit of sagebrush philosophy which Challoner had dispensed for his benefit some years before.

"Maybe the whole course of my life ain't altered for keeps, but my present direction is warped a bit off the course I'd mapped out," he reflected. "A month back I was headed north, intending to travel clean to the Canadian line, and here I am riding hell-bent for the Mexican border. Old Pete Challoner was dead right. I've rode on the incorrect side of several different sage plants in the past thirty days."

II

POWERS propped his head upon one elbow and listened. Something, he could not quite decide what, had roused him, and his first waking thought was of the horses.

The water hole consisted of a spring in a blind gulch, its upper end walled in by a cap rock. The various crevices on either hand had been blocked with dead junipers. Below, where the coulee narrowed, the several breaks between columns of eroded sandrock that rose from the floor of the gulch had been similarly obstructed. A pole gate furnished the only route of entrance or exit and the bars were now up. Thus a rough corral had been fashioned, sufficient feed growing within it to render it feasible to keep horses confined therein overnight. It was unlikely that the saddle stock would escape. Still, one could never tell.

A brilliant moon bathed the desert with a ghostly radiance. A breath of wind whispered down across the mesa, twitching gently at the feathery tips of scattered junipers and fanning the dying embers of the fire to a feeble glow. The face of the earth seemed wrapped in profound silence. Then the horses stirred restlessly on the far side of the water hole, the sound for which Powers had waited. He settled back into his bed roll, assured that they were safe; only to lift his head again as the throbbing vibration of hoofs reached his ears.

"Mustangs," he said. He had heard that same sound a hundred times before when camped at various water holes. "They figured to water here."

Powers traced the course of the drumming hoofs as the wild horses circled down wind. There was a brief silence as their leader sampled the wind. The stallion caught the taint of the camp and his wild pealing whistle shattered the quiet of the desert night.

Another figure stirred and a girl raised her head from her blankets.

"Wild ones, Millie girl," the man explained.

The mustangs had stopped a quarter of a mile from the camp, yet the stillness of the night was such that the sharp whistling of their breath seemed to come from but a few yards away. The stallion snorted explosively and there was a sudden commotion among the horses on the far side of the water hole. A mare nickered a shrill response and the whole outfit was off with a clatter of hoofs.

Sleeping forms sprang to action with the sound, and two other men joined the girl and her father as they leaped from their blankets and headed for the lower end of the inclosure. There was a crash of dead brush, the thud of a heavy body on the ground. The horses milled at the edge of the sandrocks, wheeled and turned back at the approach of the men.

"Most of 'em are still inside, anyhow," Powers predicted. "But it sounded like one of 'em made a jump for it and broke through the top of them dead junipers and landed wrong side up outside the gap."

His surmise was verified by the shrill appealing nicker of a mare from down the country.

"It's Patches," Powers said. They stood listening and presently the mare's message, faint from distance, drifted again to their ears. Powers dropped a hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Your mare's gone over to the wild bunch, girl," he said.

Patches was Millie Powers' favorite, the one bit of property that belonged to her outright. In this country where men depended upon saddle stock, every variety of experiment of crossbreeding had been tried with a view to perfecting a strain that would combine several ideal qualities into one animal—a horse with the requisite speed to head wild steers, the iron endurance of the mustang, the sure-footedness that would permit of reckless, headlong riding down precipitous slopes, across rough, rocky and brush-clad country without a spill, and sufficient weight and stamina to withstand the shock of stopping heavy steers at the end of a rope. Thoroughbreds had been tried and found wanting. Speed they had in abundance, but not endurance, and the long slender ankles were too delicate to withstand the work of running over loose rocks and rough sidehills, the slender body too long-coupled and light-boned to withstand rope work. However, the blood of those first Thoroughbreds that had been imported into the country was mingled here and there with that of native stock. The origin of Patches was uncertain, save for the fact that there was undoubtedly a trace of this royal blood in her veins. She was a bit rangier than the average run of short-coupled mustangs, taller and heavier, and she combined a vast amount of speed with the sure-footed agility of a cat. The calico mare, when a yearling, had been roped from among a band of mustangs and presented to Millie Powers by a cow hand who rode for her father.

"Yep," Powers amplified, "that Patches mare has gone back to the wild bunch; and good riddance, I'd say."

"Will you get her back for me, dad?" the girl appealed.

The man nodded and patted her shoulder.

"We'll have her in again," he promised carelessly. "She'll be turning up again one of these days soon."

The girl knew this last statement as mere offhand reassurance. When once a horse reverted to the mustang, it was seldom that the animal turned up of its own accord. As they finished breakfasting in the cool desert dawn she broached the subject again.

"Don't break camp, dad," she entreated. "Let's stop over and ride for Patches."

Powers shook his head, his brown beard waving with the violence of the negative motion.

"Nope," he stated succinctly. "We got to be getting up on the mountain, and she headed back down'country."

"Now, dad," the girl insisted. "Nice old dad."

"That Patches mare, now—she's as triflin' a piece of horseflesh as it's ever been my privilege to meet up with," Powers slandered. "Worthless, she is—downright no account."

"She's the fastest thing in the whole Solaro country," the girl defended.

"Fast! Yes, I reckon," said Powers. "As a race horse she might pass, only you can't tell for sure, because the onery fleabit little ewe won't run the same direction as any other horse. She's a bunch quitter by nature and a trouble raiser by choice. You can't rope offn her or head another horse. All round, I'd ruther own a burro or a goat."

Millie nodded and patted his arm, leaning against him.

"I know," she agreed. "But I want her, dad." Powers' jaw was set, a rigidity which he found somewhat difficult to maintain when a small hand tugged playfully at his beard. "I do want her, dad," the girl reaffirmed.

One of the cow hands turned aside to conceal a grin. Powers was accounted a hard man, and stubborn, his convictions not easily altered. But when this girl of sixteen summers chose to wheedle she invariably gained her end.

"Well now," Powers bantered, "whyn't you put it on that basis at the start, instead of trying to make out to me that this Patches blunder was a regular horse? She ain't. But if you want her, that's different."

He made no excuse for his reversal, knowing that the two riders were quite well aware of his weakness.

The four rode from the water hole and dropped down the mesa to the flats, taking the general direction chosen by the missing mare. The crisp tang of the desert night was superseded by blistering heat as the sun rose high. Little puffs of white dust, stirred up by the feet of their mounts, hovered long in the air before settling. They crossed a ridge and the girl pointed. A half mile out in the bottoms a low-hanging streak of dust marked the route of a mustang band that had taken flight on the instant of their appearance on the sky line. The four riders spread out, their trails gradually diverging till they rode on a two-mile front, and pressed after the desert horses.

The girl knew the ways of the mustangs and of domestic animals that joined their ranks. Horses that had been handled by man would frequently quit a drove of their wild relatives when the chase was hot; particularly one that had but recently reverted to the mustangs would be more apt to give up than one that had traveled long with the wild bunch, and on this characteristic she based her hope of the speedy recapture of her mare.

Far off to the left a second streak of dust indicated the course of another band of mustangs; off to the right a third; another and another, till the fleeting streaks of dust showed for as far as the eye could reach across the arid landscape.

The girl was up on a powerful horse, desert-bred, with wind, speed and endurance. She rode him slick, without saddle or blanket, and the animal was scarcely conscious of her weight. She topped out on a low divide, and a vast flat, some ten miles in extent, spread out beyond. The sight that unrolled before her eyes was one such as she had witnessed before, but which never failed to thrill. For as far as she could see the mustang tribe was in motion, hundreds of these wild steeds of the desert racing for safety. They traveled in little bands, heading in the same direction, but each group holding to itself, declining to mass or bunch. The sun flashed on their sleek coats. Far out ahead an ivory stallion led his milk-white mares neck and neck with a band of raven blacks. A dozen cream-colored animals raced beside a drove of silver grays with white manes and tails. A score of pintos traveled in a compact group; bands of blue roans, bays and sorrels; droves of mixed colors too.

Millie Powers thrilled to the chase and the horse fought for his head. She let him out to the limit and flashed in and out of sand washes, dodging cat's-claw and mesquite. A single horse dropped out of a band ahead, slowed its pace and angled off to one side, watching its chance to double back past the pursuing riders. The springy, lifting stride and high-held head differed from the effortless, flowing gait of the mustangs and identified the horse as a revert, some saddle animal that had joined out with the wildings. But it was a black gelding, not Patches, as the girl had hoped. Another single dropped out, another and another, till a score or more had dodged back past the riders or angled wide of their course.

Patches failed to show up among these stragglers and the girl urged her mount on for one final spurt. Still the nearest band of mustangs held its lead. They seemed not to run, but to flow across the desert. Her horse, lathered white and breathing hard, would have run till he dropped, and he fought for his head when she leaned back and threw her weight against the rope reins of the hackamore to pull him up. Eventually she brought him to a standstill and sat watching while the desert horses faded from the landscape.

The other riders, outdistanced in this final spurt, converged and joined her. Powers commented testily upon the number of mustangs in the vicinity.

"They're thicker'n prairie dogs," he said. "Since Carson has offered every T Bar Z rider a bounty of half a dollar a head on mustangs they've been shooting 'em up regardless and it's crowded every willow-tail in the Solaro

country down onto our end of the range. We'll have to stage a general clean-up to get shut of them." He turned to his daughter, "Well, how now, Millie girl?"

Millie shook her head. She knew now that the recapture of her mare would require time and men and preparation—the locating of the particular band with which Patches would be ranging, then the relaying of that drove with fresh horses and fresh men, never once losing sight of the mare among all those others, a protracted chase that might require several days.

"No good to waste your time, dad," she said. "Thanks for stopping over."

"Kitten, you always play square thataway," Powers complimented. "I'll get that mare in for you while you're outside to school. You'll find her waiting in the corral for you to straddle when you come home from school next year."

III

THE wild mare nosed him solicitously, pushing her tongue against his hide and smoothing his ruffled coat. The desert colt found this soothing, but there was in him the age-old impulse to stand upon his own feet, the first urge that actuates a newborn colt. At frequent intervals he struggled valiantly to attain this end, and after each failure the ministrations of his mother continued until his coat was sleek and shining. He achieved his purpose eventually and stood with his feet spread wide apart. His wabbling forelegs seemed sprung at the knee joints. Balancing thus for a space, he essayed locomotion, spraddling and ungraceful, but still progression of a sort. He presently left off his awkward gambols and refreshed himself at the maternal fount. Then he executed a caper that was somewhat more ambitious than his former activities, kicking up his heels and switching his tail violently. As if exhausted by this display of agility, he sprawled on the ground and slept.

When he waked and regained his feet it seemed that even in so short a period he had discarded a portion of his awkwardness. He was still far from graceful, but he could move about without the appearance of being ever just upon the verge of collapsing. At a little distance he observed moving figures, and he crossed the intervening few yards to inspect the objects that had excited his curiosity, several wild horses of the desert that composed the band to which his mother belonged.

There were five mares, all of them calicoes of various designs and shades, four colts ranging in age from a youngster of some three months to a short two-year-old, and the big stallion that presided over the destinies of the band. This monarch, too, was a paint horse, his sleek coat patterned with irregular splotches of white and black.

Eternal vigilance was the price of life. One mare, her coat a crazy-quilt effect of red and white, stood on a little eminence from which she could see far to the east. A flat stretched away in all other directions, so there was need for only one sentinel. The other mares and colts drowsed, some standing, others reclining on the ground.

The newborn colt returned to his mother. The mare on watch left her post and grazed slowly back toward the band. Then the colt witnessed for the first time a proceeding which was destined to become a part of his daily existence—the changing of sentinels. This did not appear to be by appointment or in regular order. It consisted rather of the fact that some one of the mares, becoming nervous for the reason that there was one direction in which her view was cut off, elected to take up her stand at some point from which she could have a look toward that quarter as well. For just so long as she stood there, exhibiting no evidence of alarm, the other members of the band experienced a sense of complete security. But whenever one mare left her stand, having been posted there for perhaps an hour and having satisfied herself that no danger lurked in that quarter, it was but a matter of minutes before the apprehension of some other mare became roused to the point where she decided to allay it by taking a look for herself. So it continued interminably.

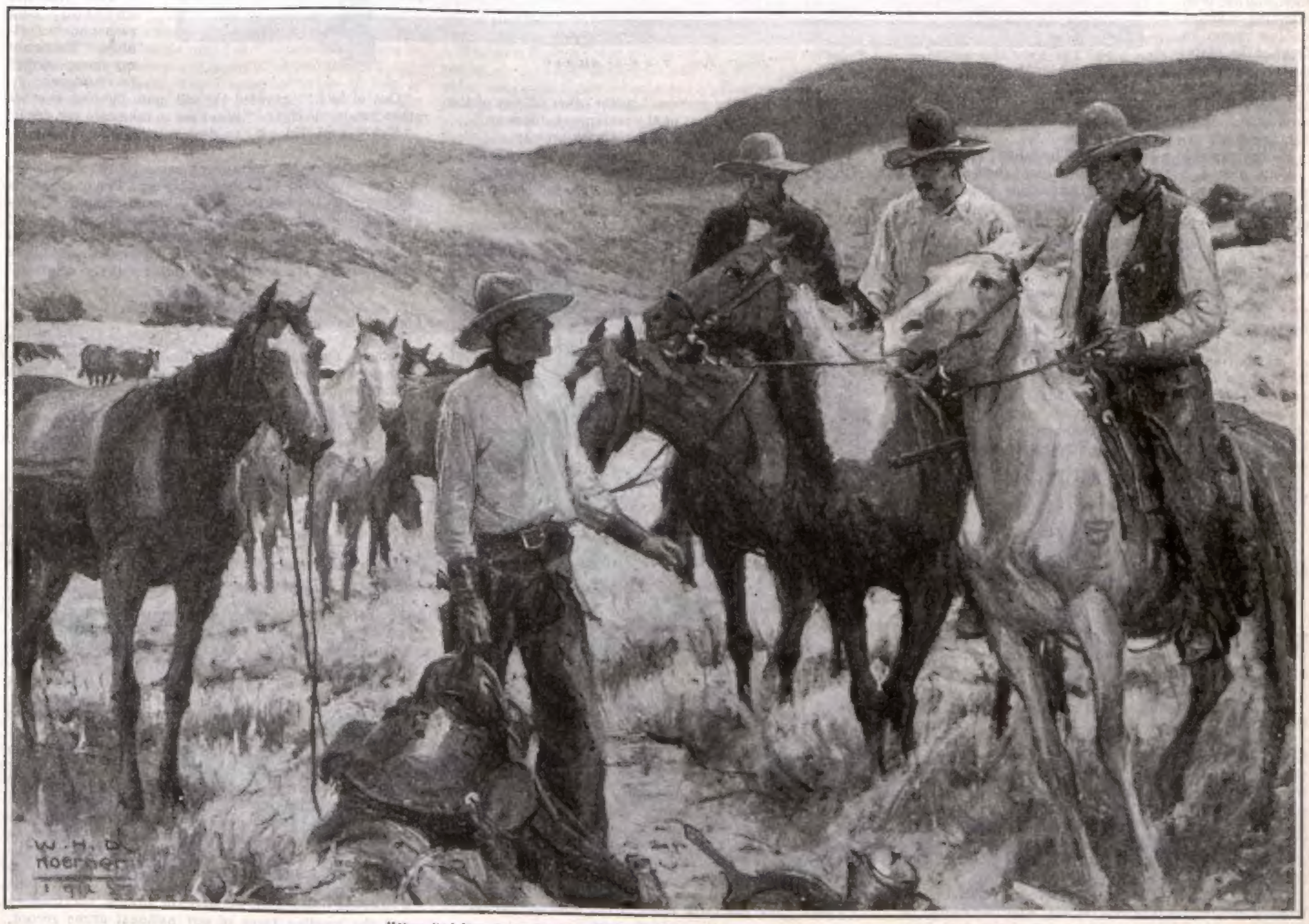
Toward nightfall the stallion put the band in motion, driving his mares and colts before him. The desert horses were heading for water. There had been no alarm for several days and the band had lingered within two miles of the water hole. The pinto stallion herded his charges across the big flat at a moderate pace which the newborn colt could maintain. When within half a mile of the water hole the lead mare halted and stood motionless with uplifted head, while the stallion, quitting his post in the rear, trotted a few yards to one side. His flaring nostrils sampled the breeze that drifted across the flat from the draw that sheltered the watering place. For a space of five minutes the mustangs remained bunched at that spot, every member of the band alert. Then the big paint horse struck off across the wind and the others followed, covering a distance of two hundred yards before repeating the performance. The breeze carried evidence of the presence of other horses, but there was no taint of man scent. Nevertheless, this maneuvering might have extended over a considerable period of time except for the fact that a band of black mustangs came into sight, ascending the far slope of the draw that sheltered the water, and this evidence that other wild horses had just visited the place, unmolested, was sufficient proof that no danger lurked thereabouts. With one accord, every horse in the band broke into a run in a wild race for the spot. The pace distanced the colt, but he held a fair gait at his mother's side and arrived not long after the others.

The water hole was a tank, an earthen dike thrown across the draw by stockmen to catch and retain the flood waters that drained through the bottoms after infrequent rainfalls.

The drought period had been long and the water remaining in the tank consisted of a shallow pool at the deepest point. The surrounding area, from which the waters had receded, resembled a snow field, so heavy was the deposit of alkali. The pool itself had been churned to a liquid of soupy consistency by the band of blacks that had just watered there, but the mustangs waded out and drank their fill.

The colt learned for the first time that surfaces were not always solid. Before he attained the edge of the water the white alkali crust allowed his tiny hoofs to break through into black mud that sucked at his feet as if to engulf him. The other members of the band plowed on through this stretch to the water, but the colt had neither the strength nor stability to follow. Blind panic seized him and he floundered awkwardly, turning back upon his course, and soon reached firmer footing, but terror remained with him. He felt quite alone and deserted.

(Continued on Page 62)



"How Did You Come by Them Cross C Horses?" One of the Trio Demanded

The Great American Scandal

Take This Case—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

"Steal? Sure. The Kids All Do"

IT WAS between midnight and one. A swift motor car whirled out of a side street, crossed the empty car tracks of a deserted avenue, lined with closed stores below and dark tenement houses above, and swung up to the curb in front of a brightly lighted all-night lunch room.

Five active men leaped out of this car. They were young, and principally conspicuous by the suggestion of good-natured, eager, healthy youth. The moment they had started on a run across the sidewalk, six other men, who had been standing chatting in low tones in front of the plate-glass window, moved a step or two backward. One of these men had a white terrier dog on a leash. He was the man who exploded in the back of his throat two words of warning.

He exclaimed in a low tone, "The bulls!"

Four of the five plain-clothes men rushed into the restaurant, with its few customers sitting at some of the long white tables with their piles of paper napkins and glass sugar bowls.

I could hear the sharp commanding voice of one detective saying, "We are the police—put your hands up—everybody!"

The detective who stood at the door with me looked over the group outside, and then he too exclaimed hoarsely.

He might have been addressing the nondescript group of six, but as he reached inside his coat and stepped forward he fixed his eyes upon one. This one was the man who held the leash of the white terrier; he had hesitated with a sudden gleam in his eyes as if he were choosing between the detective and me, then a slow smile had come over his thin young lips and his shoulders had drooped again.

"Put 'em up, Ed. Put up the paws," said the detective. "Have you got one?"

"Sure."

"I'll take it."

"Don't tickle me. I don't carry 'em on my hip. I carry 'em where you carry 'em."

Praise From an Expert

THE detective reached inside Ed's well-tailored waistcoat and drew out a lean .32-caliber revolver of a police type.

"You like this style?"

"Yeh; they're quick, light and dependable," was the reply.

The detective listened attentively and respectfully to this gray-eyed youth, who, like the gun, was lean, metallic, agile, deadly. The officer was learning something from an authority. He knew whom he had accidentally picked up in front of this respectable-appearing criminal resort; a person of distinction and one of the well-known gunmen in the country—an authority on quick draws and gun battling—a man of record in his profession.

"This is Ed X.," said the detective to me, and then, looking at the group of newcomers, who like moths of the night gathered from nowhere out of the dark into this circle of light, he motioned to the other officers of the law who were coming out of the restaurant doorway.

"I got one. It's Ed X.," he said with brevity.

I glanced at the faces of the newcomers who were now, in their turn, being searched for weapons. It was evident that Ed X. was on his own heath or block, and that he had friends near at hand who loved him and might be tempted to appoint one of us, the invaders, as a proxy to die for him. There was a boy of sixteen with an expression of the hunger of youth; there was an old man, who stooped like an ape and dangled his arms when the detectives had frisked and searched him for weapons.

"Are you Ed X.?" asked another member of the police squad, addressing the prisoner.

"No. It's a mistake"—with hopeful earnestness.

"Remember we've got the finger prints."

The prisoner sneered, but rather uncomfortably. "That's not my name—now," he countered.

Exactly One Hour and Ten Minutes After Ed X. Had Entered the Detention Corridor the Turnkey Officer Unlocked His Cell

"Out of luck!" growled the old man, lighting another rather handsome cigar. "Want me to take care yer dog?"

"Yeh," said Ed. "You know where to take him. Thanks."

The keeper of the restaurant came to the door. He watched us take Ed X. to the touring car. The proprietor's face was in the light; it was a broad expanse of imperturbable calm philosophy and resignation.

"Ed had his chance at us," whispered the officer who had made the arrest. "He could have bored us and made his getaway. It's a wonder he didn't pull and drop us."

A Bad Night for Ed

"I DON'T agree with you," I said. "He has it all too closely figured for that. He knows the consequences. I don't know what it is, but he has too much at stake somewhere. We were safe enough."

The car was overcrowded. Ed X. sat in my lap.

"It was bum luck," he said to me in a low tone. He was shivering a little. These steel-gray fellows are not so metallic after all.

"How did you happen to come downtown tonight?" I asked.

"It was my dog," he said in an aggrieved tone. "He got sick. I had gone to bed and then the dog began to whine and cry—say, it was pitiful! I got up and got dressed and came all the way across the city to find a friend—a veterinary."

"The cheerful liar," thought I, for I had learned that sob stuff is one of the criminal's best stocks in trade. "I expect this fellow will send out from the detention house and get a package of cigarettes and a prayer book!"

But I was wrong. Ed X. was telling the truth about the dog.

One of the detectives said into my other ear, "This is a regular one—a killer. We've got his record."

This was a bad night for Ed X. It was a lucky one for me. Ed X. has furnished me with all I could ever hope for in the way of a typical criminal and a typical criminal case. So typical is the case of Ed X. that it becomes unique. It has in it all the outstanding causes of the making of a criminal; most of the weak points where the law breaks down; all the false, mushy sentiment and all the blind misunderstanding with which we treat our rising tide of crime. Luck at last had given me a case disclosing step by step the drama, the tragedy and the howling farce of our national crime record.

And here it was—all hanging around this metal-faced, cool, philosophic, fastidious gunman! This was not statistics on crime. This was not theory. This was human and real—and first-hand.

"I like this Ed X.," said my friend, who had accompanied me on the raid. "He is an impulsive but warm-hearted boy."

I laughed outright, for I knew already that except for some remote corners of his soul, he, at twenty-five years of age, was as cold-blooded as a cross between a venomous snake and a Greek sage.

Ed X. was, in fact, born not two blocks away from the spot where we had arrested him. His real name I will not give, because I shall have something to say of those connected with his destiny which might cause them undue embarrassment. As for the spot, call it F Street.

As one looks down F Street the fire escapes, decorated with mattresses out for an airing, and the white pitchers and milk bottles on the window sills, break somewhat the monotony of ugliness in these tall tenement houses with their wearisome stairs, their swarming doorways. The street-cleaning department is always short-handed here; children play amid a litter of paper, old strawberry boxes, discarded slippers and such things. The place has not changed much since Ed X. graduated from F Street. It was a hive then; it is a hive now. In this respect it furnished a factor in Ed's destiny common enough in the making of criminals.

Ed X. says: "It's this way—with the rich, every kid has his own top or doll. But where there's only one top on the street it's more likely to say good-by to its owner. Maybe you think that where there is a lot of property there is stealing, but I'll say it's where there isn't enough to go round. And the women in that old block have got just one idea—get the kids out into the street. That gets 'em from under the feet in those little rooms. The street is the kid's old man and his mother. The woman who sticks her head out of the fourth floor and bawls out for her Jimmy is only the woman who cooks for the family.

"But it's the being so close with everybody that counts. I almost forget it, but on hot nights when the windows are open and the air shafts too, I've laid in bed and counted four families having rows and slinging chairs around, and so on—pretty raw—pretty rough—pretty rotten. Eh? Don't think I'm kicking—I've had my chance with the rest of 'em. And I've no complaint. Some of the boys on F Street have grown up without getting into trouble. One I know is a plasterer, and I hear he makes sixteen or eighteen dollars a day. Well, just now that wouldn't get me through an evening with a party at —— And I don't drink much at that."

A Product of a Broken Home

ED X. not only is an example of the criminal graduate from the overcrowded urban districts, where the street is "the mother and the old man too," but he falls into another of the classes which grow crime. When he was seven, there was a row in the family. Neither he nor an older sister, whom we will mention again later, remembers much about the row. Ed's father was a mild dipsomaniac. And this fact is typical also. A mechanic's job was given up for a factory; and the eternal inhuman monotony of standing in front of a machine probably made some kind of escape from self imperative.

He Could Stand About at an Afternoon Tea on a Long Island Estate Without Exciting the Suspicions of Some of the Guests—or the Butler

"I don't blame him for the drinking," says Ed. "Why wouldn't he?"

At any rate there must have been a divorce, or perhaps a separation, and then the death of the father. The mother had moved across the city, and about the time Ed was ten she had moved back again to F Street. She had a new husband and a new baby.

The new husband was a nice enough man. He treated the children of his predecessor well. He was a good provider too—a curiously sober, steady, phlegmatic creature; kindly, but brooding. The new baby, however, caused a great deal of trouble. It was a little boy, always ailing. Ed remembers that its coming so destroyed the mother's health that she died when it was eighteen months old. No one knows just why Ed's new father waited for six months to leave his family.

"He faded away," says Ed with a grin. "Two of us weren't his. He came out of nowhere and one day that's where he went. Of course, someone may have rubbed him out, or he may have fallen off the back end of a ferry boat. But I guess not; I guess he just faded."

The statistics show that of the populations of reformatories and correctional schools about 80 per cent come from broken homes. Ed's case was no exception. Rows, divorce, desertion—they obliterate the home; and the mother and father compact is the only real bulwark against crime. The statistics show it; Ed X. agrees with them.

It is difficult to make Ed X. talk of his career between the time the record shows that his second father deserted and the day he was sent to the reformatory. I believe that this is due to the existence of his sister, who has since married. He seldom answers questions about her. He says she does not know where he is, or anything of his adventures, and certainly nothing of his criminal record. I pointed out this significant attitude to a newspaper reporter, who believes that Ed X., like others of his kind, must have a certain swashbuckling pride in being a hero to certain misguided young friends.

I said: "You may think he would like you to write him up, with a picture layout, as a daring, dashing bandit, but there's something he wants more than that—he wants his sister never to read it. And there's one other person, too, who must not know. If he has any of the supposed pride in his exploits, it certainly becomes shaky whenever the names of two women are mentioned. And that shows something of shame rather than bravado."

No one in the F Street neighborhood can give any information of Ed in his early teens.

The Honest Eyes of a Criminal

HE HIMSELF shrugs his well-tailored shoulders and says: "I forget. Someone helped us out. I was just a kid—I went to a school, but I ran away. I worked as errand boy, afternoons. Steal? Sure. The kids all do. No harm. Bananas off a stand, vegetables off a cart, and the like of that. I was fifteen when they got me. I went up a fire escape into an empty apartment—there was nothing there but a quarter meter. I broke it open to get the coins, and the gas began to leak. That's how I got caught—waiting around trying to plug it up."

He laughs. He lights a new cigarette, leans back and flicks the old one into a corner. His gestures are graceful, his nails are well manicured. Ed X. has a lean, rather white face, gray, cold eyes. When on show he looks straight into the eyes of his questioners. The furtive glance of the real criminal is a myth; most of them have developed a painfully overdone manner of honest unblinking eyes. But Ed X., being as mentally awake as any questioner of his, looks straight not for pretense, but because he is as interested in reading character and motives as any police officer, judge, warden or casual interrogator could be.

He is thin and wiry. At first glance one might believe that he was a young man of twenty-seven, studying landscape architecture or painting. He has a nice forehead and a delicate chin. He has the outward appearance of one who is used to good manners. There is nothing coarse or gross about him. He could stand about at an afternoon tea on a Long Island estate without exciting the suspicions of some of the guests—or the butler. It is against him that he so often wipes his dry, thin lips with the back of his hand; but on the other hand, although there are plenty of faults in his English, he always speaks with a quiet restraint. If he said "I'll kill you," it would be in the same cool even voice he would use in saying "Good morning."

To be sure, he shows traces of a sickly boyhood. There is a bloodlessness and weariness about him which speak of early undernourishment or a tired mother. But the report of the psychiatrist who first examined Ed's mind to me appears ridiculous. He found Ed "abnormal" and "slightly neurotic." No doubt. A few years ago we all

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"It's a Regular and Sober Life"

ALL'S FAIR

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT HAS been said, not without reason, that a writer is a traitor to friendship, for you shall never know with him whether he attends for your sake or his own. The creature exists by grace of eavesdropping, a tolerable memory and a flash of style. But as to whether or no I behaved traitorously in the affair of Ronald Elliston is a question I shall not concern myself to answer. Things in this life happen according to accident rather than plan and are little affected by other agencies.

Ronald, when first I met him, was so young, so green, so inexperienced, that to double-cross him called for greater callousness than any of which I was capable. It is true I resented the disarming respect with which he treated me; for being several years short of forty, I did not expect to be sirred by a fellow just down from the varsity—especially a fellow who had left behind him a reputation for sport and scholarship. I fancy his studies must have been of an academic kind, for he bore with him into the larger world none of those graces of demeanor and address to be found in the more debonair type of undergraduate. He was the personification of bashfulness, purity and retirement. Even his own father, Sir Harry Elliston, a baronet of the old school, who liked a glass of port and a ripe yarn to season it, was cautious of what he said before the boy. The aftermath of a dinner was a dull affair when Ronald was present. Anyway, there he was, a son of whom any mother had reason to be proud if not surprised. I suspected from the very first that the Bart thought he was a ninny. This was natural enough, for the Bart was English to the core. His code of manhood was severe and he cherished fixed ideas for the conduct of children, especially of boys.

"Let 'em rough it at a public school, smooth it at the varsity, then make fools of 'emselves for a couple of years 'fore settlin' down."

Lady Elliston did not support the latter period of her husband's views. By no means should any son of hers be allowed to make a fool of himself or engage in the perilous adventure of salad days. There was some excuse for Lady Elliston, who, before marriage, had been one of the five beautiful Miss Crewes of Chichester, a family renowned for devotion and good breeding. It was said when they occupied the family pew that the cathedral was filled to overflowing and extra services were held in the afternoons for disappointed worshipers. Their attraction for the devout was similar to the attraction of a footlight favorite for the frivolous.

I had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with the Ellistons, and it was at a shooting party I first met Ronald. He was a beautiful youth; but at that moment unpopular, owing to a distressing tendency to shoot late at driven birds. The Bart, who, if he missed a bird at all, missed it in front, could not tolerate technical errors of this kind.

"Give it more beak, boy—dammitanbell, more beak!"

But Ronald went on knocking out tail feathers in spite of his father's rollicking curses.

He and I were given a stand at the corner of a wood called—which was strange and un-Sussexly—Bergen op Zoom. The lad's timed graces and the delicate way he handled a gun, coupled with a habit of continually looking at me, caused me grave uneasiness.

At best but a poor shot, this prolonged stare robbed me not only of skill but of what little luck might otherwise have come my way.

At last, unable to stand it longer, I asked if anything was wrong and whether it was my hat that troubled him.

"No, sir, rather not," was the answer, to the accompaniment of a furious blush. "Good Lord, no! I like it awfully. I was looking at you."

This I had realized, if not the reason. Birds came and went. I missed them all.

"Do You Like Ronald?" She Asked. "I Don't Expect You Do. Boys in Love Aren't Very Amusing, are They?"

"You wrote The Guinea's Worth, didn't you, sir?" I said I had. "And that marvelous play A Blank Check on Eternity." I said I had. "By George, sir—oh, by George!" said he.

Admiration is never so plentiful but we shall relish of it. I may have smiled. Ronald laid aside his gun and approached me. I warned him to keep his distance, as I was armed.

"I've seen the Blank Check eleven times," said he, "and, sir, I'd see it a hundred times if I had my way."

I began to suspect that all was not well with him. Had A Blank Check been a musical comedy, I could have understood his enthusiasm; for is it not the custom of our youth to wear out the plush of the Gaiety stalls in untiring efforts to unravel the intricacies of musical-comedy plots and solve, once and for all, the mystery of how so large a company could be transported from the lawns of an English vicarage to a yacht in the Mediterranean?

But A Blank Check was a serious play—most serious—being an attempt on my part to improve the morals of my fellow men by revealing them in all their nakedness and shame.

"If you like it so much," said I, "I'll present you with a printed copy of the play."

But he did not show the enthusiasm I had expected.

"It's terribly good of you, sir, and I should love it; but it's hardly the same as seeing it, I mean, is it? I mean, Nada couldn't read as she's acted."

So that was it!

Authors sometimes overlook the attractions of the cast. This is natural, for we have it on good authority that the play's the thing.

"Ah, Nada!" said I, and frowned.

"I think Miss Alves Fossdyck is the most perfect actress I've ever seen."

"Yes, she's all right," I said. "Very good—a clever girl, Alves."

"That temperament of hers, sir!" His voice glowed with praise. "Oh, her temperament!"

"Quite so," said I, but bluntly, for I had attended the rehearsals and he had not. You can have too much of temperament.

The white coats of the beaters glimmered through the undergrowth. A cloud of pheasants rose, enveloped us and passed unscathed. The whistle blew.

"Before we part, sir," whispered Ronald hastily—"don't repeat what I've been saying, will you? Mother's old-fashioned and wouldn't approve of my going to A Blank Check, and father's old school and would be only too glad. See what I mean?"

So Ronald Elliston was not without humor.

I promised. There was a gathering together of the guns—ladies arrived in motor wagonettes. We repaired to a kind of tin bethel in the woods for luncheon.

I found myself next to Lady Elliston, with a girl on my left to whom I had not up to then been introduced. The girl, who was called Meggie, had the figure of a boy and the feet of a child.

Her face was either all smiles or all frowns, and it is astonishing how attractive a complete absence of half tones can be. For hair, someone had been busy with gold leaf on a smooth surface. It ran like water over her head and turned up insolently at the ends. Delicious hair.

"My son's fiancée," whispered Lady Elliston. "Such a dear girl. Meggie, you don't know Mr. Chalmers."

"No, but mother does," came the answer, on top of one of those brilliant smiles; "and since your success she's quite stuck up about it. I say, isn't Alves Fossdyck good in that play of yours?"

At her question I heard Lady Elliston make a kind of whistling noise that was gently reproving, a sound that was between silence and speech. I asked her what her mother's name was.

"Wivenhoe, of course—old George Wivenhoe's wife."

I laughed.

"Then we ought to be friends, for I've met the Wivenhoes—old George and wife—in dozens of places at home and abroad, though never in their own house."

"It's always shut, our house is," said Meggie, "for father—old George, you know—is more entertained than entertaining. There he is, coming in now, telling a funny story."

"Which proves the injustice of your words," said I.

"Not at all; it doesn't," said she.

Old George, a little balloon of a man, with very bright eyes and a piercing smile, the author doubtless of Meggie's, came up and gave me a punch of welcome.

"Heard you were comin'," said he. "Glad ter see yer; very glad. And madam'll be glad too."

"Isn't it awful the way old George calls mother madam, as though she were the Veuve Cliquot or one of the Tousseaux from Marylebone Road?" said Meggie.

"Go on with yer," said old Wivenhoe, pulling a strand of that liquid gold she had tossed at him, then bouncing into an empty chair. "Yes, that's Meggie, Chalmers; that's our Meggie, and a proper cure she is—a reg'lar caution of a gel."

As the family of Wivenhoe dated back to the feudal barons, old George felt entitled to use only the copper coinage of the language. Lady Elliston wished he wouldn't, which was natural, her own family having become rather muddled up during the reign of Charles II and standing in constant need of pulling together and straightening out.

Angrily, I suspected now that the engagement between Ronald and Meggie was part of a general system of underpinning, buttressing and shoring up. Disgraceful.

"To see these two dear young people married is my fondest wish," Lady Elliston confided to me in a sort of private whisper which reverberated round the luncheon table. "When Meggie was born I said to Alice Wivenhoe, 'In that cradle is my boy's bride.'"

"Quite," said Meggie, neutral and grave as an owl. "Quite, and poor Ronald was born two years later to fulfill his destiny."

In the laughter which followed I found myself unable to join, which was strange, for in ordinary I do not count myself wanting in a sense of humor. Doubtless arranged marriages are well enough in their way; and in many houses, notably in France, I have heard husbands and wives exchange most uxorious endearments. This notwithstanding, I prefer youth to follow primitive instincts rather than stand upon the choice of friends or parents.

"And they're going to be so—so happy," said Lady Elliston, and whistled menacingly as who should say, "Or they'll hear about it."

Meggie, who had carried her smile for a long time, switched on the frown for a moment. Perhaps she was superstitious of prophecy. I don't know. I looked across the table at Ronald, to find that he was still looking at me. Heavens! I thought he had had enough of that at the covert side, and why waste time looking at me when the object of his affection provided a much more rewarding target? I was beginning to think the boy was cracked.

Catching a spark from my eye, he emerged as from a dream, and said, "Alves Fossdyck! Were you talking of Alves Fossdyck, sir?"

"About ten minutes ago," said I, "but we've stopped now."

From Meggie came the tiniest snort of laughter.

"Oh," said Ronald, and relapsed into dreamland and contemplation.

Lady Elliston filled her lungs and straightened. I heard a shoulder strap sunder its stitches. For certain types of figure shoulder straps should be made of elastic. Lady Elliston had a fifteen-inch expansion and ordinary ribbon cannot stand the strain. She shot a swift glance at her son, whistled a few dry notes and accused me with:

"Of course in your profession you naturally have to know a great many stage people—naturally, it could hardly be otherwise."

Well, naturally! But I resented the tone, which seemed to suggest that I was an inspector of jails, or one of that gallant band who don gum boots and descend into sewers, remote from the light of day.

"I have never understood what persuades people to adopt so strange a profession," said she.

"Perhaps kindness of heart and a desire to support the works of dramatists," I murmured. Meggie was twinkling.

She said, "Or else they do it to provide men like dear old George with memories of their youth."

Old George shook a fat fist at his daughter and accused her of being a puss. He added "Miaow!" for no good reason that I could see.

"This Miss Fossdyck," Lady Elliston pursued, one eye still fixed on the blushing downcast face of her son. "No doubt a very good artist; but even so, one cannot but be sorry for her parents."

"I would not advise you to share your sympathy with them," I hastened to say. "Alves' parents are very rightly proud of her."

From Ronald came an unexpected "There you are. I mean, are they really, sir?"

Said Meggie, "The sleeper awakes. So this is the world! How strange it all seems!"

Ronald scowled—a claret-colored scowl—and looked shocked. As a lover, I thought him most unattractive; a dull ass

Sir Harry, who approved chaff as one of the character-building institutions of the country, nodded appreciation over a salad-laden fork.

"That gel's a cure," said old George. "Ain't she now?"

"But what manner of parents?" queried Lady Elliston. "What manner of people can they be?"

"The father," I replied, "is an elephant hunter who spends most of his time in the African jungle. The mother is a loquacious little woman who spends her life between Wardour Street and a villa facing the Solent. Before becoming a Fossdyck, she was, I understand, a Smith of Southsea."

"Of which is the salt of the earth," laughed Meggie, and added, "Aren't you a joke? I'm sure I am going to like you awfully."

It is not every day a girl with a smile, a frown, hair of liquid gold, and humor, happy and her own, tells me she is going to like me awfully. It does not happen once a year or once in five years. I glowed, and would have glowed to some purpose but that I remembered savagely she was the affianced wife of my host's son. Glowing was therefore mal-inspired. Not that Ronald seemed to care. Dull ass, staring at his plate. Now if Meggie had been my fiancée —— But what use to speculate?

Luncheon ended with cheese and a decanter of port; light port, for, as Sir Harry pointed out, the heavier vintages are not improved by transportations in picnic baskets to forests.

"As I have repeatedly observed," remarked Meggie, smacking her lips and warming a glass of water in cupped hands, "you cannot return port to the wood and it's no good trying."

"What a gel, eh?" said old George, and how I agreed with him!

"But It's Too Marvelous. The Adorable Person. Oh, Darling, Let Him Hit You Once for My Sake!"

During the short—all too short—afternoon Meggie Wivenhoe bore me company at the shooting; and though I cannot say I shot the better on that account, I would not have surrendered her to any man.

"Do you like Ronald?" she asked. "I don't expect you do. Boys in love aren't very amusing, are they?"

"They're too busy," said I. She nodded.

"Love is ripping, though, don't you think? But anything's ripping that takes us right out of ourselves." I assented. "I never believed that Ronald could be so much in love."

I replied, "He has reason to be."

"Who should know that better than you?" she answered—a strange answer, I thought.

"Oh, quite," I said; "quite. I suppose you are very fond of the boy?"

"Of course I'm fond of him. He's such a dear, isn't he?"

"He is precisely what you say he is—to you," I replied coldly.

Her smile twinkled out of gravity.

"You needn't be disagreeable. Ronald's one of the few people alive I'd make a sacrifice for."

"And you are going to, are you not?" She shot an inquiry at me. "Going to marry him," I explained.

"Oh, quite," she mocked; "but I wasn't thinking of that."

I was, but without enthusiasm. In my opinion, young Ronald Elliston was a great deal luckier than he deserved. What had he done except to be born? Others also had been born. I had been born. But whereas I had grown up to the stature of appreciation, he was still in the cradle. He had the rosy cheeks of a babe, the early dews still glistened in his eyes. Why then —— Bah! Women love babies—even this woman, with her wit and understanding. I wished I had never met either of them.

"You look very grave," said she.

And I said, "What is life without peace of mind?"

And she answered, "Life, of course."

Which was true. A remarkable girl. She had covered the liquid gold with a small blue hat like a child's pail. A wonder it did not spill and run out—a pailful of gold—upside down like that.

The afternoon's sport ended and we drifted apart. Ronald and I walked back to the house together.

"Young fellow," said I, "you are a very lucky young fellow."

He showed surprise, a fault in chivalry, for there could be no doubt as to my meaning.

"How, sir?"

"In being engaged to Miss Meggie."

"Oh, that!" said he.

"That," I repeated. "You call it 'that' to be engaged to the most attractive girl in the world?"

"Oh, Meggie's all right, sir, tiptop; but what I mean is, engagements aren't quite the same thing."

"How do you mean—what do you mean?" I demanded. "I can't see that you mean anything."

"Well, sir, everybody's engaged more or less."

"Everybody isn't to Margaret Wivenhoe."

"No; I only mean there isn't much kick in being engaged."

I could see a very good reason for being kicked for not wanting to be engaged

"There isn't much point in working oneself up about it, is there?"

I was beginning to regret having given my gun to a loader.

"Meggie," he went on, "is a good sort—the best of good sorts; but look at it how you will, it isn't quite the same."

I'm afraid I roared.

"As what?"

Ronald blushed wildly and relapsed into silence. Nor could any silence of mine persuade him to speak again. And because he refused to speak I was left with my thoughts; and because I thought, I discovered I had fallen in love with Meggie Wivenhoe, which was a pity and a nuisance and very distressing too.

During the week that followed—it was Christmas week—evidence was not lacking that Lady Elliston was troubled in her mind as to Ronald's courtship of Meggie; and well she may have been, for as lovers

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THE TIGER'S LAST LAIR

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

THE TIGER, otherwise Georges Clemenceau, teacher, physician, author, dramatist, duelist, deputy, senator, Prime Minister of France, Father of the Victory, president of the Peace Conference, was born eighty-four years ago, on September twenty-eighth, in the village of Mouilleron, Department of the Vendée, in a cottage almost lost among a confusion of rocks and trees, of hollows and fields fenced by hedges and mud walls.

Nations — and democracies in particular — are ungrateful. After peace was signed and France made clear to her devoted son that she would not call him to the Palace of the Élysée, Clemenceau definitely retired. With the exception of his trip to the United States, he has since taken no active interest in public affairs. Keeping his three-room bachelor flat in Paris, for which he pays one hundred dollars a year and where he still lives every winter, the old statesman went back to the Vendée to look about for his last home.

Colonel and Mrs. House With Former Premier Clemenceau at His Cottage, Bels Ébats, St.-Vincent Sur Jard

In two days following the date of this publication, Clemenceau will observe his birthday in the village of St.-Vincent sur Jard, also in the Vendée, about one hour distant from his birthplace. From the simplest beginning—his father was a bourgeois country doctor—and after a longer and more brilliant career than almost any statesman or even monarch, Clemenceau awaits his end in a house even more modest than that in which he was born. A restored fisherman's cottage, gray sand dunes all about it and a gray sea in front; a house he doesn't even own, for which he pays a rental of twelve dollars and five cents a year. The French equivalent for the dollars goes to an aged countess who ceded the building for his lifetime in the hope, so rumor has it, that she will outlast Clemenceau long enough to sell the place in case the government desires then to include the whitewashed shack in the category of national monuments. The five cents is paid to the Third French Republic for the rent of the land. The tenant, in his own language, finds his royalist proprietor "a very curious old lady," because when he tells her that he continues in excellent health, she receives the news, he alleges, just a little sadly.

The Retirement of a Man of Action

ALL sorts of fortunate men retire—rich men, great men and often just ordinary men. Retirement is the fashion, and usually means nothing more irksome in the list of life's banalities than the enjoyment of golf, fishing, criticism of the rising generation and altering of wills. The retirement of Clemenceau is unique. He has retired not to rest, but almost single-handed has begun a work that even he admits is hard.

Throughout his public career Clemenceau has been known as a brutal, smashing force, destroying everybody and everything that dared oppose him. He was called back to power in the war's darkest hour for the very qualities of destructive genius that he is supposed to possess in larger measure than any other man. To his nickname of Tiger was added that of Wrecker of Cabinets. He is quoted as saying to his own Council of Ministers, "I am against all governments, including my own."

The Tiger disposes of such characterization of himself as legend. He admits that he has often been bitter and even pitiless; but to his credit it may be said that he has never touched the private lives of his opponents, no matter how cruelly he has wounded their vanities. He, above all, is a man of action; therefore, according to himself, he has goaded only to arouse the sluggard and to disillusion those who thought vainly that they had reached their goal.

The Tiger at Bels Ebats

Bels Ébats

ADMITTEDLY rough outwardly, he evidences often not merely sympathy of mind but tenderness of heart. During the war, on his visits to the front lines—in shabby clothes, disreputable slouch hat, unshaven, uncouth—he showed almost a woman's compassion for his poilus. He declared that the Armistice was the most beautiful moment in his life. I saw tears in his eyes as, in reminiscing with me, he chanced to repeat that phrase.

Clemenceau is now older even than the forests—the pine forests that stretch for miles along the Vendée shore.

"When I was a boy," he said to me, pointing, "there was not a single tree."

Clemenceau is Mongolian in type: high cheek bones, receding forehead, clouded, almost swarthy skin, vertical-hanging mustache; an inscrutable face, lighted only by the moving fires in the small, slanting, heavy-lidded eyes. He undoubtedly knows the saying of the Mongolian philosopher: "If a man plants a tree, he has not passed uselessly upon the earth." Clemenceau at eighty-four is planting slips of trees. When they die, as often happens, he plants others. What was a waste of sand before his door, stretching down to the waters of the Bay of Biscay, is now not a garden, but literally a field of flowers.

"What does it matter whether I live one year or ten?" he said. "I now propose to give myself the pleasure of planting things and of watching them grow."

Bels Ébats is the name of the little one-story white house that is now the Tiger's lair. An old ruined château near by gave the place its name. "Bels Ébats" is old French, and hard to translate. Literally, it means the joy of ease, but Clemenceau translates it "the joy of living" in order that it may better conform with the spirit of his own "château," as he humorously calls the place.

The house is about half a mile from the village, and is completely isolated. It is surrounded on three sides by the dunes and is protected in front from the sea by a new concrete wall. The approach is guarded by pines and cypresses. Its roof is irregular sheets of corrugated cast iron reminiscent of war barracks.

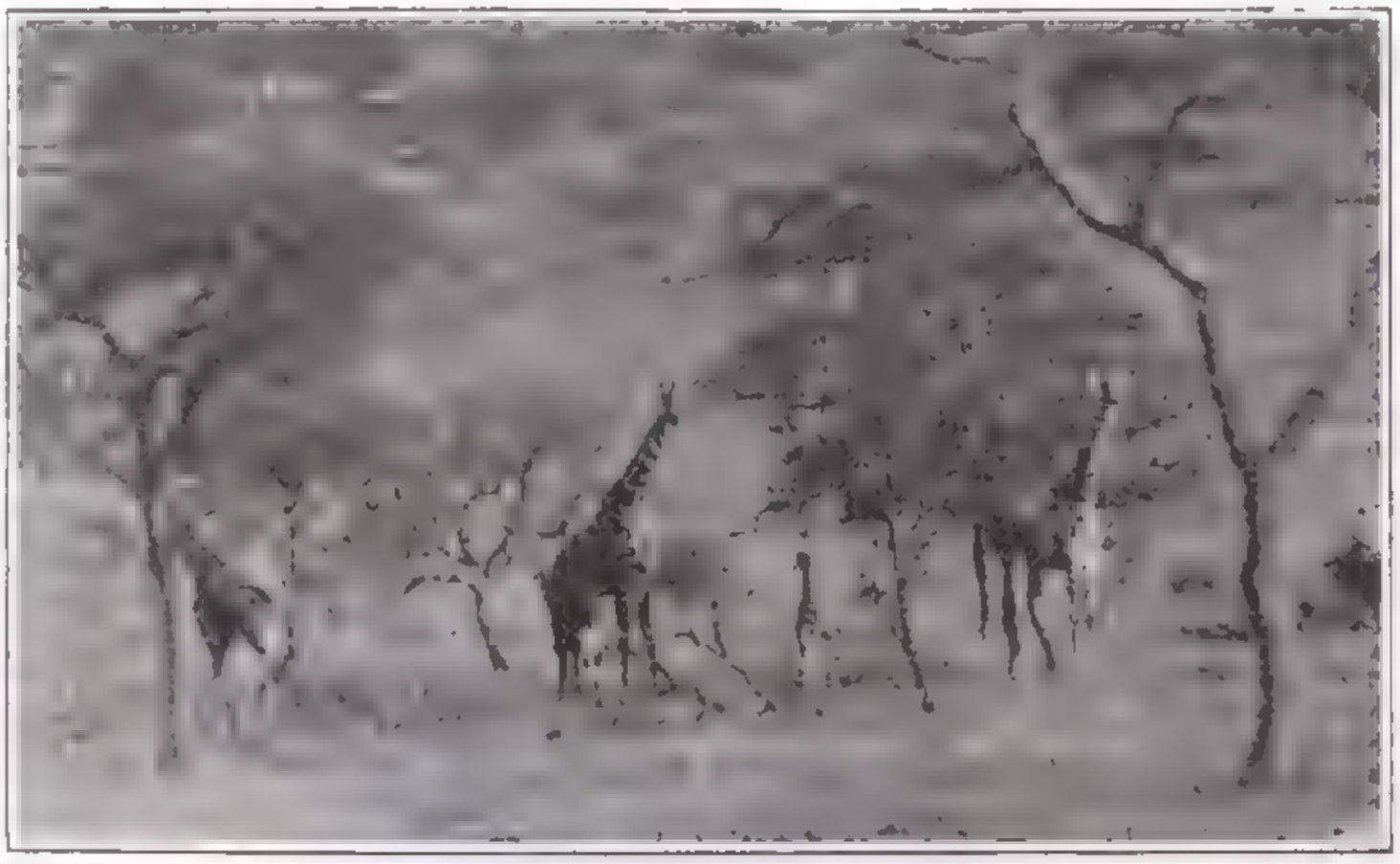
The earth is sand—just dry, shifting sand—swept by a constant destructive wind from that always-tumultuous bay. There was no fresh water. Most people would have taken one look at the bleak expanse and abandoned it. Clemenceau, with the same grim, remorseless energy and determination that uprooted successive ministries, said, "Flowers shall grow here." And they do.

Purple irises grow there, scarlet and rose geraniums, sunflowers, great blue delphiniums, gourd vines crawl

(Continued on Page 155)

NYAMA! NYAMA!

By Stewart Edward White



The Wild Citizens of Nyumbo are a Very Interesting Lot. The Giraffes Alone are Worth the Price of Admission

OUR little private village, which we have called Nyumbo, and which I told of in a previous article, is a tiny island wholly surrounded by a sea of wild beasts. The tide of this sea ebbs and flows, draws near in long inlets and estuaries, or recedes in the ebb so that there are times when we must walk more than a quarter mile from camp before we see game animals on our side the river. Across the river, where we get glimpses of the opposite up slope, there is always plenty of game in sight; and there have been times when our men were taking a siesta and we ourselves were sitting still, when I have looked up, to see the backs and horns of gazelles within 100 yards of the city limits.

This is during the day. At night comes the flood tide. Then we are sometimes actually overflowed. We hear the patter of soft feet on the plaza just outside our hut, where the flagpole stands and we discourse sweet music of evenings. There will be a sniffing and a low whine. Then pandemonium will break loose. Snarls, growls, long wailing moans rising in crescendo to shrieks; sharp quick barking; and over it all a volley of high, tittering, insane laughter. We know then that the hyenas are in camp, together with a few contemptuous jackals; and that if we have left anything outside of a tempting nature, even to the extent of a bit of hide fastening, it will before morning be discovered and gone—and probably fought over. A hyena fight within ten yards of your would-be sleeping head is one of the most demoniac aggregations of sound you can possibly imagine—and then some. In fact, you cannot imagine it, unless you have been present at a free-for-all in a devil's insane asylum. We have killed to date thirty-nine of these pests within fifty yards of camp, but the supply is unlimited.

But there are pleasanter things to listen to, if we would lie awake. The grazing animals little by little feed nearer, so that we can hear them talking to one another. Generally they are silent, unless lions are working near, but nyumbo the wildebeest loves to pass the time of night. They have a strange, flat, raucous, blatting double note, the first half on a rising interrogatory inflection, the second with a strong downward asseveration. "Lions? N-a-w! Lions? Naw!" they reassure one another. This is by way of a general all's-well.

Lions? Naw!

BUT when simba is about, a vast uneasiness informs the tenor of their confidences. There is now a great and swelling chorus, pitched in a higher key, quick and nervous. "Lions? Naw!" say they, but with a little grunt at the end which undoubtedly means "not yet." And through this volume of sound we can hear the absurdly loud, puffing, single snorts of the gazelles, and the even more absurd petulant barking of the zebras like the yapping of lap dogs. Then there is a sudden rushing thunder of hoofs, and a scurry and a confusion, followed after a little by a dead blank silence.

Even the steady thin thread of shrilling made by the night insects intermits, so that for the first time we become aware of it, as one becomes aware of the ringing in his ears by its cessation. For some time this silence endures. Then at last it is broken by the tittering idiotic laughter of a hyena, now more distant. And later, much later, the night shakes to the vibrating deep roars of the fed lions, ready now to stroll toward home, abandoning contemptuously their leavings.

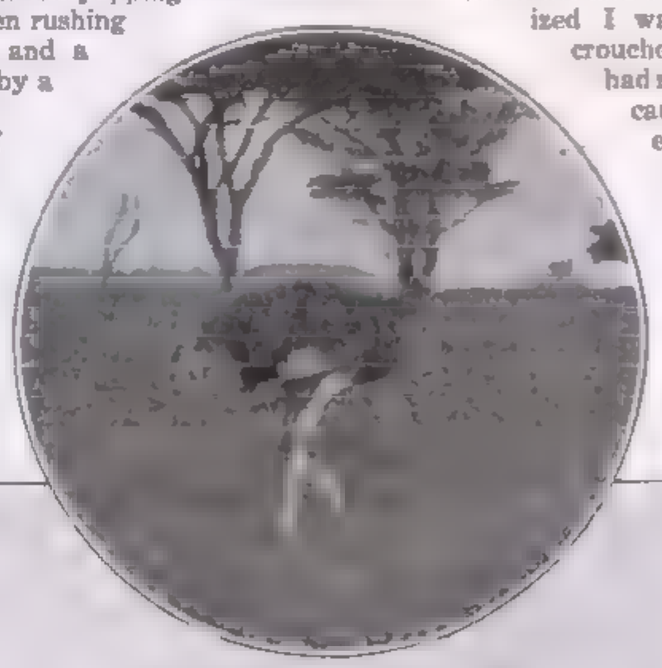
Sometimes this mighty tragedy, repeated in many places, occurs only at a distance. Then we can lie and listen, if we are so inclined, to the roaring of these great beasts, at first faint and far off, rising in volume as they draw near, in crescendo as they pass, and diminishing again as they draw away to their daytime loafing places. A few weeks ago a band of lions actually divided around our camp. Part of them went by about twenty yards outside the house. They talked back and forth to one another across our very beds, so to speak.

Playing Safe

NEXT morning, walking out, I overtook the rearguard within 200 yards of our city limits. It was a lioness accompanied by her great hulking lubberly cub. Another lioness was in sight, leisurely making her way over the next rise of ground. I do not doubt the rest of the band were strung out ahead of her. The first lioness sat on her haunches and stared at me curiously; then realized I was no harmless wildebeest and crouched, switching her tail viciously. I had no desire for female lions, so walked cautiously around her at about seventy yards' distance. She accepted the apology and we parted good friends.

This particular band of lions lived daytimes in a very dense piece of jungle two miles from us, and as we lie in the general direction of their habitual hunting grounds, we heard them every night. They were headed by a big, fat, maned lion which we named Caruso because of his fine voice and his fondness for using the same. Most lions roar only on due and proper occasion, but Caruso roared "whedder or no." He began soon after sunset and he was at it until after sunrise. I surmise he must have been a nuisance to his gang at times, like the man who always wants to do a lot of talking when you are stalking game. But evidently his voice charmed 'em, for he had an adoring bevy of young lady lions always with him. The story of the wiliness of Caruso and how we matched wits with him, and his latter end, is too long to tell here.

(Continued on Page 106)



PHOT. S. BY LEE H. DIMSON

Here and There the Eye Could Catch the Russet of Bands of Tops

THE CAMEO BROOCH

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

THE heat had something to do with it; but the boarders at the dinner table had been a trial as well. Boarders can be trying at the best of times; but when the thermometer was around ninety, and the dining room was inclined to be stuffy and had a mousy smell—— Old Mr. Schwartzkind had asked Mrs. Murtle if he could take his coat off; and when she had said, "Why, certainly, Mr. Schwartzkind, if you think it will cool you off, and no one objects," there had been a general shedding of coats and an exhibition of damp shirts, some of them none too clean.

Beth Adams nearly left the table right then, and probably would have done so if Kenn Willis had taken off his coat with the others. They sat next to each other—those two—perhaps because they were both literary, Beth being in the book department of Moody & Evans and Kenn a writer of special articles for the New York Evening Star. For the past few weeks he had been writing a series, The Funny Side—the funny side of funerals, the funny side of murder trials, the funny side of the hot spell; the funny side, in fact, of everything he could think of which ordinarily might be considered as lacking in humor—an assignment which made him morose at times, as though he were chewing the cud of gloomy reflections and wondering why he had ever been born. He and Beth had known each other for more than two years, and inasmuch as they are the leading figures of our story, it may be interesting for you to know how they had become good friends.

One Sunday when they were both new at Mrs. Murtle's, Beth asked at the breakfast table if there were any good walks around Fort Lee, and as Kenn had been born over there, he not only told her which ferry and trolley to take but after a thoughtful look he added that he also was going for a walk around Fort Lee himself that morning and would be glad to show her the way. They took the ferry and had a walk along the top of the Palisades, getting well out into the country and finally coming to a trolley line and deciding to wait for the next car to take them back to Edgewater.

Just as the car was coming to a stop—an open car with all its passengers watching them—a big gander came out of a farmyard and made a running peck at Beth, who was wearing a red bow at the back of her skirt. Beth screamed a little, and Kenn set himself to kick the gander, swinging his foot with a force that threatened to knock the bird's head off. But instead of connecting where he was aiming, he kicked poor Beth instead—kicked her so hard that she fell right down on her face, gasping as she got up, "I don't think you're much of a hero." So they didn't take that trolley, and after that they were very good friends.

Kenn learned that it was Beth's ambition to be a successful business woman, her immediate goal being manager of the book department of Moody & Evans; and although for a while it had been Kenn's favorite desire to write the words and lyrics of the great American musical comedy, it had become his later wish to work his way into a place on the staff of the Ever-Onward Advertising Agency, for which now and then he wrote a snappy advertising folder when he wasn't funny-aiding or otherwise too much engaged in helping the Evening Star to twinkle. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, bulging-browed, and generally had a sad look behind his spectacles; while as for Beth, she was dreamy-eyed and short of nose, inclined to be quiet—too quiet—and, if you didn't see her at odd moments, you would never have guessed that she was dangerously close to thirty.

On the evening when our story opens, though, you might have had some suspicion of it, which would be partly due to the heat and partly to the boarders and partly to something else, which you are soon to learn. And because every girl knows when she isn't looking her best, she almost snapped at Kenn when he asked her, with his fool, sad look—speaking, you understand, in a sympathetic murmur—if she would like to take her shoes off and cool her feet.

"Do you think that's funny?" she asked.

"Yes—and no," he replied, after a few ponderous moments of apparent reflection.

"Well, I don't!" she said, with a most decided accent on the "don't!"

She left the table soon after, Kenn rising with her, half for politeness and half to ask her if she would care to share an adventure with him later on the funny side of bus riding.

"No!" she said, more short-nosed then than dreamy-eyed. "I wouldn't go out tonight on a bet!"

Beth Took the Brooch Off and They Both Had a Good Look at It

"Squashed!" murmured Kenn, and returned to his place at the table, goggling around behind his spectacles to see what was left to eat.

He went out soon after dinner, not returning till half-past eleven, and when he reached Mrs. Murtle's he saw a lonely little figure sitting on the top step.

"Why, hello, Beth!" he said. "Trying to cool off?"

"No," she said. "I was waiting for you."

"For me?" he said, sitting by her side and goggling a little.

"Yes," she said. "I wanted to tell you how sorry I am for being so catty when you spoke about me taking my shoes off."

Still looking at her from under his bulging forehead, he saw there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, Beth!" he said, his heart moving in him. "Why, you poor kid, you! I didn't mind."

"No," she said, dabbing a little with her handkerchief. "But—but I did. I wouldn't have said it, only—only I've had such a rotten day over at Moody & Evans'."

"A lot of fool customers," he suggested, "storming the counters to see if I had written any books?"

"N-no," she said, trying to smile, and making heavy weather of it. "But—but you know how hard I've been working over there, and nearly reading my eyes out nights when I got home to keep in touch with what I was selling. Well, Miss Beck left last week—she was manager in charge of the sales—and I thought sure I'd get her job, because I've been there longer than the others, and knew the stock better too. But—but this morning, Miss Fitzpatrick got it—a tall dark thing who spends all her money for clothes and gushes to the customers, 'Oh, heah's a lovely thing by a new French awthaw, the coming Mauposs-song'—and doesn't know really whether Thomas Hardy is an English writer or some sort of perennial shrub."

"I know," said Kenn, nodding wisely behind his spectacles. "Me—I'm held back because I haven't a fat neck, because if I had a fat neck I'd probably have ten thousand dollars. You know how I've been working to get a job with the Ever-Onward Agency. Well, the other day I struck the boss, and he said, 'Son'—they always call you son when they're going to say something mean—'son,' he said, 'we'd like to have you here, and I think there's a great future for you in the advertising field; but it's my experience that genius generally goes to sleep when placed upon the downy cushions of a pay roll.' Or words to that effect, the italics being mine. 'So I'll tell you what I'll do,' said he. 'If you can find ten thousand dollars, I'll let you buy a 5 per cent interest in this business and give you charge of the catalogue department, with a commission on all the work you do.' We figured it out that I ought to make anywhere from ten to fifteen thousand a year, but what good's that when I owe Mrs. Murtle two weeks' board right now?"

She slipped her hand on his knee then, and his fingers closed over hers, and so they sat, staring out into the warm night—two human atoms, or shall we say two human bricks which had been rejected by the builders of the temple Success and might presently expect to be thrown out on the rubbish heap?

"And the worst of it is," he said, "Old Fat-Neck knew what he was talking about. I wrote a travel booklet for one of the tourist companies last fall, waving the magic wand over places I'd never seen, and darned if they didn't fill their plaguy old ship with it—tourists sleeping under billiard tables and a double bed on every balcony. And last week, still plunging ever onward, the boss asked me if I could work up a good slogan for a line of shoes that weren't kicking up much dust, and right away quick—If Your Feet Have the Blues, Wear Well-Walker Shoes. How's that?"

She patted his hand by way of applause, feeling better then, as she nearly always did when Kenn was telling her his adventures.

"I wish you could advertise me some way," she said, half smiling, half serious, both of them sitting there on the top step, looking out into the warm night together.

"You don't need advertising," he quickly answered. "I'll take you any time, just as you are—as soon as I can save money enough to buy a tent."

"Well," she said, patting his hand again, "I may not need advertising to you, but nobody else seems to appreciate this little article. Why do you suppose it is, Kenn? You're clever; you know all these things. Why do you suppose they passed me over and gave Miss Fitzpatrick the job instead?"

"Sounds easy, the way you tell it," he said. "She struts her stuff and you don't. You ought to dress literary and smile slowly, as though it hurts you. Dress your hair tight, wear horn-rimmed spectacles and a cameo brooch—that always gives a touch of culture if the cameo's old enough. Me—believe me, I'm going in for a fat neck from now on. I'm much too lean back here."

They went in soon after; and when she reached her room Beth tried brushing her hair back tight, and then put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which she sometimes used to rest her eyes when she was reading in her room.

"It's funny," she mused, "but it does make me look more striking somehow. Darn that Kenn, how well he seems to know! And an old-fashioned cameo brooch with a tie threaded through it—no, sir, it wouldn't look bad at all. . . . There's a little curiosity shop around the corner on Sixth Avenue. . . . I may drop in tomorrow."

She undressed then, though none too hopeful of being able to sleep.

"And this is life," she thought, turning back the covers—"life in a big city."

She chanced to glance then at a row of recent fiction on the top of her bookshelves, books in which the heroines

were mixed up in all kinds of things, from arson to riding a runaway zebra

"Darn it," thought Beth as she turned out the light, "except that time when Kenn missed the gander, nothing ever happened to me!"

II

TWICE a day, for nearly two years, Beth had passed the little curiosity shop around the corner in Sixth Avenue; but the next morning, for the first time, she stopped and looked in the window. It was a narrow window—hardly more than two feet wide; but what it lacked in width it made up in depth, and it was astonishing the range of articles it held; queer weapons, for instance, and bits of furniture cunningly carved by Orientals, Chinese gods and tortoise-shell-covered prayer books, Egyptian cigarette holders and Strasburg pipes, necklaces of lapis lazuli—generally more lapis than lazuli -and taborets inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bearing trays of imitation antique jewelry. Beth finally discovered what she wanted between a pair of priamatic binoculars and a curved scimitar that might once have been used by a pirate of Algiers; and going inside, she found a dark, dapper little man in his shirt sleeves back of the counter, and a pale, pudgy man in a rusty derby who seemed to be on the point of going out.

"I would like to see some secondhand cameo brooches, please," said Beth. "I see you have a trayful in the window."

"Yes, madam; very fine brooches too."

They were, most of them, palpably new—the heads of Grecian ladies who might have been in the hairdressing business, and some of them wearing diamond lavalieres, the chains and chips being ingeniously set into the stone.

"Real blue-white diamonds," said the salesman, evidently referring to the sparkling pin points, "and mounted round with solid polished gold."

"Fourteen carat," said the pale, pudgy man in the rusty derby, who was still on the point of just going out.

"No; I don't like these," said Beth. "I want something more old-fashioned—something that really looks antique whether it is or not."

"Show her the one that came in last night," said the man in the rusty derby; "the one with the silver frame."

The salesman reached into the show case and from a pyramid of unassorted odds and ends he drew out an oval brooch which certainly looked old-fashioned enough by the side of the Grecian ladies. Instead of being a pink or salmon color, for instance, the shades of the stone ranged from ivory to dark chocolate; and instead of being surrounded by a mounting of polished gold, it was framed in dirty-looking silver and had a silver back.

"Of course, between the two, there's no comparison," said the clerk disparagingly. "These with the solid-gold frames—these have an open back which gives you a light you can see through the stone and show you a genuine shell. But this—with a metal back—you understand?"

But the more Beth saw the dark-colored stone, the more she liked it. Even the carving intrigued her—a Venetian palace on the side, with a lady in panniers walking down into a gondola.

"How much is this?" she asked.

"Oh, that?" he said. "I'll let you have that for seven-fifty."

"It seems a lot," Beth hesitated, "for such an old thing."

"Let her have it for seven," said the pale, pudgy man who was on the point of going out.

"Very well, madam," said the salesman, "seeing that you are the first customer of the morning."

There was a mirror on the wall behind her, and turning, Beth fastened the cameo at the V of her waist, passing the two ends of her tie down between the back of the brooch and the pin. She had brushed her hair severely back that morning, and still following Kenn's suggestion, had come out in her tortoise-shell spectacles. And—yes, there was no denying it—the cameo brooch completed the picture, made her look like a modern Minerva who knew more about books than the authors themselves; and already she fancied herself putting it all over Miss Fitzpatrick and her Spanish comb and her "Heah's a chawming thing, modom, by the famous Belgian author Materleenk."

"You have a very fine brooch, miss," said the man in the rusty derby, opening the door to let her out. "It only came in last night, and you see for yourself how quickly now it goes right out again."

Whether or not the brooch had anything to do with it, Beth had a banner day at Moody & Evans'. Customers, approaching the book department, instinctively seemed to pick her out, and she had the first column of her sales summary filled up long before any of the other girls had half filled theirs.

Even Miss Fitzpatrick came to her once with a customer and said, "Oh, Miss Adams, will you please take chawge of this lady's inquiry? I don't quite seem to be able to place the awthaw she wants."

And it was nobody less than Walter Pater! Can you imagine that?

So what with one thing and another, when Beth stepped off the Elevated that evening and started for Mrs. Murtle's she was feeling a whole lot better than she had felt twenty-four hours before.

"She won't be able to hold it long," she was thinking to herself. "Imagine! Never heard of Walter Pater! And twice today I caught Mr. Evans looking at me. Next time he wants a sales manager for his old book department I'll bet you ——"

She was interrupted here, and in the strangest way. She had reached the little curiosity shop where she had bought her brooch that morning, and was slowing up to look in the window to see if any cameos had come in that day as good as hers, when all at once the door opened and the little man in the rusty derby looked out and beckoned her into the shop.

"Well, miss," he said with a glance at the brooch, "I see you are still wearing it."

"Yes," said Beth, beginning to wonder.

"A lucky thing I catch your eye just now. The man who sold me that brooch last night, he finds out now he has made a mistake. You understand? There will be trouble."

"Trouble?" repeated Beth, instinctively putting her hand on the brooch. "What do you mean?"

The little man looked around as though to make sure that only his salesman was present, and then he whispered, "Po-lice!"

"You mean the man stole it?" asked Beth, almost whispering too.

The rusty derby nodded.

"I think, at least, he wants to put it back. Else why would he offer now that I should give you ten dollars for the brooch, so you can make three dollars clean money and never turn your hand?"

Somehow this didn't ring true to Beth. To return a stolen brooch—she could understand that. But to return a stolen brooch and make a profit on it at the same time—this not only sounded queer but it started her wondering as well.

"Perhaps it's worth more than they thought it was," she thought, "and they're trying to get it back themselves." At that her heart began to warm with excitement at the possibility that she had picked up a bargain in this dingy little curiosity shop. "I'd like to see myself giving

(Continued on Page 161)

"Did You Catch Him?" She Asked, While the Cop Was Taking Their Names Down

IS IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY?—By Elsie Janis

AS FAR as I am concerned, it surely is, for I cannot imitate anyone whom I do not admire immensely. All my life I have been asked how I get my imitations, and have always answered that they, like Topsy, just growed. But that's not quite true; and now, though I can't visualize the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST being consumed with curiosity as to how, where and why I became an imitator, I shall for the first time give what is known in the classics as the low-down on my career of mime.

How I started is easy to understand. Every child is an imitator by instinct to what extent depends on whether they get slapped or clapped for their efforts. I was clapped and asked to do it again for Uncle John or Aunt Emma.

Where I started? In the cradle, so the lady who was there and still is my manager tells me. I am assured that at the age of sixteen months, if one can call that an age, I did lifelike imitations of bowwows, moo cows and kitty cats on request.

I'm sure that when I cried or made a scene that same manager of mine would insist that I was doing an imitation of the Johnsons' child next door.

I believe that my first official imitation on graduating from the animal class was of the cook. She was a bad cook but a good subject, so she was kept until all the friends and relations had seen her and heard her so that the wonder child's talent might be duly appreciated. Whatever they missed gastronomically they got artistically when dining at our house, or even lunching. In fact, I doubt if breakfast was safe from little Elsie's cute tricks.

Elsie Janis in a Scene From Her Latest Revue. At Right—A Close-Up of the Popular Mimic

Playing With Eddie Foy

I SEEM to have been a rather careless child, as I am always meeting men who used to hold me upon their knees, and they tell me that invariably I imitated my mother's guests as soon as their backs were turned, and that sometimes I didn't bother to wait, but talked to them in their own manner. I sound to myself like a most irritating child.

Shortly before my fourth birthday I made my official debut in a church, reciting the child's equivalent of Gunga Din—"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are ——" I suppose my imitations of mother's friends were too frank for a church entertainment.

I think now we will come out of Columbus, Ohio, as I have not been invited to write my life memoirs. So, regretfully skipping years of my wild youth, we reach that period when, at the ripe old age of nine, I was billed as Little Elsie, the pocket edition of Cissy Loftus. And mother's friends had been dropped from my repertoire in favor of such stars as May Irwin, Pauline Hall, Jess Dandy Dan Daly, Edna May, Della Fox and many others.

On every program on which I appeared it was my delight to pick out some player that I liked and follow him on with an imitation which always was and still is sure fire in the theater. I don't mean necessarily for me, but for anyone. Two lines said in the voice and with the expression of someone who has preceded an imitator will get more applause than an entire song or speech of someone they have not seen so recently.

Cecilia—Cissy—Loftus, who, I am sure, will go down in history as the world's greatest mimic, has proved this many times, and just lately made such a success by following Nora Bayes and imitating her that it was arranged they should continue to play on the same programs. A very expensive combination, but a sensational success.

In 1905—the memoirs are at it again—at the Temple Theater, Detroit, Michigan, on a Monday afternoon, I saw Eddie Foy for the first time. At the evening performance I borrowed his little hat and umbrella, which were already famous, and did an imitation of him singing I'm a Poor Unhappy Maid. All that week he would wait until I did him and then swing me up on his shoulder. From there I would take my bows. I have never had the pleasure of playing with him since, but I know that I owe a great deal to that wonderful face of his, which I, until about three years ago, never failed to imitate.

Today people in the audience often yell, "Give us Eddie Foy!" I can't stop and explain that Fanny Brice has much the same expression, and that two turned-up mouths on one program would be bad showmanship. Variety is surely the spice of imitation, and so I must sandwich Fanny's mouth in between John Barrymore's, which turns down, and Lenore Ulric's, which pouts—not forgetting Will Rogers', which chews.

I've tried to figure out how I get my imitations and I think the solution is this: I don't get them; they get me. For instance, I went to see Lenore Ulric in Tiger Rose, not with any particular idea of getting her; but oh, how she got me! To such an extent did she get me that for a week I was talking like her—not saying anything she had said, but making her say whatever I wanted her to say. I then started feeling that I looked like her—a bit conceited, I'll admit; but I would fluff my hair out and pout. Then I tried it on mother, just in conversation. You will be surprised to know that she thought it was good. And one night at the Century, where I was playing, I added Miss Ulric to my list. It was at the beginning of the war, so I made her sing America, I've Raised My Boy for You, substituting "my man," which was her pet expression in Tiger Rose, for "my boy."

Since then, where Elsie goes Lenore goes. I've got her under control now. Each year I make her do something different, and I love her so that I like to think I am she, even if the audience does not share my hallucination.

It is really almost uncanny the way another person's mannerisms can grow on me. And, strangely enough, I am the last one to realize it. My M and M—Mother and Monitor—is always a few leaps ahead of me. She can tell when I have an imitation coming on, and when I have caught something, whether it be the voice of some famous star or the expression of the clown who opens the show in vaudeville.

Judge and Jury

I DON'T say to her, "I am going to do So-and-So." I don't have to. She hears a tone creeping into my voice or sees an expression stealing over my face.

"My dear," she says, observing the symptoms, "you sounded just like him then!" She may say "like her," but usually I prefer doing men. Don't misunderstand—I mean I prefer imitating them rather than women.

Of course, the M and M is apt to be a little prejudiced in my favor when I produce a new victim. So, although she is the judge, I also call out the jury, which consists of Frank, the chauffeur, who has driven us for eighteen years, and outside of growing gray, is still hearing up wonderfully. And Hallie, too, our Ethiopian treasure, who has weathered nineteen years of imitations, but is still able to enthuse over a new one. It's a great thing to have your own tame audience.

Don't get the impression that they are any too easy. On my opening nights they always sit in the balcony—complete, with sound hearts and open ears. After the show they come back to tell me what's what in the balcony; that is, what the crowd up there liked. And if they point out something that did not please, I stop, look and cut it out! For, after all, people who live with you eighteen years from choice deserve not only consideration but a few medals

Oddly enough, though I imitate unconsciously, I can do nothing to order. For instance, it is not at all unusual for some sweet young flapper, more ginned against than ginning, to attack me at a dinner party with a remark like this: "Oh, Miss Janis, I do adore your imitations. Won't you take off Mrs. Whiffenpoof?"—the hostess.

This usually comes between the soup and fish, and I am supposed to drop my soup spoon and go into an imitation of the lady to whom it belongs. Impossible!

Very often in traveling I meet the local cut-up in some city. He's been told for years that if he ever went on the stage, Al Jolson, Leon Errol, Eddie Cantor and many others would retire from sheer discouragement.

"Miss Janis," says the genius, "they tell me you can imitate anyone. How do I talk?"

Of course, if I ever told him I'd probably never dare play that city again. But I couldn't if I would, for I have to be more than amused to imitate; I must be attracted.

Which would lead me to believe that the answer to the interrogative title of this effusion is yes, or, as the Cockey said, the answer is in the infirmary!

A straight imitation of someone, using his lines or song, does not appeal to me. That is why I prefer to call my imitations impressions. For comparison, just as the old masters would paint the fuzz on a peach, while the modern impressionists will make you think the fuzz is there if you stand far enough away. So does Cecilia Loftus give her public every move an artist makes at the exact time he makes it, while I only try to show vaguely the moves I think they might make. Miss Loftus goes many times and studies her subject. Sometimes she has a struggle, but in the end she gets him, and to perfection.

If I can't grab them at one snatch there is no need of my trying. And there are literally hundreds that I can't grab. This doesn't mean that I don't like them, but they just don't grab me. Most imitators feel that they must have hats, canes, coats and other props, and as a child I had so many that the wings of the stage—wings meaning entrances; nothing to do with angels—looked like bargain day at the Big Store, but now I prefer to depend upon my hair, which I push and pull about until I wonder it doesn't fall out from sheer fatigue. Maybe it will, and then I shall have a legitimate excuse for retiring. There is no other escape, because if you are born a mimic you usually die a mimic.

I know that if I suddenly lost my sense of shame, and wanted to play Juliet, the two or three people who came would expect me to do a few imitations on the balcony while waiting for Romeo.

Once a Mimic

WHEN I am putting on a new show I write myself a nice little character song. I study and work to perfect it. I cry every performance when I sing it. I really believe I've given the public something good. My friends come back to see me after the show and say, "Well, that Will Rogers imitation is the duck's derby!"

I work like a pop vender at a ball game, translating songs into French. I sing them with a practically perfect accent, due to an ear which makes it very easy to catch same. I am dressed in a ravishing creation that cost so much that I feel a bit embarrassed in it. I think I'm doing the best thing I've ever done, and the papers say you must see Elsie Janis doing Fanny Brice as Peter Pan.

In one way it's a little discouraging, but in a hundred ways it's gloriously encouraging. To think that the public should want me to do anything for more than twenty years makes me humble with gratitude, and makes me say that I will step out and give imitations, impressions, take-offs, or whatever they want to call them, just as long as they continue to call for them.

Of course there are some people who think I can act. And once—only once—I thought so and tried to do a play without my specialty. The result was a most successful failure.

That sad but illuminating occasion was in 1915—a play called Miss Information. The war was on, so my defeat was comparatively unimportant. I played six different characters.

I could have failed just as well in one. The critics hailed me as a budding genius in character acting. My press notices had me thinking that I was a cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Fregoli, the quick-change king, but the public proclaimed me a full-blown flop. They just did not come.

Miss Janis in Two of Her Characterizations From the Puzzles of 1924. At Right—Will Rogers, of Whom the Author Says, "I Would Rather Change Places Than Faces"

That's the year I gave up reading criticisms and started reading box-office statements. The former are easier to read, but you learn more from the latter—namely, that the public comes to see what it wants to see and not what you want it to see. Every day we read of some musical-comedy actor or actress who is going to try the drama, or of some dramatic player who feels a song and dance coming on, but it isn't long until they are back doing business at the old stand. And it is the public who gives them car fare home and says, "Be yourself!"

Of course there have been imitators who escaped, but they got away before they were what one might call trade-marked.

Goodwin was a great mimic, they say. Mrs. Fiske, as Minnie Maddern, indulged in youthful take-offs. Ina Claire is today one of the best; but just when she was starting to push me out of the center of the stage with a marvelous imitation of Harry Lauder, she was offered the rôle of the Quaker girl, and as there was no really good excuse for a demure little Quaker going into her Scotch stuff, her imitations were left out and she became a musical-comedy star without them. Had she ever done Harry Lauder in her first big success, she would probably now be stopping the action of these drawing-room comedies, in which she excels, to dash off "I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie," and in kilts, by public demand.

It is strange that there are not more mimics, because half the world would rather see a bad imitation than a good original. I've seen people imitating some of my pets so badly—yes, even cruelly—that it made me shudder, and the house rocked with applause.

Ethel Barrymore, whom I have adored and therefore imitated for years, has been the absolute meal ticket of most imitators. When everything else fails, they throw their heads in the air, grit their teeth and murmur in a sort of whisky barytone, "That's all there is, there isn't any more!" And it's a wow, as we say in the front families of vaudeville.

Having been one of the first to say the line, and always feeling when I try to imitate Miss Barrymore that I am very lucky if I can even approach the beauty of voice, face and teeth that she possesses, I resent these infringements. Yet an audience loves them.

The line between imitation and caricature is as slim as a flapper's hips; but just like same, it is there. And I not only see it but cannot cross it; because, as I said, if I don't like people I don't see them at all. And if I do like them I don't see their flaws. Whereas a caricaturist not only sees the flaws but puts knobs on them and then proceeds to polish up the knobs.

I know a girl in London who is the life of every party on account of her wonderful imitations—at least, that's what they call them. I should call them undressings, because when it comes to flaw finding she makes those diamond merchants in Maiden Lane look like a bunch of ground moles in the sunlight. And such courage! She will go right through a gathering of celebrities, showing them their mental, vocal and physical defects, amid shrieks of laughter from the spectators. Which is usually rather feebly seconded by the victim, who does not think she is in the least like that.

People don't really like being imitated. Maybe therein lies the secret of why they like seeing imitations of other people. I've never had anyone I imitate say the imitation was good. They invariably like my imitations of other people much better than their own. I think they are flattered, especially when I announce the name and the audience applauds. Will Rogers thinks I do Fanny Brice well. Fanny Brice probably thinks my Beatrice Lillie is the best thing I do, and so on.

Doing John Barrymore

"OH, WAD some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as others see us!" as Bobby Burns said long before I had any ambition to push a pen for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I tremble to think of what John Barrymore will say when he sees me making his glorious Hamlet sing Yes, We Have No Bananas, which is said to be the best thing I've ever done, and certainly is to me the most enjoyable. Strangely enough, it was just by accident that I did it. For years Jack—pardon, John has been my favorite actor and preferred companion, had I had my way and had he not gone his. He was really the first man I ever loved; but as he has played that rôle in the lives of probably 60 per cent of the girls in America for the past fifteen years, I can't claim much for originality. However, although I

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APPLIED GERMICIDE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MCWHINNEY and Weevil and Wills suffered from an attack of good nature that afternoon and had let Old Man Arkwright make a fourth.

"We'll just kind of whang around," Weevil said, "and let the old skeezicks talk himself to death. It's been two years since we played with him."

"Once in two years is about the right number," said Wills.

"But it's a darn trying way for us Boy Scouts to do our daily good deed," said Mac sourly.

"Shucks! He's a good old egg, and he hasn't many more years to pester folks," said Weevil.

"Hasn't he? Huh! He's a permanent improvement, that dodo. He'll be shooting hundred and twelves and calling 'em nineties when the three of us are trying to make a ha p and a halo in par."

So they took the old gentleman along, well knowing it would be an afternoon of agony; but two minutes after they had made their first drives they forgot him. As a matter of fact, they took him to their hearts as a partner in their suffering. They even went so far as to consult him

and to demand of him if, in his seventy years of golfing experience, he ever had encountered such outrage before. He hadn't, and was eloquent in elaborating that fact. Even when he got to the seventh—the hole which, some dozen years back, he had made in one—he forgot to mention it. For the first time in his life he neglected to point out the exact spot where he had teed his ball, to describe the exactitude of his swing, the parabola of the ball, how it had stopped with back spin four inches beyond the cup and then leaped backward into the tin.

Incredible as it may seem, he forgot the seventh until he got to the eighth, and then it was only half-heartedly that he said, "By darn, boys, I clean forgot to show you how I made the seventh in one."

"Men," said McWhinney, "this thing that's happening to us is worse than I thought. If it can make Arkwright creak past the seventh and never notice it, then it isn't merely an outrage—it's an atrocity."

And now, eighteen holes finished at last—in four hours and a half—the foursome dragged its weary feet into the men's lounge. They needed an audience.

"Where you boys been all day?" asked Martin Tombes, chairman of the green committee. "Lose your ball or stop to pick berries? I been in over an hour."

"Listen," said Weevil, "you're our meat. You're official. What we want to know is, what's going to be done about that dog-gone woman?"

"Because," said Wills, "something is."

"What woman?" asked Martin patiently.

"Pretended she was a foursome, that's what she did," said McWhinney. "I give you my word she played four balls all the way around, and stopped on every green to put down her score and settle side bets with herself."

"The reason I'm hoarse," said Weevil, "is on account of hollering fore so much."

"But did it do any good?" Old Man Arkwright asked the question oratorically. "It did not! You can stand some nonsense from a woman if she's good-looking—know what I mean?"

"We don't," said Mr. Tombes. "Who is this candidate for the popularity medal?"

"Once," said Wills, "I had a cat that was raised with a litter of puppies, and she thought she was a dog. Used to follow me around and wag his tail."

"She followed you around and wagged his tail, eh?" Martin Tombes thought it wise to be jocular. "And did it bark? But I don't follow the metaphor, if that's what it is."

"This gal," said Wills, "seems to think she's a man."

"How come?"

"Darned if she didn't call me up last Friday and ask me to play golf with her."

"She's the one that busted into this lounge last Sunday and sat down to smoke a cigarette," said Weevil.

"Next," said McWhinney, "she'll be prancing into our shower with a towel tied around her."

"I think," said Tombes, "that I begin to see light. You seem to refer to Miss Dadds."

"That," said Wills, "is the name, and she looks it. Say, who invented her? How did she sneak past the membership gang and the governors?"

"Kick," said Tombes, "to Perry Flagg." Mr. Flagg controlled the entrance committee.

"She's in," said McWhinney, "so we come to you. What"—he paused and glared—"do you propose to do about it?"

"Make formal charges, if you got something sticking in your crop, and we'll see."

"Look pretty making charges against a woman, wouldn't we?"

Before Martin could reply, Sam, the locker-room boy, bellowed from the door, "Mr. Tombes wanted in the professional's room." And Martin arose with a sigh. Sometimes he wondered why he continued to run the green committee, but didn't know it was because he was born to the job. They come that way. Certain men are born to be chairmen of the green committees and house committees, just as others are born with red hair and clubfeet. It is a congenital defect and incurable.

Presently—that is to say, in ten minutes or so—Martin returned. There was an envelope in his hand and a cryptic expression on his face.

"You four," he said in a voice which was well under control, "are hereby officially notified to appear Friday night before the green committee to answer charges of grossly ungentlemanly behavior on the golf course, as of Saturday afternoon, this day and date."

"Eh?" McWhinney was the only man to find his voice.

"I always heard," said Tombes, "that the first wallop wins a fight. Miss Dadds has beaten you to the punch."

"Preferred charges against us?"

"No less. It seems you behaved in an unseemly manner, uttering loud and raucous shouts, mumbling and rumbling as you stood waiting on the tee; making sotto-voce observations of a derogatory character."

"She never heard a word we said."

"This she admits; but she says she could tell by the expressions of your faces that you were saying things about her which no lady could tolerate."

"Doesn't she know," demanded Weevil, "that a single player has no right on a course?"

"She claims," said Tombes, "that she was a foursome—a four-ball match. And with some justice. She says to me, says she, 'What's the difference between four players each playing a ball and one player playing four balls? The same number of balls,' says she, 'and the same amount of time to play.' She says she acted like a foursome and kept score and everything, and that therefore she rated as a foursome, with all its rights. It raises a nice point."

"And you—you're going to have the face to drag us before your dinky committee on her charges?"

"She's a member in her own right."

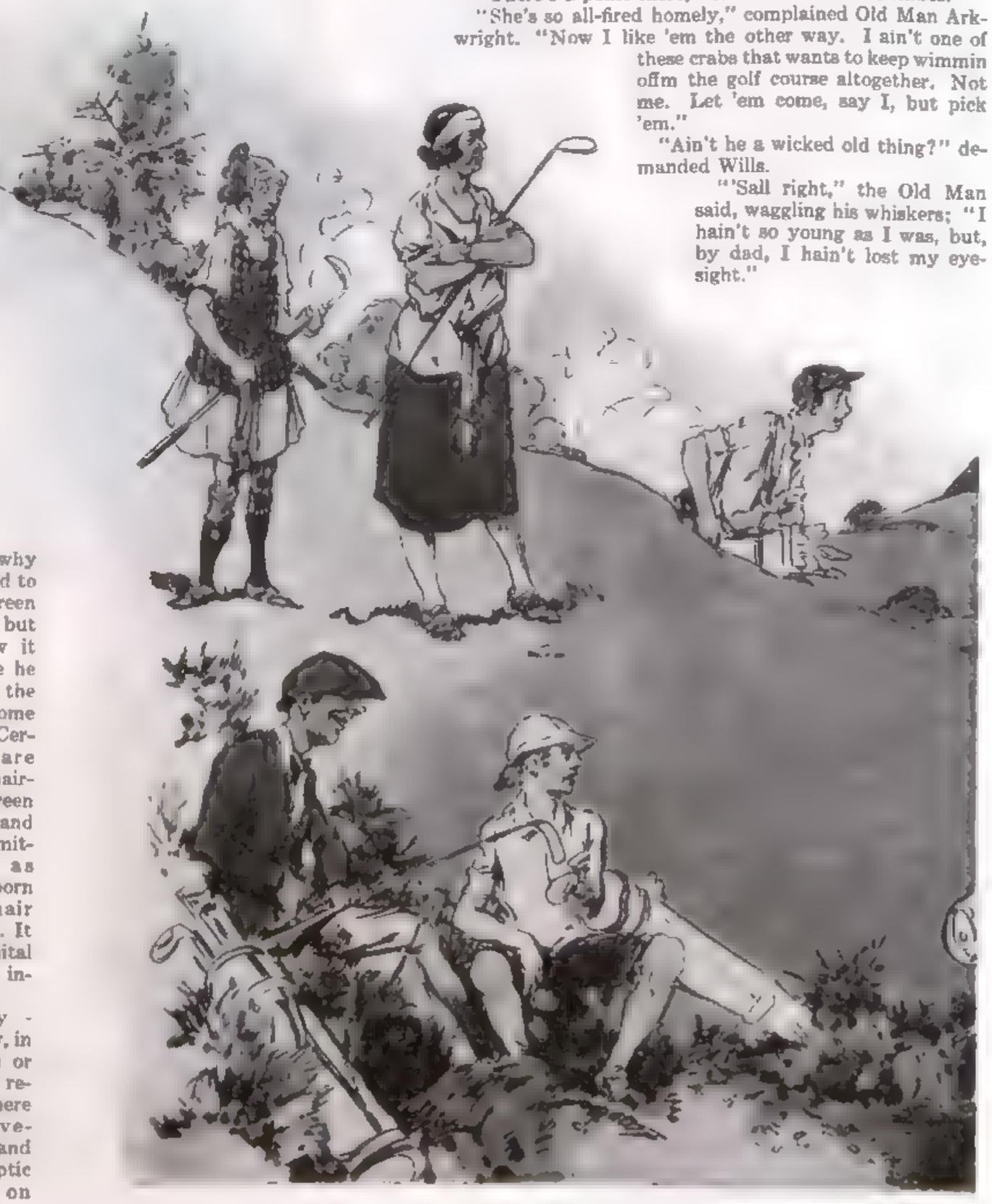
"She seems to be four members," said McWhinney. "Better send her a bill for four sets of dues, or charge her guest fees for the three imaginary folks she played with."

"There's a point there," conceded Martin Tombes.

"She's so all-fired homely," complained Old Man Arkwright. "Now I like 'em the other way. I ain't one of these crabs that wants to keep wimmin offm the golf course altogether. Not me. Let 'em come, say I, but pick 'em."

"Ain't he a wicked old thing?" demanded Wills.

"'Sall right," the Old Man said, waggling his whiskers; "I hain't so young as I was, but, by dad, I hain't lost my eyesight."



And Nine More Holes to Go, With That Infernal

"Unofficially," said Weevil, "what in tunket are we going to do about it?"

"Me," said Tombes, "I'm going to sit tight so as not to rock the boat."

"And pass the buck to us?"

"I," said Martin placidly, "always act like a gentleman on the course. I don't bull around affronting ladies. . . . See you Friday night, boys. Better practice up on pretty apologies. Though, from her manner, I don't guess that'll satisfy her. She wants you expelled."

"And that," said Weevil, when Tombes had departed, "is that."

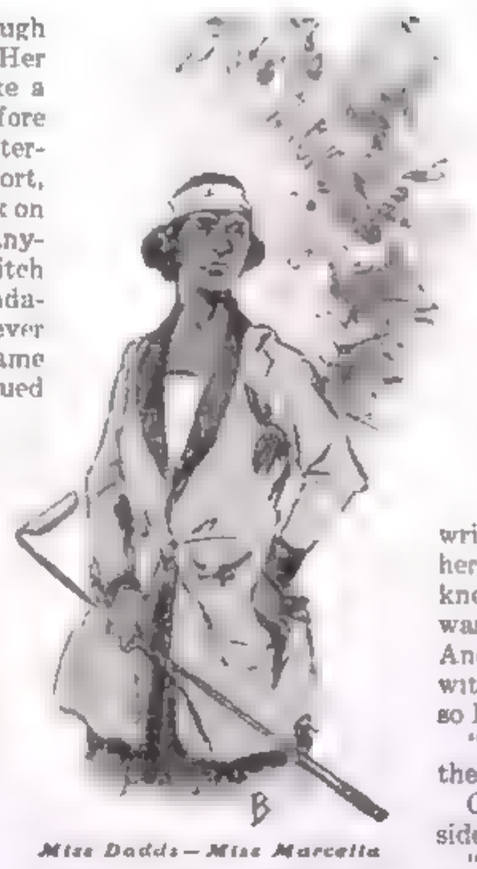
II

MISS DADDS—Miss Marcella Dadds—was a determined woman. When she set out to do a thing she generally did it, and she had embarked upon a career of golf. For many years she had been searching the earth for some consuming passion, something to which she could devote her life. It was not until she discovered the ancient-and-honorable game that she found it in full perfection.

Nothing less than the Women's Open Championship was her goal, and this before she had ever taken a divot or sliced a ball. But when she started, she started systematically. She bought one of every club known to the professional, and then she took lessons. For a solid season she took a lesson a day, which is why she had not sprung into fame ere she did. And she practiced. And, to give the lady her due, she learned to play. Grim—that is what she was. She went about learning golf the same way Othello went about smothering Desdemona—making a thorough business of it.

She was not masculine—exactly—but neither was she of the clinging, yielding feminine type. She wore broad shoes and thick woolen stockings, and a sweater which had seen better days, and a handkerchief tied around hair which never could inspire a poet. Her other qualities were a swarthy skin and eyes so black they had a dangerous aboriginal look. As has been indicated, she was grim. This cannot be repeated too many times: Miss Marcella Dadds was grim.

It always had been her way to jostle through things; the softer manner was not for her. Her method was to double her head under like a fullback and smash into the line. Therefore she earned for herself a reputation for masterfulness, and for manners of an individual sort, not those to be learned from a standard book on behavior. As for golf etiquette—which, as anybody knows, is as difficult to master as a pitch shot with back spin, and is the sturdy foundation upon which the game is erected—she never bothered with it at all. If ever she became conscious there was such a thing, she catalogued it as silly and went her way blithely. She knew every shot in the game, but not a single gesture of its good manners. And she was all for upholding the rights of woman, anywhere, any time, and for nothing.



Miss Dadds—Miss Marcella Dadds—Was a Determined Woman

With this equipment she was destined not long to blossom unnoticed on the course of the Appletree Golf Club, nor did she. The episode in which McWhinney, Wills, Weevil and Old Man Arkwright participated was but the opening gun of her campaign for prominence. It was, indeed, a mere popgun to the barrage which presently she laid down. Within two weeks she was the topic of conversation; her name and her personality and her behavior to its minutest detail were as well known to the membership of the club as are the habits of a husband whose wife has employed private detectives. In short, she was famous.

Wills and Weevil and McWhinney had put their heads together and thought in unison. Old Man Arkwright was present at the meeting, but his hole-in-one had seized him again, so the three hired a caddie to listen to him while they took steps. The first of these was to write the green committee, petitioning for an adjournment of the meeting, pleading the need of time to prepare their defense. This was granted. It was followed by other postponements. The idea was Weevil's and everybody admitted it was a good one. But it was a makeshift only. The Lounge Room Gang admitted that something must be done, something decisive and permanent.

"Imagine, you fellows," growled Absalom Parker, "having a wife like that." Absalom was especially affronted because he was the club's official maker of charges against members, and he resented a rival. The week during which he wrote no letter of grievance either to the green committee or board of governors was ringed in red on the calendar, and friends phoned to ask the nature of his illness.

"Why should we?" McWhinney asked.

"Hell's bells!" said Absalom. "She's always here. Every time I'm here I see her. Pays no attention to mealtimes. And she's the sort to talk her family to death about it. I'll bet she recites every stroke the minute she's in the house. Darn a woman who talks golf!"

"It does cut into one's monologue," admitted McWhinney.

"She better wait till she does something," said Old Man Arkwright. "I guess nobody ever heard of her shooting a hole in one. . . . You know our seventh—well, that day there was a wind against, blowin' like blazes. And I says to myself, 'You can't reach with a jigger, and maybe not with an iron,' so I grabs onto my spoon ——"

"And the ball went out of bounds into the cornfield," said Absalom sourly.

Old Man Arkwright withdrew to one side and sulked.

"She clogs this course like a cork in a bottle"

"Nobody ever got through her."

"Always plays alone too"

"Huh! She won't play with wimmin, and men won't play with her."

"Not for lack of her askin' 'em," said McWhinney. "Calls some man or body of men up every darn day and asks 'em if they got a game."

"Balled out President Olney and the parson Saturday for holdin' her back, and them playin' in the finals of the June Cup. Caddie carryin' a flag and everythin'."

"What'd they do?"

"Let her through, of course, and then she took to playin' four balls right ahead of 'em, and they finished by electric light."

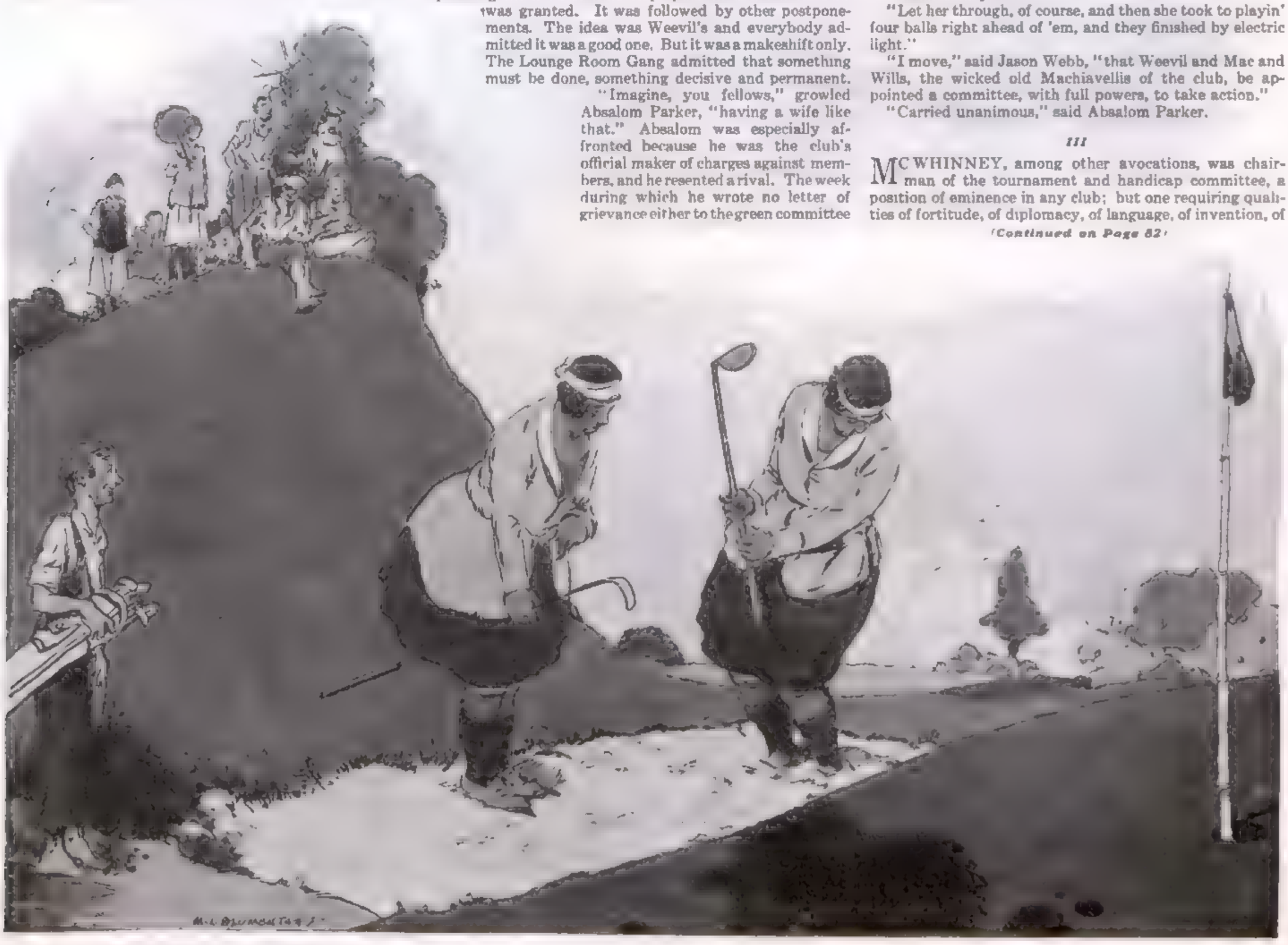
"I move," said Jason Webb, "that Weevil and Mac and Wills, the wicked old Machiavellis of the club, be appointed a committee, with full powers, to take action."

"Carried unanimous," said Absalom Parker.

III

MCWHINNEY, among other avocations, was chairman of the tournament and handicap committee, a position of eminence in any club; but one requiring qualities of fortitude, of diplomacy, of language, of invention, of

(Continued on Page 82)



Smirking, Backbiting Gallery of Cats Following Her!

THE GRUDGE FIGHT

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

I Busted Open the Office Door and There in My Chair a Girl Was Sitting

THERE'S mine," Shorty said, squashing the blotter over his William T. MacAdoo. "Now let's see what yours looks like, Chick."

"Same as ever, Shorty." And wearing his usual moping look, Chick signed a large James J. Sullivan.

"It ain't no wonder, Chick, that with a John Henry like that you pack a haymaker. Haw-haw-haw!"

"If I had your monniker, Shorty, I'd be running for President. Where you going tonight, Shorty?"

"Whatcha say if we run out to Lunette Park in your car, Chick? I want to slip some knock-out drops in your lemonade and get you out of condition for our grudge fight. Haw-haw-haw!"

"You got all the knock-outs you need in your two mitts, Shorty. Make it eight o'clock—same old place."

"You said it, Chick."

Then they went out together. Bunk looked at me.

"Bad," he said; "bad."

"What's the matter, Bunk?"

"Listen, what is a grudge fight—a petting party? Answer me that."

"A grudge fight is a grudge fight," I said.

"That's what I always thought. And you'll admit a grudge fight is what the Pearl City A. C. needs if we don't want the sport to go dead on us."

"A fortune teller couldn't say any different, Bunk."

"Well, then here I am busting myself to stage this one and now look at Chick and Shorty. I ask you, look at 'em and listen to 'em and weep."

That was the way with Bunk—never satisfied.

"Bunk," I told him, "think calm for a minute. These two boys may be good friends outside the ropes, but nobody ever accused 'em of being anything but box fighters once they stepped inside. Take that Racine show. The boys ate a midnight lunch together, and an hour and a half before, Chick he win by a right hook that put Shorty down for the count. And when they fought for us in March, and Shorty he win in the fifth, they finish the evening by going together to a dance at Lunette Park. And right after that ten-round draw in Oshkosh—and Oshkosh ain't forgot the fight yet—Chick had Shorty up to the house when they baptised his sister's baby. The boys give the public its money's worth, so why not let it go at that?"

Bunk scratched his head and his big diamond flashed like a searchlight in a cellar.

"This grudge fight," he said, "is gonna be a real grudge fight. I'm gonna get those boys so sore at each other that when the round ends it'll take a steam winch to pull 'em apart. I'm gonna turn those boys into a couple of raging wildcats. When the customers leave after the show they're gonna stop at the box office and reserve ringside seats for the next twelve months."

Well, it ain't for a secretary, that don't own any stock in a club, to tell the president, who owns it all, how to run his business; but I couldn't let Bunk begin juggling dynamite cartridges without telling him they were loaded.

"Bunk," I said, "think a little bit. If you was going to a concert, would you say, 'This morning I'll throw a ripe tomatta at Kubelik so he'll play his violin better tonight'? You know you wouldn't. Well, a boxer is the same as any other artist—he wants to be handled gentle. Now take those two boys. Chick, he's the sad Irish kind—melancholy. Shorty, he's a Scotch-Irish tightwad. And one's as different from the other as two spring days in March. How can you tell that what makes one sore will make the other sore?"

"Watch me, Baldy. I got something up my sleeve that'll fetch both of 'em; and when you see that wind-up two weeks from tonight you'll say it was a blinger."

That same evening I got my lead about Bunk's little idea. I busted open the office door and there in my chair a girl was sitting. I'd seen her before; her name was Estelle Coburg and she'd come to town from Minneapolis or St. Paul about three months earlier to hold down a job at Meeghan's Glove Store. She was a slick little blonde and didn't run around with anybody.

This was an eye-opener for me, because Bunk didn't go in for girls; anyhow, not so you could notice it; not since he backed the Merry Serenaders for two thousand dollars and the leading lady and the three leading chorines and the Jew and the Irish comedian made it into a musical comedy and sent him a picture post card from Moline, Illinois, with their best wishes. Yes, you could have called Bunk a woman hater, or just about that.

"Well," Bunk was saying, "then it's all understood."

"Yes, Mr. Berry"—and she was sort of sniffling—"and I don't know why I let you persuade me because I feel I'm doing wrong to lead those two boys on like that. And I wouldn't do it if I hadn't had financial reverses lately." Here she snapped shut her little pocketbook.

"Oh, that'll be all right, Miss Coburg. Those boys can take care of themselves. All I ask is don't go too far with either one of 'em."

She drew herself up and stood there, and her lips were trembling.

"Mr. Berry," she said, "if you make an insinuation like that again I'll have nothing more to do with this dreadful business. I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Sure you ain't." And Bunk got up in a hurry himself. "Sure not. And that's what I always said to Baldy—didn't I, Baldy? This is Mr. Baldwin, Miss Coburg. And nobody's got more respect for you than him and me." She was wiping her eyes and he took time out to wink. "It's all understood then; Mr. Sullivan gets acquainted with you tonight and you run around steady with him until next Friday, and then—the big shift. Now, Baldy, if you got the car, you might run Miss Coburg out to her boarding house at 1205 Perrine Avenue." And he winked again at me as we walked out.

Well, there's girls and girls. There's some you know would be all right if they was dropped off in the middle of Lake Michigan, and there's others that make you feel like a criminal if you let 'em cross the street alone. After this Coburg girl had said to me, "It's funny, because usually I don't have much confidence when I'm in an automobile, but you drive so well I feel perfectly safe. How do you ever do it so wonderfully?" I wanted to run her right down to the City Hall and marry her so that she'd be protected the rest of her life. That's the effect she had on me. But having been a respectable married man for ten years, I saw

the next best thing to do would be to think about something else. So I did.

Monday night, two evenings after, I run across Chick. I swear I never saw anybody so changed. It wasn't his clothes, though they were perkier than usual; it was his expression. That long Irish face had shortened up and lit up and he walked along with a kind of dance step.

"Hello, Chick," I said. "How's every little thing?"

He stopped, came down out of the clouds, looked surprised for a minute and then smiled again. You could see he'd heard me but didn't know what I'd said. I repeated.

"O.K., Baldy, O.K."

"Come in and have a malted milk, Chick."

"Sorry, Baldy, I got a date." And he walked away, whistling and doing his little dance step.

Tuesday night at Lunette Park I saw him with the little Coburg girl, looking each other in the eyes, and according to reliable information he was around with her from then on up to Friday noon, when they had lunch together at the Gem Restaurant.

Ten o'clock Saturday morning, while me and Bunk were running over the advance sale and getting ready to send another block of seats to Milwaukee, the door opened and Chick came in. You never saw such a change in your life. The clothes were the same, but his face looked pulled out as though he had a twenty-five-pound dumb-bell hangin' from his chin. Bunk slipped me a quick wink.

"Hello, Chick," he said. "What's the good word?"

Chick didn't say anything; just slumped down in the nearest chair

"Nothing wrong is there, Chick? Not been hauled up for speeding or anything like that?"

Still Chick didn't say anything; just looked at the floor. Bunk winked again.

"Not feeling sick, are you? Want to have Doc Christopherson look you over? Nobody been doing you dirt, has there?"

Chick swallowed. Then he said in a voice like a last whisper, "Yes, somebody's been doing me dirt."

Bunk went over and patted him on the back.

"Now that's too bad, Chick; but don't take it so hard. If somebody's been doing you dirt, you want to rise right up on your hind legs and get back at 'em."

"Yes," Chick croaked after a minute, "that's what I'm gonna do."

Bunk hit him a slap on the back.

"That's the way to talk, Chick. That's the way a man talks. Who done you dirt, Chick?"

There was another wait.

Finally Chick said, "Mr. MacAdoo done me dirt."

Bunk opened his eyes. "Who?"

"Mr. MacAdoo."

"Who do you mean—Mr. MacAdoo? Are you talking about Shorty?"

"He may be Shorty to some people, but from now on he's Mr. MacAdoo to me. As far as I'm concerned, it's the same as if I never met him in my life."

Bunk winked again; this time with the whole side of his face.

"What did Mr. MacAdoo do to you, Chick?"

"He stole my girl—that's what Mr. MacAdoo done. He stole my girl last night, and I'm gonna get back at him."

"Sure you are," Bunk said, fetching him another slap on the back. "'At's the way to talk. And a week from tonight you'll be getting back at him good and plenty."

"I'll get back at Mr. MacAdoo before a week from tonight."

"What's the matter with you, Chick? You ain't gonna pull a free fight when the club is willing to pay you big money for beating him up?"

Chick straightened his neck.

"There ain't gonna be any fight, nowhere, no time. I wouldn't fight Mr. MacAdoo now not under no circumstances."

The change in Bunk was something surprising. You'd have thought somebody had soaked him about a quarter of an inch above the belt. His face got mud color, and when he spoke you could watch his voice tremble around the Adam's apple.

"Quit your kidding, Chick. You can't back out now. Why, you got your forfeit posted!"

"I don't want that forfeit, Bunk. You can have it, Bunk. She's the sweetest little girl in the world and she wouldn't have treated me like that if he hadn't lied to her. And I wouldn't touch Mr. MacAdoo now with a ten-foot pole—not for any purse or inducement offered."

Bunk's face was getting red again and he begun to talk loud the same as always when excited.

"You won't fight? Why, a man in your place ought to pay money to get the chance to fight! He stole your girl, didn't he? Well, show him up. Tell the world nobody can pull that stuff on you and live through it. Why, it'll be a real grudge fight! What's the matter? Are you afraid to fight a grudge fight?"

Chick shook his head.

"No," he said. "I ain't afraid and you know it. I'll fight a grudge fight with any boy in the world, weighing in at a hundred and thirty-three pounds. I'd just as soon fight a grudge fight as not. But I ain't gonna fight any grudge fight unless I'm friendly with the fella I fight it with."

II

THAT was all anybody could get out of Chick. He kept saying, "Yes, I'm willing to fight a grudge fight, but not with a party I'm not friendly with and that sprung a dirty deal on me like that crook, Mr. MacAdoo."

And when finally Bunk suggested, "It ain't Shorty that done it—it's that girl," Chick doubled his fists and said, "She's one good little girl and don't tell me any different. We was set to be married and she listened to knockers, that's all. If you ever say a word to me against that little girl, I'll smear you."

And he walked out of the office, leaving me and Bunk and the little piece Bunk had written for the newspapers, entitled:

BOXERS QUARREL OVER SENTIMENTAL MATTER
WIND-UP AT PEARL CITY A. C. WILL BE GRUDGE FIGHT

"Here I am," Bunk said. "I been spending money like a rube honeymoon. The Exposition Company has boosted the price for the pavilion; I sent advances to two boys from Milwaukee and another from Benton Harbor, Michigan; and the State Boxing Commission is sitting on my neck because after advertising that last wind-up between Percy Courtney and Bing O'Hara I had to run a substitute because Percy shot the prohibition agent. You'd think I passed the amendment myself."

We was in deep and no mistake. We'd plastered a lot of money advertising the match both in and out of Pearl City, because even though both boys was locals, they had records. In Minneapolis, Chick had fought a ten-round no-decision with Pinky Mitchell; and at Columbus, Shorty had met Rocky Kansas in a ten-round sensation. And the boys had met each other three times and every one a blinger and something to tell the grandchildren about. The fans were interested in that Chick-Shorty wind-up and there wasn't anything half so good we could get hold of.

Naturally, the first thing Bunk done was to see Jud Ferris, but Jud told him Chick hadn't done anything illegal and Bunk's only bet was to grab the forfeit money and get Chick in wrong with the State Boxing Commission.

"No," Bunk said, "nothing like that. We'll run it yet as per schedule. I'll bring

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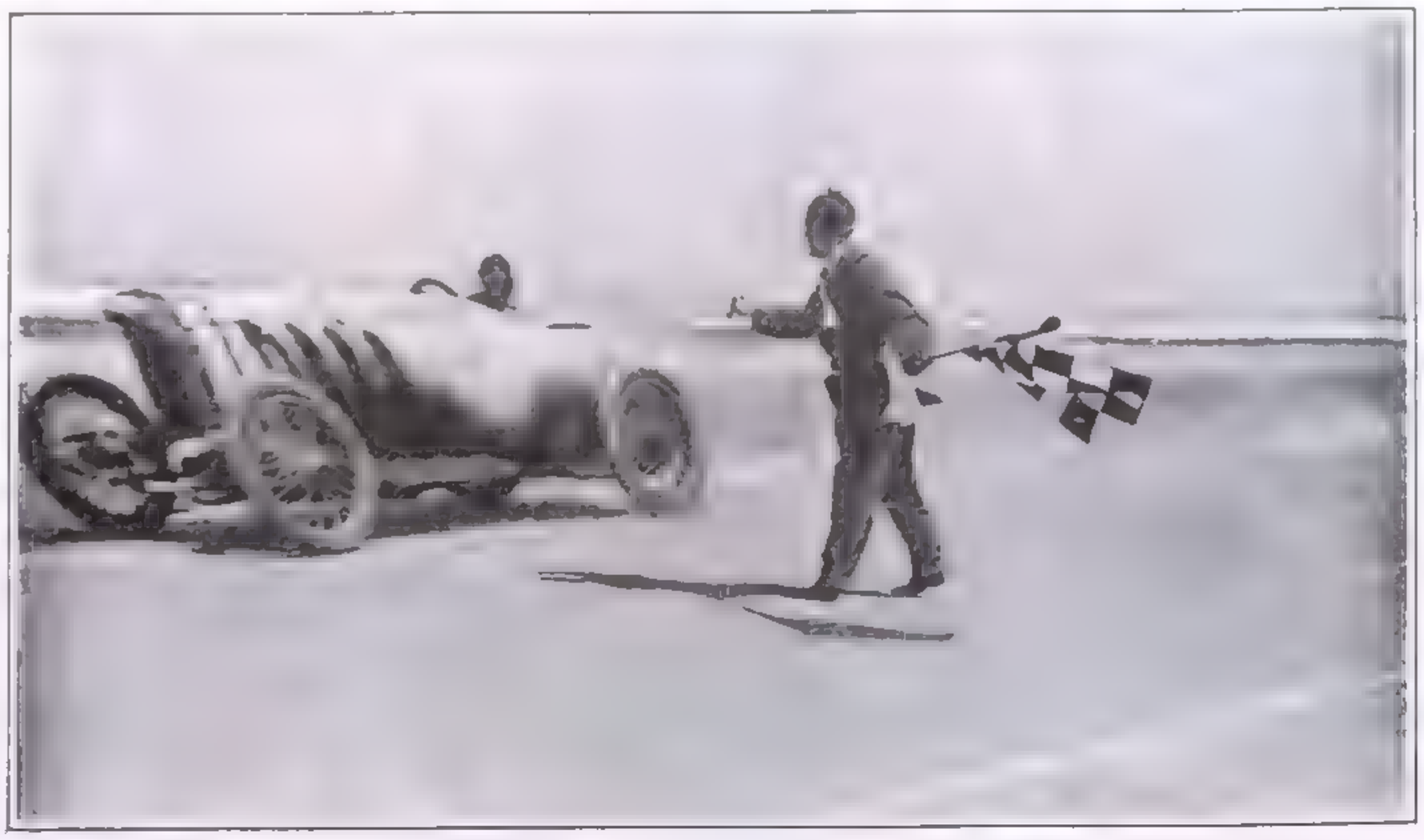
"Feeling the Way I Do Now, and Being as She Was So Good, I Can See You Wasn't to Blame"

WIDE OPEN ALL THE WAY

By Barney Oldfield—Reported by William F. Sturm



Oldfield in the 300-Horse-Power Blitzen or Lightning Benz, With Which He Made a Record of 131.75 Miles an Hour on the Beach at Daytona, Florida, 1910

EARLY in the racing game I had been drawn to it by the thrill of the thing. I loved applause, loved to hear the growl of a big racing motor, loved the thrill of cheating death at the turns. But those things were passing for me now more or less. I admit it. It was for this reason there arose the feeling that I disliked competition. I did not. But I was interested in the money-making angle. I found that people would pay for thrills. I was willing to exchange my thrill making for their money. If I rode with death at my elbow I insisted on the cold hard cash. I found that I could make a good deal of money out of match races. It was safer to drive with one other man on the track than with ten. My name was valuable to the promoter, just as any champion's would be. I insisted on bonuses and guaranties, and got them. It is the goal of every race driver, boxer and others in the field of sport to be so important that he can tell the promoter what he will do, not have the promoter tell him what he has to do.

At the Denver meeting, where I stopped on my way to the Coast, I got 50 per cent of the gross, which netted me about $600; this without much advertising of any sort. I did not know a day before, that I was going to stop off there. The San Francisco Auto Club paid me $1750 for driving there. At Los Angeles I was paid a $1500 bonus and $300 for breaking the track record. In various other California towns—San José, Fresno, San Bernardino, San Diego—I imagine I averaged about $500 or $600 a race meet. In this paragraph I am referring to the fall of 1903, when I was driving the Wintons. As all my expenses and the car expenses were paid, these figures netted me considerable. They don't sound so large today, but remember that the expenses, though considered high then, were nothing like what they are today.

A Season of Smash-Ups

I HAD been called a fool, a madman and several other less complimentary appellations. Folks said I didn't know what I was doing. Charlie Van Loan, the story writer, and my good friend, used to ask me every year when I came to the Coast when I was going to quit racing. I always told him that I was going to quit when I had made a little more money. I didn't really intend to stay in the business until they picked me up in a dustpan and the papers came out the next day extolling my good qualities and forgetting my bad ones.

Charlie always followed up our conversation with a big feature in the Los Angeles paper for which he wrote, telling the world how modest I was, how I admitted that there were other good drivers besides myself, how I planned to quit the following year, and how I would keep on saying that until finally I was killed.

I knew that the law of averages made my life one of constant danger. The prize fighter may go on forever. He runs little chance of getting killed. He also is bound to collect something for his efforts. That isn't so with the automobile racer. He isn't sure of anything, except eventually of getting killed if he stays at the game long enough.

Before and After the 1914 Los Angeles to Phoenix Cactus Derby

Frankly, unless something gave way over which I had no control, I had no doubt of my ability to handle a car. Fences never worried me. I had missed hundreds of them by narrow margins. I don't say I was calloused. But I do say that danger, as danger, was not in my lexicon.

Webb Jay and his steamer caused my downfall at Chicago on May 30, 1905. Webb's Whistling Billy finished the ten miles ahead of me in the good time of nine minutes forty-nine seconds. I had driven the distance faster than that at other times, but not this time.

From Chicago I went to Minneapolis, where we raced on July eighth. Earl Kiser was there, and he had beaten some of my records in the past year and was trailing around with the title of "champion race driver of America" tacked on behind his name. Webb Jay and his whistling White steamer made the fastest mile, 55⅘ seconds. I took the five-mile event in 4.44⅘ and Earl Kiser took the ten-mile in 10.33.

As I recall it, I first met Louis Chevrolet at this meet. Louis was driving Major Miller's Fiat. Louis and I began a friendship then that has continued to this day. We later were to have many bitter races and at more than one time bitter words. But that was all in the racing game. I never believed in letting anyone run over me, and neither did Louis.

With increased participation in racing by a greater and greater number of drivers, it was inevitable that we should have more accidents. In the summer of 1905 we had three serious smashes that shook all our nerves and caused two of the drivers to quit because of injuries and another to quit because he grew tired of the dangers and the strain of contesting on dirt tracks.

The first smash occurred in Detroit. We were racing there on August eighth—Charlie Burman in his Peerless Blue Streak; Dan Wurgis in a Reo Redbird; Webb Jay in his White steamer and myself in the Green Dragon. Burman and Wurgis had mile-a-minute cars, while Jay's old Whistling Billy didn't care how fast it went. My car was good for a mile in fifty-six or fifty-seven seconds on that track. We got away in good shape, but the Dragon began to miss on a turn. This slowed me up and permitted Wurgis a chance to go around me. He didn't swing wide enough, and his left front wheel hooked my right rear. He threw me around, headed straight for the inside fence. I went right through it. Wurgis shot off in the opposite direction, taking down part of the outside fence. When I came to I still had the steering wheel in my hands, but the rest of the car was on ahead of me and the steering wheel about 100 feet.

More Than Two Miles a Minute

A WEEK later to the day Earl Kiser was competing with us at Cleveland, driving my old Winton Bullet. The Bullet wasn't wrongly named, for it was so fast Earl couldn't hold it on the turns, and he was a real driver too. Going around the turn, Earl was a little slow in straightening out, and his car headed for the inside fence. When we got to him he had one leg smashed to a pulp and was otherwise badly injured. He recovered and we staged a couple of benefit races for him, one of which, at Dayton, I remember, netted him something more than $2000. Earl and I had plenty of speed arguments on the track and both of us had said some things about the other's records. But when he got hurt that stuff all vanished in the air. I drove in several benefit races for him and I know he would have done the same for me.

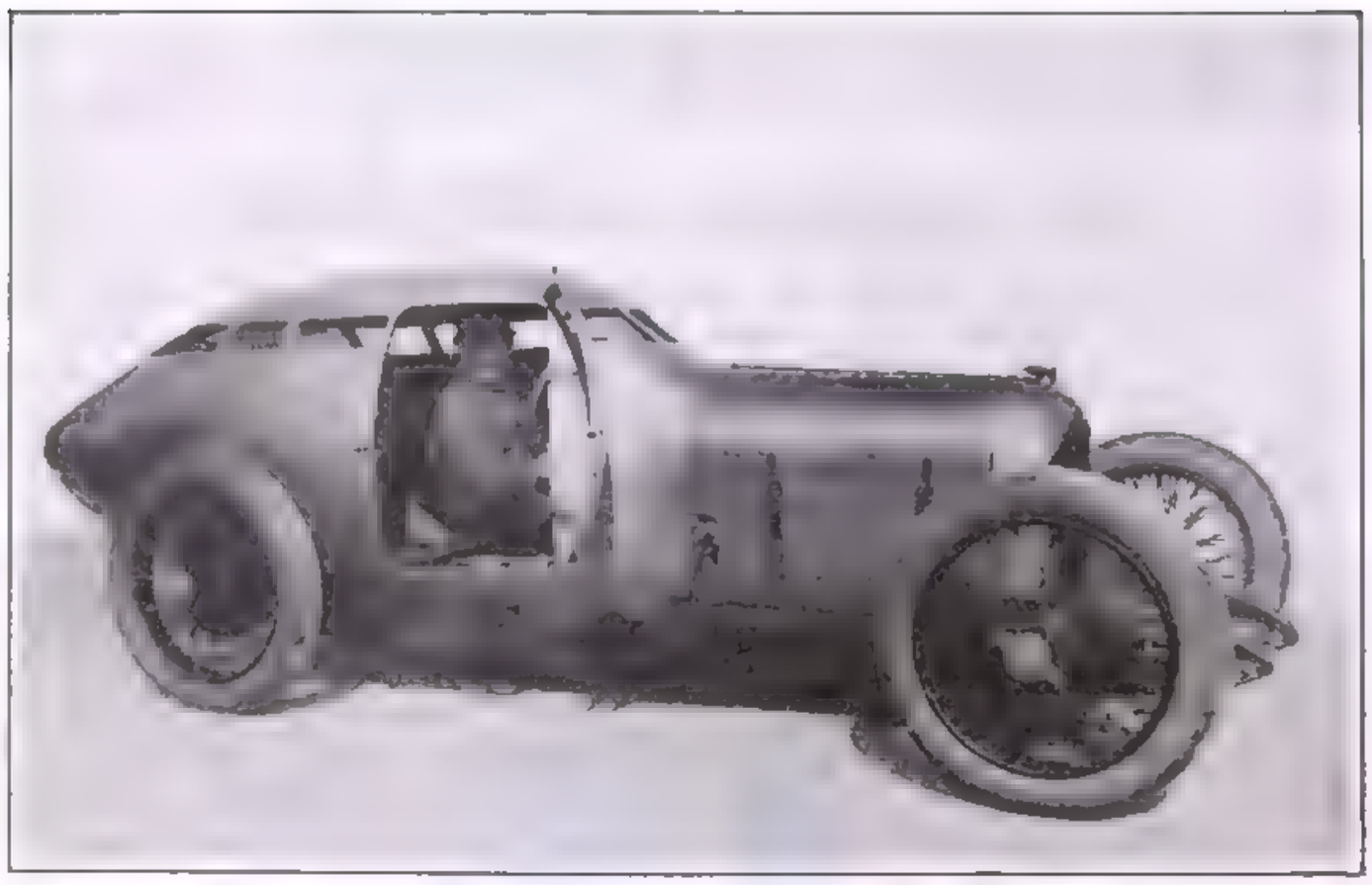
A week later Webb Jay and his steam car, Charlie Burman in his Blue Streak and I got together at Buffalo. Jay hit the turn in a cloud of dust, plunged through the fence and came to a stop in a pond three feet deep forty feet beyond. He had nine broken ribs, a badly crushed leg and concussion of the brain. He got well, stayed out of the racing game for a while, but now confines his racing to speed boats down at Miami.

Alfred Vanderbilt was still enthusiastic about beach records. In the fall of 1905 he came out with a statement that he had decided to build a 250-horse-power racer, engage the Italian Sartori to drive it and go to the Florida beaches and do a mile in thirty seconds. I thought then that Vanderbilt was all wrong about a heavy car, and I said so. I always believed that a light car of high horse power was what was needed. Vanderbilt never built the car, and I always said a man could not control it going at 120 miles an hour. Yet a few years later I was to drive a car on the

beach at more than 131 miles an hour! Thus do opinions change.

With the 1905 racing season over, I went up to New York to circulate and spend some of my hard-earned cash in pleasure. Tom Cooper, my old racing buddy, came along, and within a week I had cooked up a big idea for taking racing into vaudeville. We had the act all ready to spring, when I was induced to change my booking from vaudeville to the legitimate. Elsie Janis was starring in The Vanderbilt Cup and going big. The suggestion was made that we could put some atmosphere into her show by using my vaudeville act. Tom and I had to perform matinéely and nightly as race drivers. The male star was the hero of the story.

We took the Peerless Blue Streak and the Green Dragon, put them on a treadmill and anchored them there so they could not get loose and fly out into the audience. At the proper moment, when the fearless mechanic was to do his stuff—the mechanic being the hero—we opened up our motors and let 'em roar. I'll say this—that as noise makers our cars didn't have any equal. I got so excited a couple of times that I started to take a turn at 100 miles an hour, but stopped just in time. The treadmill was moved back and forth to give the impression of the two drivers jockeying along the road. To give a little more racing atmosphere to the performance, I conceived the brilliant idea of letting some fuller's earth drop on the treadmill. This made such a vivid dusty-road effect that the audience had to cough for a week before it got the dust out of its lungs. The clothes cleaners did a land-office business, also, getting the dust out of the theatergoers' clothes while the show was in town.



The Famous Golden Submarine, One of the Fastest Racing Cars Ever Driven by Oldfield on a Dirt Path

The Ex-Champions at Hartford

AFTER throwing fuller's earth for ten weeks in New York, we hit the road. We played Hartford, Connecticut, at the time Jim Corbett was there in Cashel Byron's Profession. Jimmy Britt, ex-lightweight champion, was trailing along with me at the time. We were booked for the Parsons Theater. The newspapers one night came out with nice big headlines saying:

"Hartford was the rallying point last night for a number of ex-champions. James J. Corbett, ex-champion heavyweight, has been here for several days. The new arrivals include James Edward Britt, ex-champion lightweight; Barney Oldfield, ex-champion motorist, and Tom Cooper, ex-champion bicycle rider."

There were a couple of other wise cracks about my being the highest paid Thespian in the world for the number of words spoken, since I didn't utter a sound and was paid $2000 a week. That $2000 was all press-agent bunk. What I really got was $500.

The show business was too slow. I wanted to get back to the racing game. The Peerless company decided to build one or two cars for road racing. I was slated to drive one of these in the 1906 Grand Prize on Long Island. For some reason or other the company changed its mind about entering and I didn't get to drive. Instead, I went on a tour of the South, racing two or three times a week.

My pride got a rather stiff jolt in Atlanta. Nap Lajoie and his Clevelanders were there in March, and so was I. Larry and I were old friends from our Cleveland days and we had a great time in Atlanta. One day Larry brought me over a letter.

"Do you think you are pretty well known in the United States?" he asked before he gave me the letter.

"Well, I think I am," I answered.

"As well known as I am?" he kept on.

"I don't see why not. I'm a bigger fool for risking my neck than you are."

"Well, here's a letter for you."

I took it and read the address: "Barney Oldfield, care of Larry Lajoie, the greatest ball player on earth."

Looking over a small memorandum book the other day, which I used to carry in those days, I ran across some interesting information. Bill Pickens was managing me then, and Bill tried to keep me pretty busy. We had a contract for 60 per cent of the receipts at Macon, Georgia. The receipts were $624.75. My 60 per cent amounted to $374.85. After paying all other expenses, the Macon Auto Club had $82.60 left to put into its treasury. However, that wasn't so bad for me as it sounds. In a big city like Atlanta I often carried away from $2000 to $3000. This was very good pay, considering that the Peerless company met all expense on the cars.

My contract with the Peerless company expired in the summer of 1907; and in order that I might not have to cancel the dates that my manager, Ernie Moross, made for me, I bought the Blue Streak and the Green Dragon from the company. Having long since learned the value of spending money on equipment if the cars were to be in good shape, I had a private car built to carry the two racing automobiles and mechanics. Besides making me independent of local repair-shop conditions, this proved a big advertising stunt for me. I was the only person in the world to have a private repair shop on wheels. I was credited with having a hundred times as much money as I really had. But there were no income-tax officials in those days; and as it was good publicity, I let the newspapers tell me how much money I made without raising a dissenting voice, just as various popular ring champions do today. I knew that all the world loves a successful man, and I was willing to have them make me highly successful if they cared to.

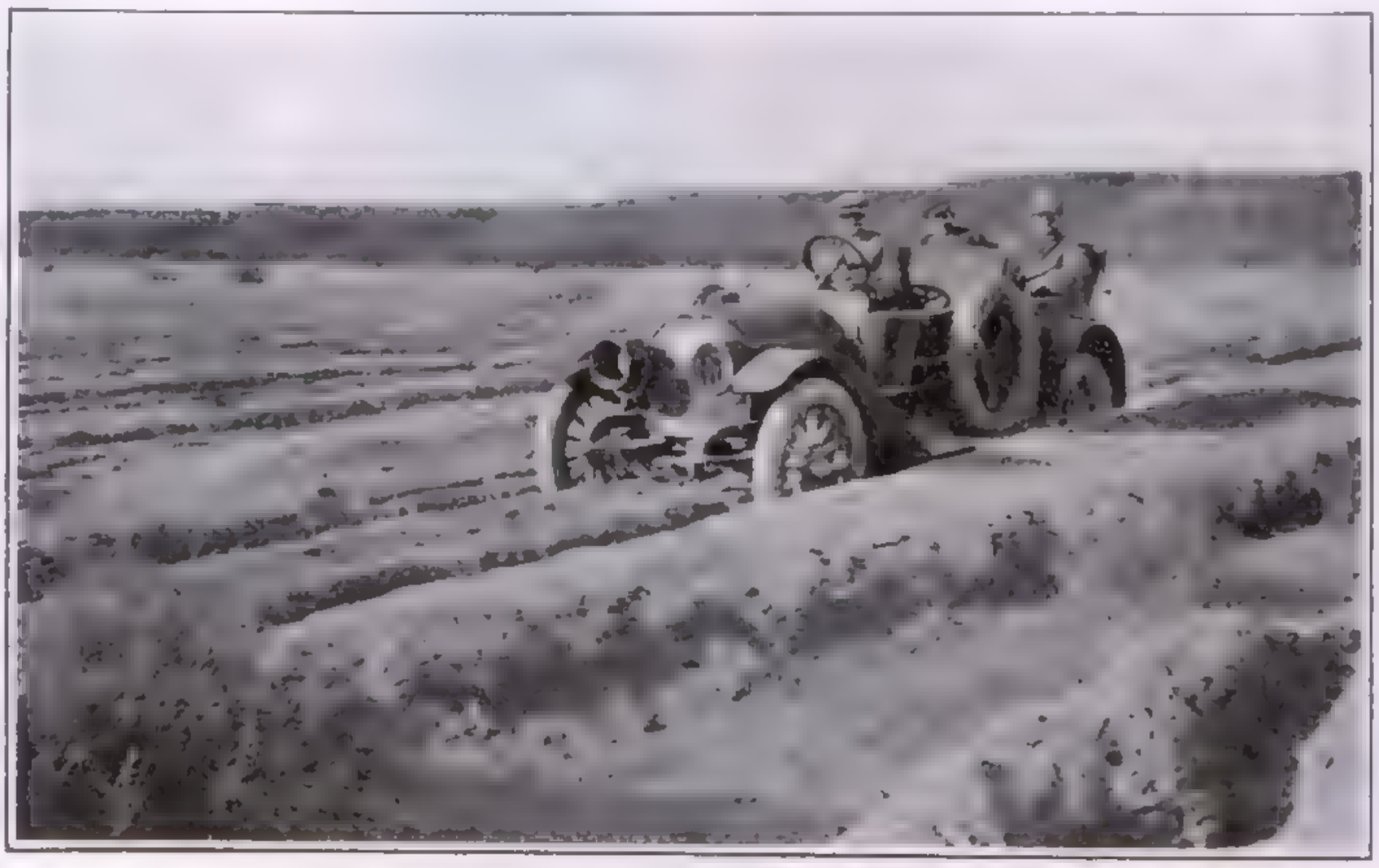
There was one drawback to this. I contracted expensive habits. A popular hero had to be a popular hero, and that meant spending money. I spent lavishly about hotels and, frankly, ran some bills at the bar for myself and friends that would have staggered my millionaire friends in the racing game with me. This spending was just a phase of the racing business, in 1903 to 1909 and beyond, that paralleled the boxer's ideas early in the fighting game. Today the boys who race do not go in for that sort of thing. The public has been educated to believe that they are solid business men, and most of them really are. They don't do much carousing around at night. I am speaking now of the drivers on the big-time circuits.

Half as Fast But Twice as Risky

THE boys who campaign the big speedways today have a very pleasant job alongside of what Herb Lytle, Charlie Burman, Webb Jay, Earl Kiser, Frank Kulick, Louis Chevrolet, Bert Dingley, Caleb Bragg and others used to have. They ship their cars by express, travel on Pullmans themselves, have a corps of mechanics, and their cars are built like railroad watches. In one or two of the pictures with this article I have tried to show the mechanical appearance of the cars of a score of years ago, which is quite different from those of the present. We took more chances then at fifty miles an hour than the boys do today when they travel 126 miles an hour, which they do right along on the board tracks of the country.

Bozeman Bulger, the newspaper writer and humorist, rode out with me in my Red Rover touring car to Coney Island while I was driving the Green Dragon. He asked me if I wouldn't give him a ride in the Dragon. Bozeman said he had always wanted the sensation of riding a mile a minute on a dirt track and he wanted to write a story about it afterward. I had sworn off on taking newspapermen on rides since one day in Detroit when I had one aboard and rounded a turn

(Continued on Page 129)



Out on a Practice Trip for the 1919 Los Angeles to Phoenix Desert Race

PEOPLE, AGAINST JOYNES

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ON THE twenty-first day of July, 1915, at 12:59 P.M. of that day, Harvey Joynes knocked the ashes out of his smoking pipe and rubbed the bowl lovingly against his nose. The bowl came away glistening; Harvey caressed it with the palm of his hand, reducing its shine to a velvety-brown sheen, and bestowed it in a red morocco case. It was a pipe worthy of such tender care, if any ever was; it was nearly big enough to roast an apple in, had a stem of genuine amber, and was inlaid with sterling silver. The inlay spelled out Rosedale H. S. '15. Harvey fought off the vertigo produced in him by his loyal sucking of this pipe, left the private lunch room of Clymer Brothers on Exchange Place in New York City, walked upstairs and into Clymer Brothers' bank, and resumed his professional duties therein at one o'clock to a tick.

Patrons of the bank had broken two of the pens at the public stand, had carried the other pen off, and had replenished their fountain pens at Clymer Brothers' expense until there was not enough ink left to write Jack Robinson. Harvey brought new pens and opened a fresh quart of ink.

Between one P.M. and 1:10 P.M. four men entered the bank, coming one at a time.

The first of these four men went to the paying teller's window and slid an uncertified check across the slab and asked payment, thereby engaging the teller in debate. The second interviewed the receiving teller, dribbling on the slab a steamship circular, two timetables of European railroads and a ten-cent map of the western front and asking to be told about travelers' checks and letters of credit, and the chances of the war ending by September of that year. The third of the quartet walked to the public stand, going slowly and haltingly, passed the stand and stood behind Harvey, who was facing the door. The fourth man stopped immediately inside the doorway and bent down to tie a shoelace.

"I say, young fellow," said the man behind Harvey, and Harvey faced about, "do you have any trouble getting out of the hay mornings? Let me show you something."

He opened a pasteboard box and drew out a cheap alarm clock.

"I don't want it," said Harvey, turning away.

"Not for thirty-five cents?" persisted the man, laying his hand on Harvey's arm and turning him again. "Give a look, will you? Swiss works and a radium front. The regular price of that job, young fellow, is four dollars and seventy-five cents in case lots, and the only reason we can offer ——"

"Jones!" called the receiving teller, withdrawing his attention for a moment from the projected tour of war-torn Europe. "Come in here when you're done there, Jones."

"Coming at once, sir," said Harvey.

The lame man's gray eyes lost their stony fixedness and flickered with inquiry.

"Henry Jones?" he said in a new voice.

He drew a deposit slip to him and wrote with one of the newly pointed pens —— Manhattan Street. Harvey followed the writing, looked into the lame man's eyes, turned quite pale and stood with mouth agape.

"Don't stare at me, kid," mumbled the man, speaking without moving his lips. "Look at this gadget. Worked you in, did he? Shang told me last month he was working in a kid with the name of Henry Jones. Thought he said it slipped up. I get you. Don't look at me like that, I'm telling you, or they'll tumble."

The man who had been tying his shoelace had disappeared; the space between the doorway and the corner of the cage was empty. But now a segment of a human head appeared from behind the corner of the cage, low down, as if its owner was on his hands and knees. A single eye was in this section of a head, and that eye was looking past Harvey and at the lame clock vender.

"Wait till you hear it sing out, young fellow," said the lame man, resuming his business tone. And at once the clock in his hands began to ring with a power and persistence that must have made an eager buyer of Harvey if he had been in the market for something to alarm him. Harvey protested against the unseemly noise, the receiving teller shouted angrily; Mr. Darling, who had come from the private lunch room and who was approaching the lame man from the rear, hurried up to the fellow and told him without mincing words what he thought of him and his business enterprise. The lame man was overcome with contrition, stopped his clock and went haltingly off. On the instant that the clock began to ring, the man behind the corner of the cage rose to his feet and strolled from Clymer Brothers' bank.

"The Bank Has Been Robbed!" Cried Harvey. "Bless Me!" Said Mr. Rogan, Visibly Startled

The gentleman who was thinking of going to Europe decided that he had better wait until the fall, when the war would be over, if the receiving teller knew what. The man who was trying to get payment on the uncertified check gave it up as a bad job. They went out. The four men met at 1:20 P.M. in a saloon on the corner of Beekman Street and Park Row, had a sociable drink at the circular bar and sat down in a stall to *Salzstangen* and dark beer.

Mr. Darling passed Harvey and went around the corner of the cage and into his room. Harvey looked at the receiving teller, thought that he could get along without help for a few minutes, and followed Mr. Darling.

Mr. Darling was sitting at his desk, frowning at a sheet of paper and resting one hand on a telephone instrument. Behind him, on a ring depending from a nail, were keys to four doors in the bank. He was a small and elderly man, with a large head that was bald on top and that terminated in a pointed gray goatee and a stringy neck below. He fastened faded blue eyes on Harvey when the latter said, "Mr. Darling, please, could I ask you something?"

"Certainly, Jones."

"It's for a friend of mine," said Harvey, sitting on the edge of a chair. "A friend of mine wants to know, Mr. Darling, and I thought I would ask you. It is not for me. Now supposing a fellow gets a letter by mistake, it being addressed to somebody with a name like his, and supposing this fellow is awfully hard up and got to have a job, then what would you say?"

"What would I say about what?" asked Mr. Darling justifiably. "Pardon me, Jones." He spoke into the mouthpiece of the telephone. "The auditing department, please. Mr. Chambers. Mr. Chambers, I'm calling you in reference to my expense account for June eleventh last. Going over it just now, I discover that you disallowed an item of twenty cents for lunch on that day. I assure you that I did not partake of the firm's luncheon on that day; perhaps a swallow of coffee at the most. I had a toothache, and I could partake of nothing more. Do confer with your chief about this and let me have your decision at your earliest convenience. Thank you." He turned to Harvey. "You say you received a letter, Jones? What is the question?"

"Not I," said Harvey hastily. "A friend of mine, Mr. Darling."

"What is his name?"

"His name is—well, his name is Harkaway, Mr. Darling. Yes, that is his name, Mr. Darling—Jack Harkaway. Funny in a way, isn't it, Mr. Darling? And he got a letter addressed to Jack—or I mean Jim—Jim Barkaway—yes, Jim Barkaway. You see how it was? Jack Harkaway gets a letter addressed to Jim Barkaway, and the reason he gets it is because the post-office people have written on it in pencil, 'Not found at this address, Try J. Barkaway, Manhattan Avenue.' Well, that is my address, and I am giving it for an example, supposing the letter was addressed to Manhattan Street in the first place. Well, he opens this letter, as anybody would, and he finds in it some references of Jim Barkaway, and a letter from a bank telling him to come down and have a personal interview for a position. You understand, don't you, Mr. Darling?"

"Not in the least, Jones. But pardon me, won't you? Hello, the auditing department? Ah, Mr. Biggs, good day, sir. I spoke to your Mr. Chambers about an item of twenty cents disallowed me by your department on a mere technicality. Pardon me? Yes, I concede frankly that I was in the building that day, and that under a merciless construction of the rule I should not be allowed lunch money. But morally and logically, my dear fellow —— What is that? No, I did not tell your Mr. Chambers that I had a tea cake. I had nothing! Do confer with him again, Mr. Biggs."

He put down the receiver.

"What is this you are talking about, Jones? Come, my boy, I have very important matters to attend to, and I cannot pretend to answer these hypothetical questions Speak quickly and to the point."

"Harkaway gets a letter from Barkaway," rattled Harvey. "No, I mean from a bank—supposing it is a bank, Mr. Darling. And the bank is offering Barkaway a position because he submitted them his references, but the post-office people deliver the letter to Harkaway. And he is very hard up for a position. So he takes this letter and he goes around to Manhattan Street where the letter was first addressed, and it is a rooming house and he asks for Jim Barkaway to give him his letter if he is there by mistake. And a greenhorn servant girl comes to the door and

says there is nobody there of that name and she gave that letter back to the postman once already. And then another lady comes to the door—a very hard-looking case, Mr. Darling—and says it is a mistake and Jim Barkaway used to live there, but he is gone to San Francisco and it is no use to ask any questions, but she takes the letter. And there is Jack Harkaway, and he knows that Jim Barkaway will never get that position, and he goes down to the bank himself and lets them think he is the man they wrote to, and he gets the job. He is going to show them that he is the best clerk they ever hired, and later on he will tell them all about it and how the mistake came about, and they will have a good laugh."

"At what, Jones?" said Mr. Darling acridly. "I fail to see matter for laughter in the situation, if I understand it aright. . . . Hello, the auditing department again? What then is your final decision, Mr. Biggs? Pardon me? But I have told you that I did not have a tea cake on the occasion in question. I had, on the contrary, a toothache. T for—for toothache, o-o for—well, as in toothache, for instance —— Pardon me? But I shall make an issue of this, Mr. Biggs, I can assure you. Very well, sir."

He rounded on Harvey.

"Now, Jones, let me put your affair in a nutshell. You say that some unprincipled scoundrel, some creature lost to all honor and decency, imposed himself on a reputable institution under an assumed name. Have you fallen into such evil company, Jones? A fellow of the sort you describe is headed infallibly for state's prison, and his friends with him."

"But supposing, Mr. Darling, please," pleaded Harvey, clasping his hands, "that this fellow needed the position awfully much, being all alone in the city, and he had a letter asking for eighteen dollars and thirty-two cents on his mother's insurance out in Iowa, and he only wanted a chance to make good, but everywhere he went they wanted experienced people and references, and he was really going to tell the bank later on, and ——"

"Preposterous," said Mr. Darling in a withering whisper. "He could only want a chance to lay his thievish hands on something of value to bolt off with. I can tell you what I should do, Jones; I should lay hold of the rascal and call in an officer, and leave no stone unturned to make an example of him. Be advised by me, Jones, and cut that fellow's acquaintance instantly."

"I certainly will, Mr. Darling," said Harvey, looking at the floor. "What you say is just what I was thinking myself. Only, I thought I would ask you, because you hire the clerks here and you would know what to do. Much obliged, Mr. Darling."

He left the room and returned to the public stand and resumed his pouring of ink, carefully pouring black ink into the red ink container.

He was a thin and gawky boy of eighteen, a patient and plodding fellow who had graduated from high school well down in the ruck, a dependable lad who never set the river afire. It was on the cards that—always failing mishap—he would be found in the year 1940 filling a routine clerkship at a desk of his own, following a multitude of rules with infallible memory, set and inflexible, helping a patient wife to bring up a lusty tribe of children in a Harlem flat, a mark for insurance agents, a joiner, paying interest and taxes on vacant lots in some God-forsaken suburb, looking contentedly forward to a salary increase of a hundred a year, a useful citizen earning all that he got and unjustly denied daily salvos of applause because of his lack of rarity.

"Jones!" called the receiving teller.

"Here!" answered Harvey.

II

ON THE twenty-second of July, 1915, at 7:48 A.M., Mr. Lamar B. Rogan poured four fingers of rye whisky into a water tumbler, put back his shaggy head and tilted the liquor down his throat with practiced hand. He struck the cork back into the black bottle with a single blow, restored the bottle to a shelf in a small dark room, locked the room's door, and straightened to the height of six feet and one and three-quarters inches. From this commanding elevation he surveyed his office above Clymer Brothers' bank and decided that everything was quite all right, or right enough to go on with. He took a soft peppermint candy from a canister on his desk and popped it into the wide and thin-lipped mouth beneath his drooping black mustache.

On the outer door of Mr. Rogan's office was painted the likeness of a human eye of heroic size. Below this eye, which was on the outer side of the door and which was therefore to be excused for looking the other way while Mr. Rogan drank the whisky so early in the morning, was this large claim for it: Sees All! The eye was black, as were Mr. Rogan's eyes, but the resemblance, if any was intended, failed therewith; the pictured eye was not challenging, inquisitorial, accusing, but was merely staring, as if, seeing all, it could neither chide nor approve. The circumstance that Mr. Rogan's eyes were two while the painted eye was one was not so distinguishing as its statement would suggest. Mr. Rogan's eyes were close together, and were yet so boxed off from each other by his big nose as to be visible, both at once, through not more than eight points of the compass. But the artist had anticipated such disputation, which is of a sort commonly occasioned by arresting paintings, and had, with a few swift and unerring strokes of his brush, made the original of his work so easily cognizable that a whole academy of artists could have added nothing helpful to the likeness in six months of hard labor. In a word, he had painted lower down on the door "Lamar B. Rogan—Rogan Detective Agency."

Someone came now to this door and pounded on it and shouted, "Mr. Rogan!"

Mr. Rogan went to the door, peeped through the keyhole, unlocked the door, opened it and saw Harvey Joynes.

"The bank has been robbed!" cried Harvey.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Rogan, visibly startled.

"You're the detective, aren't you?"

"And who are you?"

"I work downstairs. I was the first to get here this morning, and I looked through the glass into Mr. Clymer's room and there was cloth over the glass, so I opened the door and there was the safe broken open. Hurry up down!"

"Were you the first to discover the robbery?"

"I think so, Mr. Rogan. I come first in the morning, or rather Mr. Darling comes first and opens the doors, and then he goes for his breakfast. I mean he opens our doors; the street door is always open when he comes. He went for his breakfast, and I went in to ready up the officers' desks, as I'm supposed to do the first thing. And I looked into the president's room—that's Mr. Clymer's room—and ——"

"I'll have a look at it," said Mr. Rogan. "Come along. What's your name, boy? Jones, eh?—Henry Jones. And you say you were the first in the bank this morning, but Mr. Darling is first on all other mornings. Supposed to be? I'll have a look."

He walked down the wooden stairs to the main entrance—Clymer Brothers' bank was located in an old five-story building without an elevator—and entered the bank. He passed the entrance to the vaults and the door to Mr. Darling's room, skirted the cage and entered the president's room

"Howe & Marble," he murmured, reading the lettering on the square safe. "And a better safe could not be found in this country forty years ago when that one was made. Touch nothing, boy." (Continued on Page 113)

"No, I Won't be Quiet! That Little Crook Snitched Them From the Package Right Under Our Noses, and ——"

WHAT HANDSOME PEOPLE!

"I See Clearly; My Eyes are Open. I Have Emerged From My Chrysalis. It is So Nice! Ah, But I Married the Wrong Man!"

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MEN do not really like that kind of thing," said Miss—or, more colloquially, Aunt—Budmore. "That kind of thing does not really appeal to men," said Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Hopson confirming her.

Mrs. Butler explained, "It is only that men always crave for something new." Still, there it was. There was a woman of mystery in Goodwinds. Very quietly, overnight, a new druggist and pharmacist had settled in Goodwinds; and the next morning there was a woman of mystery in the town.

They met her in the butcher's, opening an account, and ordering lamb cutlets; also in the dairyman's, talking in a soft little lowing voice of the price of cream; that same morning she was seen to enter the domestic registry office; and also she had deeply disturbed the fishmonger and the baker. She was the druggist and pharmacist's wife.

Her hair was red, her mouth redder. Her cheeks were pink, her eyelashes black, her hands white and impeccably manicured; her skirt so short and scant that it was a mere incident in her scheme of decoration; and her ankles were sheerest silk.

Do men really like that kind of thing?

Well, in a week from the arrival of Mrs. Poppet with her druggist-and-pharmacist husband, there was not a married man of any worth or standing who stayed at home more than one evening in seven. They were in Mrs. Poppet's sweet little drawing-room, listening to her singing. They were vying with one another for the privilege of escorting her to theater or cinema or dance hall or out driving; or they were just standing about in heaps at corners or in the club window to watch her passing by.

For she had a husband who did not appreciate her; only those who really knew—and these comprised every man of worth or standing in Goodwinds—had the correct idea of all that this dainty and beautiful woman had to suffer undeservedly. They impressed upon their wives that no time was to be lost in calling on this poor little woman.

Her husband did not understand her. Her husband was not in any way deserving of Mrs. Poppet. He was a mean man to look at. It was a wonder that Mrs. Poppet had married him.

"Seeing that all her looks come off his counter, I know why she married him," said Aunt Budmore.

All the younger matrons took counsel, greatly devastated by this vital force that had come among them.

Husbands, hitherto docile, began to criticize their wives. They began to speak of women who could retain that schoolgirl complexion; women who could live in small towns, yet shingle their hair like city beauties; women who had white hands—"It is well known she won't so much as bake a cake," cried Mrs. Hopson bitterly—women with poetic minds who understood a man's yearnings; women—this made wives think—with breath like attar of roses.

The Men's Debating Club met, and putting aside such controversies and subjects as Should Mr. Coolidge be Next President and Why? or Every Man the Ambassador of His Own Town, the club opened its autumn session with a bold—almost too bold—question—What is Wrong With Wives? It was duly reported in the Goodwinds Magnet and caused some stir.

The Women's Debating Club, that had been meaning to open with A Woman Has a Right to Her Own Entity, dropped it for What is a Good Wife's Greatest Danger? And though the actual reply was not "Mrs. Poppet," the description of a good wife's greatest danger fitted her to her last red hair.

And the time came, in October, for Mr. Hopson to depart, as usual, on his autumn buying for his firm.

Mr. Hopson usually said—and trusted he was believed, "Well, my dear, it's hard to leave you, and I shall think of you all the time and hurry back to you as soon as I can get through. It's awful for a man to have to leave his home!" Though he had to be at some considerable pains to conceal the joy and satisfaction that shone all through him at the thought of the joys of liberty that lay ahead. But this October he had no joy to conceal. He was leaving rivals in possession of the field. Wilmot and Butler and others would sit in Mrs. Poppet's drawing-room hearing her sing, Tea for Two—and Two for Tea, while her disgusting husband brooded among his drugs downstairs.

Mr. Hopson was in the mood when a man speaks truth to his wife; and as Mrs. Hopson packed his suitcases he was looking at her, searching for trouble.

"Daisy," he said, "that bun you've got on the back of your neck ——" Mrs. Hopson felt her back hair. "Your hands," said Mr. Hopson; "I don't care what a woman's tasks —— One of the most beautiful women I know remarked to me only yesterday, 'Whatever a woman's tasks, she should keep well manicured.' That woman understands men; she understands what we all yearn for, married or single—beauty. Every man is romantic. Every wife is a—dishwasher."

"This beau-ti-ful woman," said Mrs. Hopson sneeringly, though, as she said afterwards to her friends, she was trembling all over—"isn't she married?"

"Knowing who it was all the time!" declared Mrs. Hopson afterward to her friends.

"She is—desecrated, certainly," replied Mr. Hopson. "There are some marriages not worthy of the name. There are some men that other men—decent men—feel just naturally impelled to kill. . . . However, no matter. You are losing my love and admiration, Daisy. A woman needs to allure her husband; a woman's allurements must never cease if she wishes to keep the love of a man. A woman should keep to a very high standard. Dainty, gay, enticing —— Oh, what women there are in the world!"

Mr. Charlie Hopson departed on his autumn journey.

"It is just that men always crave something new," said Aunt Budmore when she heard of all this. "Because I am single does not mean that I have been neglected, and I know."

The druggist and pharmacist disliked female beauty. He was vitiated by it, satiated; not to say rendered almost dangerously, maniacally morbid. He had female beauty all round him all day, in bottles and boxes and powders and liquids; he smelled female beauty; he mixed and concocted female beauty with his own hands and corked it up.

His beautiful wife, Mrs. Poppet, saw to it that he kept positively everything imaginable. Whenever she saw a new thing advertised she made him stock it; and also she urged and instigated and prodded him into much research work in this branch of science; by which she profited and grew more enticing every day.

"Not that any frump in this town will ever buy so much as a lipstick or a grain of powder," said Mrs. Poppet. "Keep plenty of liver pills for them—and strong soap."

So that when Mrs. Charlie Hopson came in the morning after her husband had gone away on his autumn travels, the druggist and pharmacist was surprised, for she had bought a month's supply of strong soap only a week ago. He rose from his place of meditation behind the counter, where he used to sit on a packing case, his head in his hands, desponding at the world, and menacingly awaited her wishes.

"Could you," faltered Mrs. Charlie Hopson, "recommend a really good skin cream—a face feeder, an astringent, a soothing lotion, an oil, a cuticle cream, a nail polish, also varnish; a liquid powder, also a dry powder, face and bath; a shampoo, a curling fluid, a hand whitener, thinning bath salts, scented bath salts; rouge, dry, paste and bottled; a lipstick—and would there be anything else you would advise?"

For a moment or two it may be that the druggist and pharmacist paltered with a desire to hand the woman a dose of prussic acid and finish her off; but convention prevailed. Slowly his reluctant hand picked out all these things, and as she continued to press him, a few more, and arrayed them before her on the counter.

"Someone said to me once," murmured Mrs. Charlie, "that he or she knew a person whose breath smelled like attar of roses."

The druggist and pharmacist sighed painfully.

"This is the one," he said; and laid a dear little box of a sort of very small pink sweets beside the rest.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Charlie Hopson, and when she had paid for all this she went away.

She was a very quiet, sweet woman. She went home, took her scissors, cut off half her skirt, examined her legs truthfully, and began with the thinning bath salts.

Naturally, a woman's metamorphosis cannot pass entirely unremarked, and a week later Mrs. Wilmot disturbed the druggist and pharmacist.

"I want," said she, "what you have been selling Mrs. Charlie Hopson."

And later in that same day, Mrs. Butler; and then the rest.

Auntie Budmore was discovered by her little servant posing before her glass one morning in the most languishing attitudes.

"What are all the young women doing?" said Auntie Budmore. "What? That druggist? You mean to say —— Well, there was once a person called Ninon something, a famous historical person; and they say at ninety she could captivate any man. What she could do at ninety I can do at sixty-five. Can't I? And you mean to say that druggist —— Give me my bonnet."

Changes are gradual; husbands, absorbed elsewhere, don't notice domestic crises all at once. But every woman worth her salt in Goodwinds was now at work, and at work in earnest. Of course, Mrs. Charlie Hopson had a week's start; but she was so much liked that no one grudged her this, though triumphs came to her swiftly.

That morning when she met the bank manager in the town, and he turned and followed her up the street before he recognized her; and the day the handsome visitor scraped acquaintance and said he was just passing through, and wouldn't she drive out and dine with him at a country club a hundred miles away; and the afternoon she gave the debating society a treat by a very modern address on The Sky Isn't the Limit—all this was delirium.

So the day came when Charlie was expected home.

Now Mrs. Hopson, being a very sweet woman, whom the most joyful delirium could not change lightly into baseness, loved Charlie still. In his absence she loved him very much, and dreamed a great deal of how pleased he would be when he came and saw her, and so on.

And she said to her friends, "I have done it all for him, for my dear husband. What a happy woman I am!"

In this spirit of devotion, Mrs. Charlie dressed herself for her husband's return; she painted her face and tired her head and ate a little pink lollipop and put perfume behind her ears. There is no woman who would not have been thrilled by what her glass showed Mrs. Charlie. And she sat down in her drawing-room to await him, having shaded her lamps pink like Mrs. Poppet's.

How she vibrated when she heard his key in the lock and his bag dumped in the hall and his voice shouting to the maid asking if all was well and his feet tramping towards the drawing-room! Sitting there as pretty as a picture, she would not rise to spoil it; but coyly awaited his ravishing masculine onslaught.

The door opened and she saw Charlie.

"I have done all this to please my d-d-dear h-h-hus ——" repeated Mrs. Charlie to herself, with faint conviction, but from a pure heart.

Was this then her husband? Was this too-rotund, double-chinned, spotty man with grease on his waistcoat, the dictator to a beautiful woman? Had she, svelte, poised, curled and shingled, smelling of attar of roses, ever consented to obey this? Was this all life offered to a houri? Did those pudgy knees deserve an enchantress to sit upon them? Should that pudgy face meet hers that was so suave?

As has been said, the door was open, and there was Charlie. He saw a lady. His wife was doubtless in the kitchen, and a very good place too. But here was a lady! Smiling, pulling down his waistcoat, ignoring his grease spots, Charlie advanced.

"How are you, dear?" said his wife, uncrossing one silk knee from the other, and that was all she did. "Was it a successful trip?"

"Daisy!" Charlie exclaimed, starting away from her, and then coming back, and then opening his arms.

"Wait!" said Mrs. Charlie, with an indescribable gesture. "You are so dirty; you have only shaved once today; and there is some grease on your waistcoat."

Well, well! The man bathed; he changed his clothes from the skin up; he shaved; he said he had bought a wonderful present for her—only had left it somewhere en route, so would buy another tomorrow. They had supper by soft light. A love song came over the wireless. They went back to the drawing-room.

Still this man had not been able to kiss his wife. After the dainty—not to say Sybaritic—meal under the pink lights, however, he tried again. By this time, however, his wife had got her new ideas nicely arranged, and she imparted them.

"Charlie," she said wonderingly, yet quite crisply, "I feel strange; I feel all funny, dear. I think it is seeing you. Yes, that is it. You have given me a shock. I suppose I—I hadn't noticed before how unattractive you have

(Continued on Page 125)

Strangers Gave a Dance; the Beautiful Women of Goodwinds Attended

GOLDEN FRUIT — By Albert W. Atwood

An Orange Grove at Riverside, California, Which Has Been Consistently Heated as Protection From Frost Damage for Years. Note the Fine Condition of the Trees

AS THEIR years increase, men learn that only a few principles govern the conduct of affairs. A strange experience at first, it yet proves reassuring to find that people make their living after much the same pattern, by whatever name the occupation is known, and whether it is encountered east or west, north or south.

The inquiring mind may turn first to one and then to another form of business activity, seeking to discover fresh and novel truth in each. The problems, risks and rewards in all lines are not the same; far from it. But the secrets of success and the causes of failure tend to repeat themselves in the process of inquiry

Likenesses and unlikenesses of behavior, similar and dissimilar qualities, are seen to produce comparably uniform results. The field of action may be manufacturing steel, selling shoes or raising potatoes. But we learn about the same lessons in human nature by turning from steel to shoes and from shoes to potatoes.

Nowhere is success, the making of profits, supposed to be attended with more of the enigmatic than in agriculture. Yet if one studies the general attitudes and policies of producers in a single branch of this particular pursuit of livelihood, the peculiarities and technicalities seem somehow to break down or translate themselves into human and therefore understandable terms.

Absentee Orange Growers

AND so I learn, after eight months' residence in a region devoted almost exclusively to the raising of oranges, that even in this fascinating and exotic occupation it is the personal equation that counts. An orange grove is pretty much like any commonplace business—whatever the owner makes of it.

In a personal letter written last November in connection with the inauguration of one of his old professors as president of a New England college, Mr. Coolidge said he expected that the students who follow the teachings of the new president "will finish their course with a firmer conviction . . . that there has never been any progress or development of society which neglected industry and self-denial."

In no other branch of agriculture is ownership of property more attractive, the marketing system more highly developed, or manual labor less than in the citrus industry. But careful inquiry shows that no matter how far the coöperative associations develop, nothing can take the place of personal efficiency in the management of an orchard. Manual labor has been reduced, but the record of profits and losses shows that the necessity for headwork is just as great as in any other occupation.

Assuming that an orange grower has not paid an excessive price for his land, and that his climatic location, soil, trees and cultural practices are reasonably good, the first essential of success seems to be—exactly as in marriage, parenthood, writing poems or selling lead pencils—a real liking for the business in hand. If an orange grower does not like the business he is in, he should get out at the first possible opportunity.

But a strong, a pronounced, liking for one's wife or child or occupation implies of necessity a willingness to work and sacrifice for the beloved object. Otherwise there is no true affection. But if love exists, the industry and self-denial that President Coolidge speaks of follow as a matter of course

"I feel sorry for the man who invests his $50,000 or $60,000 in a nice orange grove, then turns it over to someone else to run for him in order that he may spend his summers in the Yosemite and his winters in Honolulu, for he is certain to meet disappointments," is the way one successful grower expresses the idea. "I can tell a nonresident's grove as far away as I can see it."

But it is not nonresident ownership in the literal sense that is a major bane of orange raising, or of many other industries for that matter, although it is bad as far as it goes. As in so many other branches of business, there is a blighting form of ownership which expresses itself to some extent, it is true, in physical absence, but even more in mental absence and in a lack of interest and enthusiasm.

There is a saying that the best fertilizer in an orchard is the footprint of the owner.

'Oil Heaters in an Orange Grove Photographed Just After Daybreak

Now it is true that not all men are really adapted to farming. Many are forced into it by the necessity of living in the country. They have no real love for the soil, no inherent tendency to farming and cannot think in farm terms.

There is the successful lawyer or doctor or merchant whose wife cannot live in the climate of a Middle-Western city. The husband finds his own line already overcrowded in the little town in Southern California where they settle. Yet he must be doing something, and he naturally drifts into the chief local occupation, but one for which he has no real aptitude.

Farming and Successful Farming

AGRICULTURE requires a type of judgment that cannot be picked from ordinary business pursuits. The average successful business or professional man, knowing that he has made good and having a poor opinion of the farmer's intelligence, feels that he can easily do as well. It is true that very little brains and ability are needed merely to farm, less perhaps than to engage in a business or profession.

But what the business or professional man strangely overlooks is that to succeed in farming requires extraordinary ability and mental equipment; more, the writer is inclined to think, than in most other lines of work. Farming has all the problems of other occupations, and in addition, the variable elements to deal with. Nature does not let up on the farmer, and refuses to be budgeted and programmed as nicely as manufacturing or selling. Agriculture requires a sympathy, a sense, finer, it seems to me, than anything which business and the professions demand.

A leading orange grower, himself of the second generation in the business and proud of it, sent his son to the Leland Stanford University, where the young man proved to be an exceptionally fine scholar. But he was frequently asked why he bothered to acquire such an extensive education if he was merely going back on the farm. It is a wonder that agriculture is as successful as it is, with such a blindly stupid public opinion.

Fundamental principles of culture, stacks of technical information—these are easy enough to acquire. But to turn them into profitable crops requires not only business judgment but something in a man that defies analysis.

"The trouble is not with the oranges; they are all right. It gets back to the man, to something within him," said J. S. Edwards, second vice president of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, in reply to numerous questions put to him. Mr. Edwards is one of the largest, most experienced and studious growers, a

man who started more than forty years ago, working as farm hand for thirty dollars a month.

"There seems to be an idea that anybody can run an orange grove, just as it is thought that anybody can run a grocery store. The trouble, I tell you, is not with the oranges. The first year I came out, forty-three or forty-four years ago, I worked for a Mr. Johnson. He received a letter from a friend of mine in college asking what a young man with $2500 could do in this section, and he handed it to me to answer. I was perfectly willing to give loads of advice, of no value whatever, but my employer knew better.

"Hundreds of people ask me for advice about raising oranges, but I never give it any more unless they are close friends, associates or employes. You will see the reason in a story which one of my school-teachers used to tell. A traveler, passing along a road in Germany, asked an old man how far it was to town. The old man shouted, 'Go!'

"The traveler, surprised at this brusque reception, walked on; but had not gone far when the old man called after him, 'You'll get there in half an hour. I wanted to see how fast you could walk before I told you how far it was.' Who can tell what a man will do until he gets into a grove? He may ruin it in one year. On the other hand, I can think of 1000 acres not now on a paying basis that could be put there."

But when it is said that a man is not adapted to his job, does not his difficulty in many cases analyze into a lack of industry, a lack of interest and a lack of being on the job? In the official magazine of one of the large citrus coöperative associations appeared not long ago an account of a successful grower. In the course of an interview this grower said that the reason that he liked oranges and lemons was that raising them "gives a man a chance to use his best mental and physical powers."

Provided conditions are reasonably favorable, such a man is almost predestined to success. In precisely the same way, another man I have heard of, who said he wasn't sure he wanted to go into the business because he didn't feel it was active enough to use all his brains, was predestined to failure.

Little Work, Little Crops

THE statement is made quite often in citrus districts that Mr. So-and-So used to get a good living off his grove—$8000 or $10,000 a year—but owing to losses he has had to "go to work." Amazing revelation! Of course, losses are not always the fault of the grower; the element of chance is large in farming. But if in reality he has just "gone to work" instead of "gone to work at something else," it is no wonder that his groves have been unprofitable.

Laziness is not confined to agriculture by any means, although perhaps it is easier for the farmer to put off certain portions of his work than for the business and professional man. Much of the manual labor in orange growing is eliminated by the coöperative and other local associations. Irrigation, cultivation, fertilization and shipment do not come every day. It is easier to cut loose without being found away from the job than in most occupations.

Good roads stretch in every direction. Country clubs are almost as numerous. The farmer, of course, is entitled to a vacation. But it is rather easy to take too many days off in the soft southland, to turn much of the work and supervision over to others, to rely overmuch on one's ranchman. It is absurd to suppose there is not always work to be done, headwork if not manual toil. Why should a person be lazy with an investment that stands him tens of thousands of dollars, I asked a grower, who frankly ascribed the lack of profits in many cases to laziness.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said. "Human nature won't let you work as hard at this business as at some others. You go out in the grove to work, and after an hour or two you think you could be improving your game if you were only at the golf club. Or you find you need a new tool. You drive to town to buy it, and as you get out of your car, some fellow says, 'Let's go out on the desert for a picnic,' and then you forget all about the tool."

A California Orange Grove

Yet every bit of evidence points to the fact that most successful growers live on or near their orchards, learn to know their trees intimately and devote endless hours in the study of the practical aspects of soil chemistry and countless other subjects.

"If your heart is in your work, you will want to live in your grove, or near enough to be in constant touch with it," is the advice given by one such man. "You must be everlastingly on the job, for all groves luxuriate with the right kind of attention."

"Mr. X was once quite a factor over here," said another big grower. "He owned 150 acres, but finally he wanted to sell. We bought him out and found his groves not so good. I was not surprised, because he used to say that all he needed to do was to ride by once in a while. That remark always seemed strange to me, because in his own work he was willing to sit up all night to finish a job. But then he didn't make his money in oranges."

Raising oranges, like any other occupation, is worse than useless unless it is regarded as a business and a job.

Stay in the Grove or Stay Out

"IF A MAN doesn't intend to stay in his grove, he should never go in the business," said W. G. Fraser, for many years manager of the Arlington Heights Fruit Company, which was formerly one of the largest single holdings in citrus fruits in the state. In addition, Mr. Fraser was for eighteen years a director of the California Fruit Growers Exchange and head of his local association.

"In whatever you write, stress the fact that the owner must give his personal attention to the business. I ask lots of people who come here if they intend to stay in the grove. When they say they don't, I tell them to go back where they came from; that they won't make a go of it in oranges."

"What with the various pests, with scale and other diseases, with all the cultural problems, to say nothing of packing, marketing and frost protection, the growing of citrus fruits requires all the ability any man has," said C. C. Chapman, who is possibly the best-known individual orange grower in the state. Mr. Chapman has many other large and important interests; but in spite of them and the organization which he has built up to handle his horticultural business, he told me that he studies the individual trees in his orchards himself, and during the packing season inspects the grading of fruit three times daily.

"Orange growing may become a big business when it is successful," he said. "Nothing is more fascinating, because an orange tree, like a horse, responds to treatment.

"But an orange grove cannot be run by proxy. The owner who lives in the city and goes out once a week gets neither pleasure nor profit out of it. But there is the greatest pleasure in a real fellowship with the trees.

"One must be at them all the time; results come from the trees in proportion to the attention that is given to them."

"I once heard that a bank president in a city more than fifty miles away had bought twenty acres in my district," said a grower who has built up a substantial property from nothing as the result of forty years of close attention and study. "'How is he going to run it?' I asked my informant.

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An Orange Grove So Luxuriant That It Seems Almost Artificial

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Cousin Wiley Was Quite Soon Going on a Long Journey and There Was a Great Deal of Money Waiting for Him at Its End—Oodles of Money, Jane Said

III

JANE found quicker life in the big room where Cousin Wiley Tedmon lay, and where, after breakfast, Marcy Tedmon took her, chuckling as he went.

She wondered about this chuckling of Cousin Marcy's; it seemed as if he were secretly amused at her expense, an uncomfortable feeling he was often giving her. But she forgot this when he left her in the big room. There were broad windows on two sides, looking out on undulous green hills that shouldered a way to the jagged sky line of gray mountains, and through one of them a bland morning sun was flooding. The room, too, was alive with a cheering disorder. The other rooms she had visited were bleakly neat, with every article of furniture so carefully placed that Jane knew no one ever came there. But here were chairs and tables carelessly disposed and telling of human occupancy; a reassuring litter roundabout of newspapers, magazines, clothing, flowers in bowls, playing cards strewn on a table. Jane rejoiced in this without knowing why, even before she had curtsied at the bedside and had her two hands warmly pressed by Cousin Wiley, who gleamed cordially at her and at once called her Tiddledywinks, pinching her cheek as he did so.

This was something like it. Cousin Wiley wasn't queer like the two others; his face wasn't set and secretive like Sarah's and he didn't talk distant as his brother did. He was even more chummy and understandable than Seth Hacker. He had her take the low chair beside his bed and tell him of all her adventures since leaving the school, laughing often and loudly when she came to the parts about the smoking car. It was the first laugh she had heard in the house and she warmed to it, trying to recall more things to tell him.

As she chattered, the old Chinese quietly busied himself about the room, righting a little of the disorder and running a tattered dust cloth in a random sort of way over chair backs and along the tall mantel of black marble, the shelf of which held many piquing objects that Jane hoped later to examine. Cousin Wiley listened attentively and seemed genuinely disappointed when she could tell him no more. But then he talked, which Jane liked as well as talking herself. There was such a large warm carelessness about his speech. He seemed to enjoy it so much more than Marcy, who often made Jane feel that the words he said were hurting him.

Besides, he was so much pleasanter to look at. Cousin Marcy, in the morning light, had shown a rather yellowish pinched face, with tiny wrinkles at the corners of his eyes; but Cousin Wiley had no wrinkles; his face glowed ruddily and there was a deep dimple squarely in the center of his big chin. Again, where Cousin Marcy had but the scantiest mustache, grayly indistinct, Cousin Wiley wore the most beautiful golden-brown beard Jane had ever beheld, dense and broad on his pink cheeks and dividing at his shaven chin to taper far below to fine points. She recalled how he had seemed to flaunt and flash this beard when he came to the school; and here it still was, its magnificence undimmed. It shaded from light brown to gold and almost dazzled one with its luster. His hair was equally beautiful, the same golden brown, with real curls falling above the broad, white, fine-skinned forehead. His lively eyes had the coloring of hair and beard, brown, and glinting with tiny golden flecks as he talked. He was raised on pillows and, where the white counterpane stopped, clad in a silken robe of royal purple, heavily brocaded. His hands were large and white, and from the finger of one flashed a diamond set in heavy gold.

Jane knew at last what the train boy had meant by "prancer." As Cousin Wiley lay in that bed it was like prancing—swaggering, his brother had called it. And Jane knew the bed must be a joke of some sort. This gorgeous cousin might get up at any minute. She was the more convinced of it when, as he talked, she saw his eyes go over to the Chinese and noted that the latter was laying out clothing ready for his master on a big stuffed chair. There were his shoes, trousers, his long black coat, a shirt in which the Chinese was placing studs; and on a table by the chair was, Jane thought, the very hat he had worn to the school—a silk hat, tall and shining.

As she watched, the Chinese picked up this hat and tenderly stroked it round and round with a brush. After an approving survey, he replaced it on the table and was sharply corrected from the bed:

"No, no, Chong, not that way. Top side down. I've told you that before. You put bottom side down, then the brim go out of shape."

The Chinese corrected the hat's position, with a little fluttering intake of breath—a dismayed apology. The hat's owner turned again to Jane.

"He's a fine old thing, but thoughtless. He's almost a Tedmon, though; he's standing by. I was on the point of making him rich when our last big deal went wrong by a mere hair's breadth—the narrowest possible margin. Of course I'll get it back for him and for all of us the moment I get in the saddle again. He's game as any of us. How much you put in our pool, Chong?"

Chong smiled knowingly at the question.

"I think you got 'em all on paper," he said.

"How much?" persisted the questioner.

"Six thousand American gold—not Mex."

"Never mind, Chong; we soon have it back."

The Chinese paused in his dusting to say raptly, "Sure! One time catch 'em, all come back."

"There, my dear, that's the spirit I like. If a heathen can feel that way, I think we Tedmons can; and I'm sure you will. I've had to take you from that expensive school—it really became necessary—but I want you to know it's only a vacation for you. We'll soon have you back, with a lot of new dresses, all pranked out in gewgaws. I've an idea

Marcy sometimes feels a lack of confidence in me, and I think Sarah—her share of the estate was rather heavily involved—even sometimes harbors a little resentment; but you just remember what Chong says—'One time catch 'em, all come back.'"

"Oh, I'll be sure to, Cousin Wiley," she told him cheerfully.

"I'm glad of that, because I felt the responsibility of you pretty heavily. I had a very solemn talk with your father a few hours before he went; you were all he had, and I was the only one he could leave you to. Don't think I've ever lost any sense of that obligation or forgotten your father's dying words. Of course, for the moment they have me here on my back, side-lined, cross-hobbled. But not for long."

"I see he's put your clothes all ready to dress," Jane told him.

Cousin Wiley's eyes roved momentarily to the clothing and Jane was conscious that a shadow crossed the alert face, though quickly.

"Some day," he said; "some day. Already I feel so strong. Every morning I wake up with more pep than a butcher's dog. But I must lie here and grin for a while. Don't I shatter Job's record every day in the week? Of course, it's hard for me to follow the market from this bed. Some days we don't make enough to putty up the leaks. Last week I cleaned up handsomely though. At least, I would have if I'd bought one certain stock; but Marcy wouldn't hear of it—he's a confirmed bear. 'What goes up must come down'—that's his sole motto. But he and the whole San Francisco stock and exchange board can't keep me on my back. Oh, we're a stout breed. And I'm sure you're one of us, my dear. Of course, I shall give you a home here, always. And it's nice to have you visit with me. We needed a child—something running around the house besides the fence ——" He broke off to laugh at his joke, and again pinched her cheek. "And what a likely little nose you have; you're going to be as pretty as any Tedmon ever. Your hands are good too"—he held up one of Jane's hands—"well shaped. And see that you keep them well. Sarah has good hands, but she lets them go for want of a little care. They're quite rough, calloused, on the inside. Hands are so important to a woman. Poor girl, she often says cutting things that I'm sure she doesn't mean. I'm glad you're such a cheerful little person. Keep it up, and pretty soon we'll have turkey for dinner every day. I only wish Marcy had a bit of your freshness. I'm worried about him. He looks ailing, and he's so helpless. He has no grasp of business. I'm always afraid something will happen to him while I'm down. It was such a mistake for father to send him abroad for his education instead of keeping him here where he might have been a help to me. Do what you can to keep him lively, won't you?"

"Oh, I will," Jane promised; "and thank you, Cousin Wiley, for telling me all about everything so nicely." She was flushed with importance. Cousin Wiley seemed to be leaning on her. She must cheer up Cousin Marcy and try to have Sarah keep her hands better, and—she recalled it confusedly—she must run around the house like a fence. Her eyes fell on the cards strewn over a near-by table and she brightened. "Wouldn't you like me to tell your fortune?" she demanded, reaching for the cards.

"Good!" he applauded, raising himself higher on the supporting pillows. "Let's see if a blind pig isn't still going to find an acorn now and then."

So Jane impressively began to lay out her cards on the coverlet under his anxious regard. She meant only to be cheerful and to cheer him with a bit of pretense. She hadn't believed that the fortunes she told were more than a game. But all at once she realized that Cousin Wiley was taking the game more seriously than she did. His absorbed eyes hung on the cards appealingly; at moments he held his breath. Jane suddenly knew that Cousin Wiley must have a good fortune, regardless of the fall of stupid cards. So she ignored the persistent bobbing up of the sinister queen of spades and pretended that the nine of diamonds was an all-promising card. Cousin Wiley was quite soon going on a long journey and there was a great deal of money waiting for him at its end—oodles of money, Jane said, after keenly scanning the cards.

It was then she noticed that Chong had stopped his work to overlook the fortune. She heard his indrawn breath behind her as the final result was announced. And Cousin Wiley had taken from beneath his pillow a coin which he now held up.

"My lucky piece that I'm never without," he explained, and rubbed it between a thumb and finger. "And didn't those cards bear out what I've just been saying? Didn't they, Chong?"

Jane glanced up at the Chinese, who merely nodded sharply. His eyes were wide and full of awe. He had been impressed beyond words; his look when it met Jane's was all of wondering respect.

"I just wish Marcy could have been here," continued Wiley Tedmon. "It's so hard to make him believe anything. I don't think he's really believed anything since that day our stock broke from fifty dollars to fifty cents. Poor boy!"

Jane quit at the height of her triumph. She was fearing another fortune might be demanded and she distrusted her powers of invention.

"I think I'll be going now," she said, and rose to stand by the mantel where were those objects she had meant to examine.

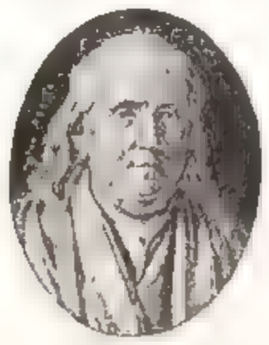
"Well, thank you, my dear. You're a wonderful little girl, and all Tedmon, even if you are a Starbird. You're a new lucky piece for me."

Jane was looking at ore specimens on the mantel, and a meerschaum cigar holder with a carved goddess on it, and a splendid garter of pink satin with blue edging. As she reached a tentative hand to finger these, she studied several framed photographs of beautiful young ladies. Some were in plush frames and some in silver. The most beautiful, she thought, was of a queenly creature in tights and a scanty bodice, crowned with a helmet. She had a masterful look and stood confidently on her statuesque legs.

(Continued on Page 142)

"I Already Hear the Music," She Raptly Began

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1925

Lasting Values

THE determination of Santa Barbara's citizens to rebuild the ruined portion of their city is fitting in a peculiar sense. Much has been written about their confidence in the future, the cheerful courage and resoluteness with which they have gone to work. But these qualities we have learned to expect upon such an occasion. Deserving of praise in the little California city, or wherever shown, they are neither new nor exceptional in the long record of man's endurance.

What is peculiar in the rebuilding of the business center of Santa Barbara lies in the fact that the city has already had experience in adapting modern construction to historic and appropriate architecture. It has already made a little progress in staying the hand of a prevailing monotonous standardization and vulgarization of cities. It has been successful in retaining a modicum of its romance, and the sudden necessity of wholesale rebuilding in its business center should give potent impetus and recognition to a much larger carrying out of the work already started.

The Southwest is not the only land of romance. New England, Virginia, the haunts of William Penn, even the few remains of Knickerbocker New Netherlands—these, too, make an appeal commingled of history and charm. But the Southwest has a quality of its own because of its Spanish founding.

The most tangible segment, as it were, of Southwestern romance consists of the missions, most of which are in California, with a few in Arizona. For years they were neglected, but gradually numbers of them have been saved from actually falling to pieces, and the Santa Barbara Mission will arise from its recent partial destruction by earthquake. Yet the quality of the Southwest is more than the missions alone; it is a composite of geographical, climatic and ethnological conditions, and the architectural response of the pioneering Spaniards to the natural physical needs of man in such a region.

Where population begins to pile up, even on the most moderate scale, beauty tries its best to fly out the back door. Only foresight beyond the average will keep modern office buildings from banishing the last lingering suggestion of Spanish days; and an ocean front bestrewn with oil tanks, railroad tracks and truck-filled highways mars the impression of the most superb location, or the loveliest of homes and gardens.

Only the most conscientious civic devotion can reconcile even a slight touch of the craze for bigness with any retention of the glamour, charm and beauty of what made the country distinctive.

With its little network of Spanish-American streets and buildings, round the central plaza of the town and attached to the historic Casa de la Guerra, Santa Barbara has had for several years a charming center, "clean and gleaming," wholly in keeping with the history and atmosphere of the place. Here is a maze of patios and courtyards, with little shops opening upon them; cunningly contrived of what was left of the earliest buildings and of harmonious new construction. To this center the earthquake was fairly merciful, and from it will radiate the idea that nothing can ever be gained by destroying the last remaining values of natural, regional distinction and beauty.

The Southwest is not alone in the need of holding fast to such values, or necessarily the leader in so doing. But the contrast between a gleaming Franciscan mission and the needless, heedless ugliness of so much modern development is perhaps more vividly illustrated here than elsewhere.

Put the Bars Up Higher

PROF. ROBERT DE C. WARD, of Harvard University, writing in the Manufacturers Record, directs attention to the activity of the National Association of Manufacturers in advocating a revision of the present immigration law, to the end that the number of immigrants shall be regulated each year by the "current economic requirements of the country," and a "flexible labor supply" be thus maintained.

Superficially examined, nothing could be more plausible than such a program; but this Harvard professor, who has spent half a lifetime in the study of immigration problems, finds three great flaws in it, any one of which, if he is right, would be enough to disqualify it. First, all experience goes to show that the plan could not be worked out. Second, even if it could be, the results would be detrimental to American labor as well as to those who hope to benefit by it. Third, "immigration is a long-time investment in family stocks rather than a short-time investment in productive labor."

The appearance of such an article in such a quarter is irrefutable proof of the widespread extent of our national change of heart on major immigration policies. Moreover, no one can belittle it as a mere gesture of fair-mindedness, for the very good reason that it is backed up and supported by a flat-footed and unequivocal editorial which contains these words:

"Instead of opening our gates more widely to immigration, the bars should be put up higher than at present. We long ago reached the saturation point where alien immigration has brought about dangers to the very existence of our country. The thought of millions of people has been warped and twisted into evil shape by the teachings of many of these aliens, who have not become Americanized in thought and act. Millions of them are foreign in sentiment and read only some one or more of the 1200 papers printed in foreign languages.

"Regardless of any demand for increased laborers, our present restriction of immigration should be enforced to the limit, and every possible effort made to prevent the smuggling into this country of the thousands of criminals who seek, against our immigration laws, to get into the United States through Canada, Cuba and Mexico. Indeed, the smuggling of immigrants—every one of whom is a criminal—is somewhat akin as a menace to the smuggling of liquors into our ports. We say that every one of these aliens who gets into America in this way is a criminal, because he gets here only by a direct violation of our law, showing that he has no regard for American laws; and starting with that position he becomes immediately a menace to our welfare."

It is to be noted with satisfaction that an increasingly formidable body of broad-gauge men affiliated with manufacturing interests are adopting similar views. Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston, who is equally well known as a progressive employer and as a keen student of public affairs, says, "Employers do not need an increased labor supply, since increased use of labor-saving machinery and elimination of waste in production and distribution will for many years reduce costs more rapidly than wages increase."

There is small reason to doubt the truth of this statement, for there are too many known cases in which wages have been doubled since 1913 and unit cost has been lowered.

The opponents of the Johnson Immigration Act are all set and ready for the opening of Congress. Several interested groups of them, each group actuated by different motives, will take the offensive at the earliest practicable moment.

They will aim at the very vitals of the law, not because it has failed to work but because it works so well. Dozens of insidious and well-masked attempts will be made to break down the barriers we have so tardily and so deliberately erected. The lovers of cheap labor will employ handmade statistics and "economic considerations" as their shock troops; another group will rely upon the old sob stuff and upon the tremolo stop, now become rather wheezy from long abuse, but still in working order—and so on down the line.

For many months the Johnson Act will be in real danger every day that Congress is in session, for the reason that so many people firmly believe that the matter is settled. They forget that constant pressure is being brought to bear upon Congress to render the act impotent by enacting various innocent little amendments which would completely nullify it. There is just one safe way of preserving the integrity and force of the law, of preventing the bars from being let down: Make the law stronger, put the bars up higher.

A Lost Art

"PORFIRIO DIAZ was not only the most remarkable Latin I ever met, but differed from not a few of his race in one important respect," mused a veteran executive who had spent many years in high corporate position in Mexico, as he talked of the man who was for so long absolute ruler of that country.

"He rarely asked you to sit down when he received you, but stood in the middle of the room and never took his eyes off yours. He listened without a word and let you tell your entire story. If the story was untrue its narrator was sure to trip himself up as he went along. There was no interruption and no change in the direction of Diaz' gaze. Those who told false stories were sure to become confused, at which time the general promptly closed the interview, thus saving himself the trouble of further inquiry. If you told the truth and your request was reasonable, you had the chance to state it in full. In that case General Diaz always granted it at once, and it went into effect without delay.

"I had supposed, until I returned to this country, that the constant conversational interruption which callers upon business and governmental dignitaries receive was rather a Latin trait. But I now fear it is growing upon business men in the United States as well. It is almost impossible to find anyone to hear you through, no matter how important your errand, and increasingly I find that even when you telephone, the man at the other end talks so much that you have no chance to state your case."

In society it may be otherwise, but in business the lost art is not so much conversation as it is silence. Far too many business hours are consumed in idle chatter. It is not so much the tales of golf scores and fisherman's luck that obstruct the conduct of affairs as it is the endless explanation of why I or he or she did or did not do thus and so.

What most organizations need is less elucidation and explication of past delinquencies and achievements and more passing of grist through the mill.

Cheerful and friendly prattle has its place in home and club, but in business life concentration upon those who sit across from the desk and quiet scrutiny of them bring out the facts. Getting to the point is half the day's work, and the way to get there is not by wind.

The Third-Term Tom-Tommers

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

"WELL," said the American people last fall after they had thumped up a seven million plurality for Coolidge, "that's that. Now we are rid of politics for a spell."

Whereby the American people packed more political misinformation into smaller compass than has been put out in any popular pronouncement on the subject for thirty years, which is a great deal of political misinformation, and for this reason: The election of Mr. Coolidge that was generally held as a relief from political distractions really shoved the people back into politics up to their unseeing eyes. They do not know it, but they are there, just the same. There is more politics going on in this country now than there has been since Mark Hanna started out, back yonder in the early 90's, to make William McKinley President.

It is big politics; politics with enormous curves, arcs, swings and angles; politics that is international, that is tangled up with great business and participated in by those most influential people, the custodians of the world's supply of money. The glad and simple days when the election of a President was a quadrennial domestic jamboree in which we fought out our fights and made our decisions without regard for any other nation on earth, as Mr. Bryan put it in 1896, are gone. Every important political move we make in these times has an international bearing as well as a national bearing. The world is now our political oyster, and a large number of our foreign brethren are busy trying to fix things up so we shall get nothing but the shells.

Inevitably, it all comes back to money. Everything comes back to money sooner or later. Before the congressional elections of 1926 Washington will be largely populated with whirling dervishes revolving verbigerously with the foreign debt, tax reduction, tariff, income, budget, economy, expenditure, surplus, gold reserve—money in its various presentments—as the constant subject of their hoarse cries and low moans.

Abstractly, economics is a science; but concretely, and really, economics is politics. Abstractly, business is one thing, and finance one thing, and politics another. Concretely, in our present situation, business and finance, speaking in the wide application, the national and international sense, are politics. Seated on our moneybags as we are, the greatest money nation in the world, we are put to it to keep what we have, because the rest of the world is using every expedient to dip in and get some, and to keep what is ours that the other nations already have.

All this must be governmental in its large and most important aspects, and being governmental, must be political. The only way we can deal with the foreign debt, for example, is in a political way, because the money that is owed us is owed us by nations, not by individuals, and as a nation we must collect it. We shall deal with it politically, and it is quite probable that our political dealings with it will be most astonishing and complicated.

A referendum of the American people would show that nine-tenths of them have the idea about the foreign debt that one citizen has when another owes him a borrowed ten dollars and is lax in repaying. The citizen who is owed thinks the citizen who owes should pay, and often says so.

"Make them pay," is the national thought and expression. "We lent them the money and they owe it to us fair and square. They ought to pay it back, and we ought to lay down on them until they do pay it back. That's all there is to it."

There is a story afloat in Washington, given point by some of his public utterances on the subject, that shows the President has this same view. They tell of a delegation of high-minded soft-hearted and France-obsessed men and women who went to Washington to plead the cause of Madelon. They did not think France could pay, should pay or should be asked to pay. They rambled back to Lafayette, spoke eloquently of the traditional friendship between the two republics, wept over the losses of France in the war and urged the President to set about getting our Government to forgive the debt, call it all square, and thus enshrine ourselves forever in the hearts and souls of France. It would be a grand and noble American thing to do.

The President listened to the speeches without comment, sitting in his chair by his desk, looking, unmoved and dispassionate, down his nose.

After it was all over, after the last tear had been shed for France, the last beseeching tremolo had fluttered across at him, the President rose and walked over to the window

(Continued on Page 189

OUR TOO INDULGENT UNCLE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The General Store

I WENT to the drug store to get me some glue
And left with some socks of a lavender hue:

I went to the drug store to purchase some tacks
And being about it I bought me an ax:

I went to the drug store for linen and tea
And purchased some glasses to help me to see:

I went to the drug store for lumber and wire
And could not help buying a motor-car tire:

I went to the drug store to eat and to drink
And purchased a chair and a battery zinc:

I went to the drug store for needles and thread
And carried home tulips in yellow and red:

I went to the drug store for phonograph disks
And bought me some brooms—one kitchen, two whisks.

I went to the drug store for putty and paint
And purchased, in plaster, a dog and a saint:

I went to the drug store for bird seed and string
And parted with coin for a diamond ring:

I went to the drug store for essays by Lamb
And ordered some coal and Virginia ham:

I went to the drug store for shoes and a shave
And bought some insurance to teach me to save:

I went to the drug store for balm for my ills
The druggist was sorry: he didn't keep pills! —*Gorton Carruth.*

Chart Showing the Evolution of Man

A Simple Home Affair

IT WAS the week before Cynthia's eighteenth birthday. Cynthia was the only daughter of old Goblum, the millionaire. Old Goblum was terrible to everybody else, but nice to Cynthia. Whenever she saw him, she skipped girlishly and sat in his lap.

"Hello, pops," she cried, skipping girlishly and sitting in his lap. "What's the matter?"

"I have had some severe financial reverses, my darling," he answered, "and though it grieves me to be obliged to say so, I'm afraid I shall have to cut down on the cost of your birthday party. To reproduce the hanging gardens of Babylon for you and your young friends will, I fear, be impossible this year. The best I can do will be the fountains in the garden at Versailles."

For an instant Cynthia's lip quivered. Then she ran her fingers through her father's gray hair and tried to speak bravely.

"Never mind, dear," she said. "The Roman bath has already been built, and we'll have the swimming fête anyway, with tea served on the diving board. And really, honey pops, don't you think that even the garden at Versailles might be too much of a strain on you? Couldn't we have something less expensive, just this once? Honestly, I shouldn't mind. A sweet little reproduction of Hampton Court, perhaps. Or, if we must have Versailles, just the Petit Trianon, outlined in electric lights. Nothing elaborate. There are just a few friends coming."

His head still bowed, the old man patted his daughter's hand.

"You're made of the real stuff, Cynthy," he choked. "But thank fortune I'm not so reduced financially that I can't give you your birthday cake. On that I am determined. The dining room, as I promised you, will be a replica of Belshazzar's feast, with Happy Birthday to Cynthia the handwriting on the wall. Your birthday cake, when cut, will be found to contain a jazz orchestra, the candles being eighteen frosted saxophones stuck up through the icing."

Cynthia jumped from her father's lap, skipped girlishly, and resumed her seat in it.

"Lovely!" she cried. "It will be just a simple home affair, and we'll have just as good a time as though we had spent a lot of money."

They were not, of course, real—this father and this daughter. They were a scenario father and daughter, and the birthday party was to be one of the movie kind; the sort we are used to seeing at any rich man's house.

—*Arthur H. Folwell.*

A Nursery Rime in Movie Time

BO PEEP, a Smashing, Gripping Drama of the Great West, Plus the Simple Love Story of a Brave Sheep-Farming Woman and a Hard-Riding, Hard-Shooting But Noble-Hearted Cowboy Who Helped Her in Her Terrible, Uphill Struggle with the Hostile Sheep Rustlers.

THE CAST

Bo Peep—Viola Violet, orphan daughter of a gold prospector, who inherited her lovely blue eyes from her angelic mother, and her high courage and sheep from Daddy Peep. Although she never has seen him, this daughter of the plains is in love with

Accurate Al—Concertino Allesandro, a diamond in the rough with a heart of gold and an emerald ring, who carries two guns and three lassos and knows how to use them in defense of helpless women and children or dumb animals when confronted with despicable villains of the type best represented by

Wolf Rattlesnake—Desmond Danzig, who has in vain sought the hand of Little Bo Peep, and now would force

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Young Harold McIhenk Quite Forgot Himself When He Went to the Movies With His Dad the Other Night

What the Cat Brought In

The soup which is often a meal!

Thousands of housewives keep their pantries always supplied with Campbell's Vegetable Soup and consider it as one of their regular "solid" foods. For, as they serve the meals from day to day, they find that this hearty soup is one of their most frequent selections as the main dish.

Eat a delicious plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup for luncheon or supper today and notice how hearty and filling it is. In many moods, your appetite would not accept so much substantial food unless it was offered in this palatable, appetizing form.

Fifteen different vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Nutritious cereals. Savory herbs. Seasoning "to a taste". And how wholesome this soup is for the children, too!

21 kinds 12 cents a can

With fighting will I show my skill—
The "flash" of all the park.
I hit my stride with soup inside
For Campbell's make me spark!

AS A WOMAN THINKS

VII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE wisest of us do not actually know much. We can only believe according to the quality of our minds. The favorite notion used to be that such spirits went through a severe smelting process. I am merely suggesting this, not as a doctrine, much less a dogma, but by way of speculating upon the possible method of purification. Personally, I find it disturbing and unprofitable to dwell upon the reclaiming processes of damnation. I have seen too many damned people in this world, and been too frequently damned myself, not to know that we damn ourselves, and that by an act of will and faith we can always escape from this sense of guilt, which settles the whole doctrine of punishment so far as I am concerned.

But the point I wish to make now is that we are all conscious of being kin to the earth, though comparatively few have more than a creed sense of being related to God. It is a thing we are taught, but really learn to feel. The man who begins life next to land never forgets. He may come up in the world and be carried by his illusions of success far from its life and loveliness, but there come wearying days in his countinghouse when his thoughts fly back like homing birds to that quiet place. His own people may be dead and gone, or he may have lost the sense of kinship to them; but he remembers still where the shadows fell upon the grass, as a child far from home remembers his mother's face. It is the child in him longing for the comfort of that ancient mother of all men.

If he has lost out and gone down in the world with a bad conscience, the same thing happens. There comes a woeful day when his tears rise like a tide and he knows if he could go back, fling himself beneath the shade of a certain tree for a long, long time, the silence and goodness of the earth would cure and restore him. It would not, but this is the way he feels. The sensation proves and defines the sanctity of our relation to the earth.

They Cannot Bear the Solitude of Silent Places

As to those other people, born in cities as chickens are hatched in an incubator, they have the same instinct changed to silliness. They are like stepchildren who do not know how to love the earth; still, they have their transient cravings for its blessings. But few of them can bear to live with it, because its weather and its silence are terrible to them.

They are really inebriates, living by the intoxication of the eye and the ear upon the vast confusion of cities and crowds. They may be strangers there, without home or friends, but they require this frightful motion and noise as an addict must have his drug. They cannot bear the solitude of silent places or the diminishing companionship of their elder brethren, the trees. They are waifs blown like leaves in the wind the world makes in passing. They never had the capacity to live, and so substitute motion and noise for life as a sort of artificial respiration.

I do not know anything more tragic to contemplate than these lost children of the earth. They may be learned men or successful men; they may be dutiful or merely beautiful women; but if you dare to realize how lacking in quality and the original stamina of life they are, thrust them back upon the earth from which they sprang for longer than a vacation period, and watch them go to pieces. They are parasites, consumers. They have lost the valor to produce their own sustenance from the earth. They survive by trade, commerce, inherited wealth, some kind of artificial labor. There is not a drop of honest Adam sweat in them. They are the kind of people who carry an umbrella over their heads through life, whether it is the roof of an office, a factory or a stock exchange. They want money, prestige, power, more rights and privileges than any man can ever earn except at the expense of other men; but they remain unacquainted to the last with real life achieved in the open according to the law which bound the first man to the land for his own good, where there are no fictitious values, but a fair exchange of bread, poverty and peace promised to those who do keep and dress the garden which the earth is.

One may write very convincingly, however, upon this theme without making much more of a success than Adam did in the beginning when he was ordained to keep and dress that first garden. The Scriptures are not easy to fulfill. I have been tempted to doubt if the very apostles who recorded the Gospels actually lived up to them. I have had a few divine inspirations myself without feeling the least blasphemous; but looking back now, I can see no more than the faintest gleam of them in my deeds. What I mean is that it must be natural, after all, to come short of the glory of God. This world would be a frightfully glaring place if we did not.

The queer thing is that we also miss happiness in the effort. The satisfaction of saints in their piety has always seemed to me despisable. It is a form of deceit never justified by the facts. And the gratified airs they give themselves is not to be confounded with simple honest human happiness. We are entitled to that whether we miss the glory of God or not. Most of the time I am certain this is the supreme gift of His love which still awaits us when we comply sensibly with the conditions; but I have my dark moments when I am tempted to suspect that this instinct for happiness may be a sort of clucking encouragement devised by Providence to keep us up and going, as romantic love is one of Nature's enchantments to keep up the birth rate.

Certainly the exercise of our virtues does not insure happiness. My experience is according to the Scriptures at this point—your virtues invite hardship and persecution. I have observed the very good carefully. They are noble souls, totally defeated in this present world by their conscience and their sacrifices. It takes a spunky spirit to escape the Job Scriptures. This is my objection to the intimate companionship of saints. The last one of them has a martyr tune in him somewhere, and if you encourage him with either sympathy or admiration, he will let go and sing it to you in sobbing praise of himself. I am a trifle that way. More than once I have known myself to keen my spiritual nose to a kind friend and chant the tale of some injustice suffered in the exercise of my nobler qualities. It is puerile. No matter how virtuous you are, virtue goes out of you then.

I take involuntarily a sort of ignoble consolation in the fact that the very bad are farther from happiness than the very good, because they have destroyed the foundation upon which happiness must rest. It is written that if we repent of our sins the Lord remembereth them no more forever, which is something that cannot be said of any mortal man. Even if he repents of his transgressions, the memory of them hangs like a shadow in the light of his spirit forever. I have seen these swords suspended over the head of a saint until finally he was slain by them.

As for me, I have never been able to keep a record of my virtues, though I have tried hard enough; but I have never been able to forget one sin. Just let me get in a weaving way with so much as one beam of holiness to light my dark places, and some niggardly little transgression I committed years ago, or yesterday, lifts its head and licks out a forked tongue in hissing comment. I defy anyone, however worthy, to risk himself in the glow of holiness without having a similar experience.

This, I believe, is what is meant by the omniscience of the Almighty. It is in us, a fearful faculty for seeing ourselves which we cannot escape. And it reveals each man to himself as a spiritual bungler every time he frisks within range of his own inner vision. The effect is salutary, but very depressing. I am never peaceful, much less happy, afterward.

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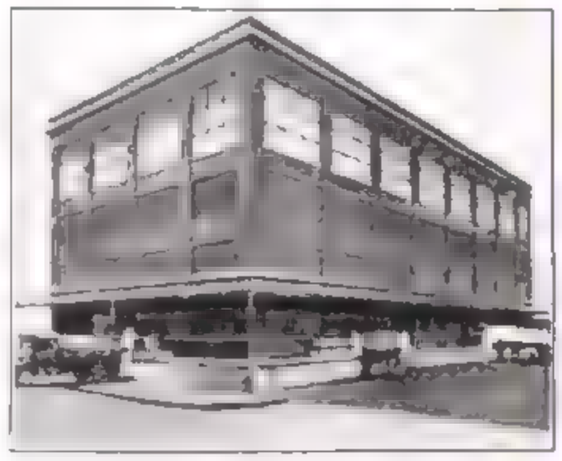
SWIFT
—a food service

CONSTANTLY in search of ways to improve the quality of foods, Swift & Company inaugurated milk-feeding and the scientific handling of poultry in this country.

1 The best producing regions supply the poultry for Premium Milk-fed Chickens and Golden West Fowl.

2 Swift produce plants are located in the centers of these regions. Here the live poultry is received from the surrounding country.



3 The birds are fed for a period of approximately ten to fourteen days on a mash of milk, corn and oatmeal.

4 The Poultry is rigidly inspected and subdivided into various grades. The choicest are selected to bear the identifying Premium and Golden West tags.

Swift's Premium MILK-FED

Swift's Golden West Fatted Fowl

5 Spick-and-span refrigerator cars carry the poultry direct from produce plant to market.

HANDLING such products as poultry helps Swift & Company to reduce the spread between the cost of live stock and the price you pay for meat.

The same refrigerator cars, cold storage plants, branch houses and sales organization that are used to distribute meat are also used to distribute Premium Milk-fed Chickens and Golden West Fowl, Brookfield Butter, Eggs, and Cheese.

Both meat and poultry are sold to the same retailers in the same cities.

This service provides a direct marketing route from the producer to the consumer.

Handling poultry simply adds volume which helps keep down selling costs on meat and all other products.

This saving is typical of the economies which Swift & Company is able to effect through flexible, large-scale organization to the benefit of producers and consumers.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

Staggering manufacturing wastes
one simple remedy

Such staggering losses are revealed by analyses of industrial wastes that they leave one wondering where to begin to check them.

One avenue leads to far-reaching, worth-while economies in three typical lines, common to practically all manufacturing.

Annually $1,600,000,000 is paid for generating or buying power. Through friction, 50% of this generated power is lost.

We can reduce your part of this waste through correct lubrication.

Each year, one-fifth of the 10 billion dollars paid for wages is paid for idle time, due to lack of operating continuity—the effect of various causes.

We can reduce interruptions in your plant and keep your equipment more continuously busy, producing more for the wages you pay.

The best informed authorities estimate that 16 billion dollars is invested in machine equipment. It is properly productive only while it operates steadily—as long as its life continues effective.

We can extend the life of your equipment and postpone replacements, while facilitating its smooth, even running.

We can help you reduce these wastes in your plant if your attitude toward lubrication permits it.

If you buy oil as a commodity, you cannot expect economies.

If you buy oil as a protection against waste, get in touch with us.

The lubricants which we recommend are but a trifling item in operating costs, but of tremendous importance in operating economies. If we recommend them, they will be correct scientifically for your needs.

With the coöperation of your personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility of prescribing correct lubrication for your entire plant. In writing, kindly address any one of the following offices:

New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

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Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company
NEW YORK

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It all comes to this: We get wisdom of one sort and another with fatal facility, because the world is full of it, a brilliant or dull sort of ignorance deduced from observation, study, experience and the prideful exercise of our rational faculties; but we are perpetually short on understanding until after it is too late.

When I came back to these hills to dress my garden in the year 1913, I know now that I missed happiness by the narrowest margin. I was on the right track. I was at home again upon the earth. I felt that peace and steadiness of mind we all feel in familiar surroundings among companions who never change or move away. The same grass and the same green boughs overhead, the same flowers I had known in earliest infancy blooming like tiny remembered faces in every meadow and on the banks of every stream. The same little footpaths of peace across every hill, winding according to the minds of those happy travelers who made them.

But the most enterprising business man was never more quickly involved than I was in plans and preparations for happiness. The old cabin to be restored and furnished, all about to be cleared and trimmed. I saw the frost crystals blooming in the gray dawn of every morning that first winter. The longest day was too short to accomplish what must be done before the next day. I was in the woods choosing timber for more rooms to be added to the cabin. I was something of a nautilus in those days, without the sublime indifference of that little sailing mollusk to the passage of time. I was in a hurry to finish my house.

But, like the nautilus, I have gone on adding to it year by year according to the widening chambers of my mind. There will be a wall, a pillar unfinished somewhere when my own end comes. I shall probably defer death by an effort of mortal will if I am having another window cut in order to get one more entrancing view of this valley at the very last. I do not know whether this is foolishness or not, but I have left much copy of my mind and spirit written in stones that will last longer than the monument Horace raised to himself, "more enduring than brass."

I made a garden and planted it. I was in the fields from dawn until dusk that first spring, watching the plows sink deep in the loam of the land. To me, there is no fragrance comparable in sweetness to the scent of freshly turned earth. Later I walked like an impudent little god of a woman down the rows of young corn. I remember praying for the corn that year during a long drought, not that I needed bread so fiercely earned, but because to see it living and growing was like feeling the green blades of my own vanity spreading and rustling in the sun.

Somewhere in this house there is a snapshot made of me that summer standing up on a load of wheat sheaves. I am wearing a stiff white frock. I am bareheaded and the wind is blowing. I do seem to have a high happy look. There streams across my face something of the light of youth, keen and strong. Love alone can so transfigure us. I am in love, you understand. My heart is embracing this sky, this meadow, these overshadowing hills. I am feeling upon my brow the wreaths of little blue flowers that bloom beside the streams. I am strong and well again, cured of so many sorrows. My heel has touched the earth again. Antæus was right about that—if you believe in your heel and the life of the earth you can recover strength as he did.

I was that child I used to be, let loose like a joyful energy. So this is something I have discovered about happiness: It is not a product of energy, but of chance, a free mind and deliverance from that parsimonious sense of time which no child ever feels. This marked the difference now between the woman I was and the child I had been. I took every chance then with a free mind and no sense at all of time. I was too young to make plans. I met the future as a lark meets the sky upon the wings of a singing heart. I was nearer kin to God then and had a wiser sense of life than I shall ever know again.

The minds we have make slaves of us. We build a city or take one. We make laws, establish our institutions and our covetousness in commerce. We call this a civilization; but it is nothing, no more than the dream of a transient world that never stands the tests of the great realities which remain unshaken in us beyond all our knowledge and powers assumed. It is invariably destroyed, blown away before the wind of some change in our minds. And we lie at last buried deep in the dust of our endeavors. But nothing sleeps in the dust. It must rise and live again. So do we come up from the dark wilderness of these disorders and start all over again after the pattern of our own minds. Another dream, in which men walk like somnambulists for centuries to the same doom of death and dust regardless of God, even when we call it a Christian civilization, missing the way, the truth and the life as we did before.

The importance we attach to the workings of the merely mortal mind seems to me to approach madness. If for one moment we could escape from the illusion created by our own faculties, we should perceive that we make of ourselves the fools of all creation. The sense to live is the only wit that really counts, and we have less of that than any other creature. We have only the sense to overcome, achieve and to destroy. A flea knows where to hop, but we do not know. A dog knows the way home, but the smarter a man is the more likely he is to lose his way home. He can only think, believe, hope; but he does not know the simplest things that the beasts of the field never have to learn. He will drink from a pool that a thirsty ass will pass by because the ass knows the water is polluted.

The very earth has more sense than we ever show. It is not inanimate, but contains and uses all the elements we call brains without having them incased as ours are in a small bone shell. The life that springs green and silent from its breast is more obedient to law than we are, and survives us. It knows a joy and peace in living that we never learn. We are foolish to think the trees are not wise because they do not speak.

I have long suspected that the power of speech is not a power at all, but a form of hysteria from which the living that really know the truth never suffer because they do not fear life or death as we do and can afford to be calm and silent. The frailest flower that blooms knows that it will rise from the dead in the next season's sun, breathe, feel again the dew and rain. Therefore these little ones make no such tragedy as we do of death. Their knowledge is better than our faith in immortality. We make a religion and an anguish of doubts about an incident which all Nature, every Scripture and our own instincts prove is a senseless anxiety. We do live again in the spirit if the very dust rises again in myriad forms of beauty and strength.

But no scientist would offer such evidence. He must think it out, when this is something which cannot be thought, but must be accepted as we take our breath from the air without arguing about that. And the very theologians will throw up their hands in pious horror at such an

They Require This Frightful Motion and Noise as an Addict Must Have His Drug

idea, give it a bad name like pantheism, as if this was the name of a peculiarly damnable heresy.

My notion is that it is not our heresies but our sins that damn us, and no Christian name we apply to them will save us. I am no pantheist; I am one of those humbler, more transient manifestations of the will of God. The grass outlives me, the rose outblooms in blossoms that praise Him better than mortal deeds, and I know the stars outshine me, no matter how immortal I am. As a spirit clothed in celestial light, I doubt if I should amount to more than one short beam in a universe filled with the brilliance of His glory.

To me, it appears sillily egotistical to give ourselves such airs about being immortal. Everything else is. The very stones are fertile and furnish elements indispensable to life. We, indeed, are the only created forms of life that entertain trembling, despairing doubts about that. We are even stupid and narrow-minded when our lid comes off and we go insane. We stick to the beaten tracks of the mortal mind, no real imagination in our delusions. The asylums are filled with men and women who believe themselves to be kings and queens or some other great mortal. I have never heard of one who imagines himself a disembodied spirit. The nearest they ever come to that is by claiming to be disastrous prophets. I have never heard of one who had the glory of madness to believe himself a majestic oak or even a blade of grass. The nearest approach I recall was the poor young lunatic who thought he was a grain of corn and invariably took to his heels at the sight of a chicken. We show too many evidences of ignominy to give ourselves airs, sane or insane.

If I should take leave of my senses while I am still in the flesh—for I do not expect to need such senses when I am finally in the spirit, any more than flowers take thought to bloom—I hope I shall swing out into a more becoming conceit than the notion that I am an article of diet suitable for a hen, or even the Queen of Sheba. I have my doubts about whether she was all she should have been, or she would not have been traipsing after a man with Solomon's notorious reputation. My vanity would be better served with the delusion of being an ever-blooming rose. As it is, I suffer sometimes from the vague regret that I missed blooming at the right time, the weather of my years being inclement then and unsuited to mere happiness.

But this record will prove that I had my delusions along with the rest of my kind, and that though time and experience destroy the dearest illusions, we do cling to the last to whatever delusion we adopt. It is a bondage of the mind which we work up and strengthen year by year until nothing remains but a terrible obedience.

What amazes me now is the shrewdness with which I avoided various forms of bondage by which women are so frequently defeated in their pursuit of happiness.

I do not know how it may be with women of other sections, but in this part of the country if you do your own work something goes out of you; not virtue—you are likely to multiply frightfully in virtues—but that bright, fluttering grace of the spirit more becoming to us than all the nobler attributes folds up and disappears. No matter how conscientious she is about setting aside a certain part of each day to improve herself and to keep up with her husband's times—I never knew one to keep up her music; music is one of the things that go out of her—she cannot do it.

She is so busy doing her duty she falls fatally behind his times if he is a man who marches with them. I do not know why this is so, but it is probably a feminine geographical phenomenon.

This is a blessed and glorified land; there is a fragrant inertia in our climate suitable more particularly for the production of the sweetly sitting inspirational woman. She does not need to know so much in the way of mere learning in order to be placidly wise. The dust down here is an alluvial soil, humanly speaking; it has been warmed and brightened for so many ages by the sun, the perfume of so many flowers has sunk into it, the sorrows and misfortunes of a great people have sanctified it. My feeling is that it has a cultural quality which must be got through higher education and the most poignant mental exercises in other sections where it has been spewed up into hoarfrost for a corresponding number of ages, stauncher dust, but not by nature so pleasant when raised, say, into an able citizen, a strong ballot-bearing woman. Therefore it is not so important for our women to exercise these rights in order to save the country, as it is for the abler types in other sections. All they need is two or three of the neater virtues, a prayer capacity in faith, a kind and forgiving heart—and the right look on their faces, effulgent, without being offensively intelligent. I am not one of these, I weep to confess, but I have known such women all my life, as one is acquainted with certain private blessings not shared by the world at large. But I have never known one of them who did all her own work—a noble service diminishing to such a woman.

No matter how correct the pattern of her frock is, or how good her manners are, or how sensible her conversation is, I have never been in the company of one who performed these tasks without becoming immediately aware of the fact, a sort of uneasiness, as if her shoe were pinching her foot. Her seams are too straight. Her draperies do not flow, however voluminous they are. Her eye has a measuring gaze. She feels like the two-edged sword of a just woman made perfect regarding me. Or at the very moment when I am about to confer the bright splash of a thought upon her, my light is put out by the realization that her mind has skipped back home to make sure she did not leave the top off the soda jar and did lock the kitchen door.

I am not complaining of her, you understand; I am endeavoring to compliment her upon her merits. She has all the virtues and you have only your grace in words, a fluttering heart and a mind that climbs her like a clinging vine in conversation. You must lean to her because she will not bend to you. She has lost some graceful elasticity of the spirit. You cannot clasp fingers with one of her thoughts and fly up on an idea and share opinions with her. She is pickling her opinions. You can frequently smell the vinegar of her mind boiling. At such moments I have become so enfeebled spiritually as to be momentarily deprived of my soul. I am of the earth earthy, due entirely, I suppose, to the effect her obvious worth has upon my stricken conscience.

But I am not alone in these sensations, only more vocal about them. I have observed her carefully; she is widely depressing.

I have known such a woman to go abroad, spend a year studying art in all the galleries of Europe, come home, deliver a lecture on the masterpieces she has seen, and fatigue her audience to the brink of tears. One must be a person in order to entertain other persons, and she has lost that touch of nature which makes us kin whether we are kind or not. She is a grammarian of duties, and a recitation of culture if she invades that field. Nothing illuminating sticks to her, nothing softening can happen to her mentally.

Some instinct for liberty warned me from the beginning to avoid the fate of these unfortunate best-of-all women. I have been very busy for forty years, but in my hardest circuit-rider days I never would do all of my own work; only so much of it as could not possibly be avoided. Even then I was careful not to put my whole mind on it. If I had to wash dishes I always spat enough wit through the kitchen door at Lundy, even if he was in the uttermost parts of the parsonage, to draw his fire and thus divorce my attention from the clatter in the dish pan. Whatever else happens to me, I will never do my own work. If it comes to that, I will escape the disaster to my soul by having no works. I will let my faith praise me rather than my doughnuts.

In recording this scandalous moral limitation I am simply exposing to view the kind of mind I have, knowing well how many better women will take a shot at it. Let them bang away. I would rather have my reputation as a domestic animal riddled than to have my dearer faculties destroyed by a flatiron or dishwater. No one was ever more reduced in poverty than I have been, not one a more considerate or obedient wife. But I managed to remain a wife, never the mere servant of my husband. If you must do it, make the business brief and forgetful. Give him a balanced ration and leave every man to iron his own shirt, would be my motto, even if I went to the field with him afterward and plowed a furrow by way of reciprocity. The idea is to keep in with your husband at whatever cost. It works out better in the long run than making a pig of him at the table and a tyrant of him in the house.

The disposition to do that is a senseless weakness in devoted women. Added to their domestic pride, it accounts for the enormous labor now necessary in the conducting of a home and the entertainment of guests.

The simpler creatures manage life more gracefully than we do. I have often envied the birds, not because they can sing but because they can fly. They own everything from the tallest tree top to the farthest meadow's rim; but they have no sense of possession, no baggage to carry. They endure more hardships than we do and have a better time. The difference between them and, say, the communists, is that they are not acquisitive. They do not want to own everything in common. They are honest about that, as no man is. He must be either predatory or competitive. He has an instinct for ownership which he is determined to satisfy.

This earth would be settled by squatters if a comparatively few people did not hold titles to most of it. The latter are safer neighbors than the migratory class to which the communists really belong. They are a kind of human locust swarming over the earth now, never to be confounded with the earlier pioneers. I suppose in time we shall get rid of them. If we do not, they will destroy us. Then they will turn upon themselves. They are by purpose destructive, according to some rascally notion of gain. Their piety is a sort of missionary malice couched in the noblest deceit of language.

But with all the virtues and aspirations the best of us claim, it does seem strange that we make such an awkward art of living. We are more successful at increasing our capital and decorating ourselves with worldly distinctions than we are at increasing our income in happiness. This is essential. I have no patience with the piety of defeat which yields the point and declares that happiness was never meant for us in this present world, but reserved for us in Paradise—a damnable doctrine which reflects upon the goodness of God as they do who lay their misfortunes to Providence when they alone are responsible for them.

It is we who miss our cue. We suffer from some blindness of the mind which leads us to mistake the circumstances that produce happiness. Nothing will satisfy us but riches, when we know that relative poverty insures more peace and fewer responsibilities. We have built a social, industrial and commercial civilization so expensive that it cannot be financed. And the more wealth we get the less capable we are of achieving our own lives.

It is the laborers, servants and professional people whom we employ that determine the conditions under which we exist, which is a form of frightful tyranny. We get the idea or the ideal, then pay someone else to achieve it. An architect draws the plans for our house. Carpenters build it. A decorator chooses the furnishings, and servants keep it. A landscape artist lays off the grounds and we employ someone to dress the garden, because we lack the will and skill to do any of these things.

I do not think we should give ourselves such airs about art and culture as we do, seeing that we buy most of the mere effects of these things and that they are really produced by a class of people with whom we do not associate. No man is really learned who speaks his wisdom instead of practicing it. No woman is really cultured because she is up on art and music and literature, or because she wears beautiful clothes designed by a modiste, or because she lives in a splendid house, or because she is surrounded by people who think and speak well about what they know and see and exquisitely feel. She is merely the living portrait of many arts accomplished by other people. I should call her the decadent mollusk of refinement, never to be confounded with that woman depicted a while ago in these pages as the more endearing type of Southern woman. They have their occupations. They are amazingly executive when it comes to ordering others to do it. They have taste and piety and know how to exercise these virtues.

The effects of the theories about the art of living which I have been recording in these pages are plainly visible in this valley. The gaping logs of the one-room cabin left by the Cherokee Indians have been restored, and so many rooms added that it stretches a distance of one hundred and thirty feet—pieced together with open entries, winged with a long vine-covered court on one side and a living porch on the other side. So you may see through this house to the valley below or the hills beyond, as one should see through a good man's heart to the scenes and Scriptures which account for his existence. I doubt if an architect could have drawn plans of a house so satisfying to the spirit.

There is no color scheme inside. To my mind, a house furnished in a strictly harmonious manner seems to be designed for publication, to be read by guests, but not to be lived in at ease in your own private everyday moods lest you break a note by moving something of a blue shade to that place which calls for orange yellow, or by dropping your old green coat upon the divan covered with iridescent tapestry. Even the company bedrooms in this house are so plain and comfortable that a guest might feel at home in them, clean and fragrant, but faded; little messy conveniences in every one of them to delude the occupant into thinking he or she is not a transient there, but may stay a long time. And the living room is such a humanly gifted place that I may leave my walking shoes on the hearth upon a winter evening and they will add a note of peace to the firelit scene, as if they were warming and drying and resting after a hard day's walking out-of-doors in bad weather.

Not one thing in this house is to be admired, but is to be appropriated and used for your ease. You are to shine and talk, hold a book in your hand to taste now and then, as in the old days a gentleman sipped his wine. I have seen very dull people exhilarated before my fire on a winter evening; I have also seen very bright ones let go their weary wits and nod. These are triumphs which color-scheming hostesses rarely enjoy, because you feel that you must sit up with their harmonies and take note or be damned.

Besides, these women are never contented for long with their furniture or draperies. They must tear them up, send for the decorator and try some other effect. I do not change my furniture or move it about. Let the scenes of the world and all fashions change. I have laid my inside scenes like one of those prayers for peace and honor to be found in the Episcopal prayer book, written and finished. All you have to do is recite it. God has been familiar with it for a long time, and would probably be astonished to hear a new word or phrase in it.

There is an old-man chair here which, by all the canons of art, should never be found in a cabin: mahogany, with hideously carved legs, toe nails sticking out, the arms finished with two human heads, females, but not goddesses—houris, I should say. The springs in the seat have

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Women as Well as Men Now Find Real Motoring Delight

THE Hupmobile Eight gets a grip—a delightful grip—on its owners from the start.

It is more than coincidence that much of the highest praise comes from those who have driven cars costing a great deal more to buy—and the Hupmobile invariably gains by the comparison.

E. B. S——— has always driven cars costlier and heavier than his Hupmobile Eight Sedan. He made the statement to a number of people in a Hupmobile salesroom that if the———, the———, the——— or the——— (all much higher-priced cars) should offer an even trade with him he would not accept.

"I have never ridden with such comfort," he says, "nor driven with the ease I am driving now."

One of the perfectly legitimate things a good salesman tries to do is to get the prospective customer into a buying mood.

M. E. H——— is a real estate operator at Sand Beach, forty miles east of Toledo. In the first six months he owned a Hupmobile Eight Sedan, the car covered 10,000 miles.

H——— says that he thinks a great deal of his present sales success is due to the way his Eight performs, and the fine frame of mind which its smooth running puts his customers in during the trip to the beach.

Women invariably take to the Eight because it offers them so many distinct advantages which they have always wanted and never before found. Mrs. Samuel R——— much prefers the Hupmobile Eight Sedan to any other car in the family fleet, which includes at least one other car of higher price.

Traffic and parking—a woman's motoring bugbears. They're gone for the woman fortunate enough to have this Eight at her disposal.

"In the past I had tried cars with balloon tires," says Mrs. W———, "but I just couldn't manage them in traffic and in parking. But now, with my Hupmobile Eight! To my great delight, I handle it and park it even more easily than smaller cars we have had."

An hour's drive isn't a day's drive in any car; and after you've driven for a day, you know whether a car is easy and you can put a real estimate on its power and performance.

Miss Lillian M. E——— likes the Eight, she says, because it is so easy to handle and so powerful in getting out of traffic. She makes a big point, not only for women but for men as well, when she says:—

"I've driven my Hupmobile Eight Coupe farther in a day than I ever drove any automobile, and when I finished I was not conscious of any strain or fatigue such as I would have had with any other car."

There is a revelation waiting for you, too, the first time you drive the Hupmobile Eight.

The names and addresses of the owners quoted above will be sent to anyone upon request to the Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Sedan, Now $2195 *Coupe, Two or Four Passenger, Now $2095* *Touring Car, Now $1795*
Roadster, Now $1795 *Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895* *F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added*

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

TESSIE MATES THEM UP

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS one of those days when I wasn't running true to form. You get 'em, you know, even when you're doing nothing more temperamental than tending the news and candy counter in such a place as the Gloriana lobby. A different mood.

Maybe it was just the muggy weather—a spell of July's stickiest; or it might have been Mame's getting on my nerves; and then again perhaps it was the sober look of this bird in the two-gallon hat.

I expect Mame begun it when she stops chewing her gum long enough to give me this piece of gossip from one of the society magazines that she's so fond of reading.

"Say, Tess," she calls from the other end of the stand, "who do you guess is up at Newport buzzin'around among the swell dames? That Mr. Norton of yours."

Honest, I could have choked her for that.

Instead I walks over and says a few things in her ear.

"Listen, Mame," I tells her, "one more fool crack like that and you'll be looking for another job. My Mr. Norton! That's a choice bit, isn't it, to be broadcasting through the lobby? Suppose one of those fresh room clerks heard."

"Why, I didn't mean nothing, Tess!" she protests.

"That's your trouble," says I. "Your tongue is generally leaving the quarter before your so-called brain has got to the post. And what Mr. Phil Norton or any of the other owners does at Newport is nothing for either of us to get steamed up over."

"But—but you and him seemed real chummy," protests Mame.

"Meaning," says I, "that two or three times a year he stops to ask pleasant how I'm getting on. But when he's in Paris or Palm Beach or Newport, I expect he don't worry about me. So lay off that your Mr. Norton stuff. It's just plain silly."

You can't squelch Mame, though; and I admit I might have been thinking some about Mr. Norton for a while there. He's a prince, all right, and the last time he was here we did put on a little act together—when we double-crossed that Mrs. Wallie Keith person—that's sort of pleasant to remember. But likely he's never thought about it again. Still, if he wasn't who he is, or I'd happened to be ——

And then Mame breaks loose again.

"Who's the feller, Tess?" she asks.

"Eh?" says I, coming out of it.

"You got stars in your eyes," says she, gawpin'.

"Sure they're not sties?" says I.

"No, stars," she insists. "You don't often get that way, Tess: but when you do, you're a knock-out. Honest, I don't blame 'em for fallin' for you. I wouldn't put it past any man, even your Mr.——"

But I was near enough to shut off the flow with my right hand.

"What you ought to do for that tongue of yours, Mame," says I, "is accept a padlock for three months. Now forget my eyes and sell the old lady in the freak lid an Atlantic Monthly."

Must have been less than half an hour later that this party with the rodeo hat and Navaho necktie wanders up and asks kind of shy if we carry any Seattle or Frisco papers.

"Nothing on ice," says I.

"What say?" says he.

"We tried it," says I; "but they don't keep well."

"Oh!" says he, glancing at me, puzzled.

Still, that doesn't shoo him off. He's one of these tall rangy boys, with an outdoor complexion and solemn gray eyes, and his gray cheviot fits him like something he'd bought out of a mail-order catalogue. Almost looks as if he's just loped in from the range and hitched his bronco to the taxi starter out front. Had some of the bellhops snickering at him.

For all that, though, he acts more or less at home; and while my kidding kind of gets him fussed, it doesn't stop him from leaning his elbows on the counter and giving me the twice-over. I don't know when I've been inspected so thorough.

"Don't mind me, mister," says I. "Take an eyeful."

"I Don't Get the Plot Yet," Says Bill. "Does He Need a Guide, or Jumpin'?"

That does get him pinked up a little.

"Excuse me, miss," says he, "but—but it's well worth taking "

"So I've heard," says I. "The main idea of my being here, though, is to wait on customers. What'll yours be—movie magazines or box candy?"

"Choc'lates," says he. "One of them fancy boxes with the blue ribbon on."

Yet when I've wrapped it up and given him change for a twenty, he shows no signs of moving on.

"Anything else on your mind?" I asks.

"There certainly is, sister," says he. "How about goin' to a show with me?"

"Well, well!" says I. "That would be a treat, wouldn't it? With you, eh? Say, when did you get the notion of breaking into the sheik class? No, no, Bill. You go back to the ranch and tell 'em you tried out your stuff, but that it didn't get over—not with Tessie. There's the way out, right past the marble pillar."

I had him with his mouth open then, but he makes one last stab.

"Gosh, miss," he gasps at me, "you know I didn't go for to —"

"Oh, no, you didn't'" I breaks in. "You only thought you could make an easy pick-up, same as you might out in Laramie or Cheyenne. But listen, son, this is New York, and some of us are just as hard-boiled as picnic eggs. So long, Bill. That's your exit cue; and never mind about an encore. You'll get it rougher next time."

For a second or two he stares at me with sort of a hurt look in his eyes, like a puppy that's been cuffed for being too playful, and then he slouches off just as Mame lets loose her giggle.

"Another cowboy bites the dust, eh?" says she. "But I don't see any reason why you had to make it such a smear, Tess. He had kind of a nice face."

"Did he?" says I. "All I noticed was that he had the date-making habit like all the rest. Must have thought he was in some dance hall. Well, I guess he knows different now."

"Maybe he's gone out to let a bus run over him," says Mame.

He hadn't, though, for during the noon hour, while I'm alone at the stand, who should I see edging up cautious but Wild Bill. He has a bunch of pink roses in one hand and first off I thought he meant to toss 'em at me and run. Then I saw by the way his jaw was set that he has another program.

"I'm mighty sorry, miss," says he, "if I was fresh or anything. But I didn't mean a dog-gone thing. I—I got some posies for you."

"Peace offering, eh?" says I. "Well, hand 'em over. Only don't kid yourself that this is getting you anywhere with me."

"I should say not," says he. "And that was a bad break of mine, askin' you to go to a show offhand that way. But I wisht you'd let me tell you how I come to ——"

"Shoot," says I, "and get it over with."

"You see, miss," he goes on, "I come on from the West."

"I know," says I; "out where the bunk begins "

He swallows hard a couple of times at that.

"Maybe it does," says he. "But most of what we raise we ship East."

"Check!" says I. "That wasn't half bad, Mister—er ——"

"Yates is my name," says he; "Orman Yates, Sohoma, state of Washington. I got a cherry and apple farm out there, sixty acres."

"I see," says I. "And you're sizing up the apple-sauce market, eh?"

"No," says he; "I got my crop all sold before I left. I come on to look up a girl."

"General housework or matrimony?" I asks. "Second or sweetie?"

"She was my sweetie once," says he. "Lived on the next quarter section, Stella did. I've known her since she was a kid. We—we was goin' to be married last spring."

"Now don't feed me that old one about how she ran off with a city feller," says I.

"I wisht she had," says Orman. "Then I'd have a head to punch. But it was worse than that. I expect I'm to blame, though. It was this way: Every year we have what we call our Cherry Blossom Carnival, got up by the Shippers' Association—big parade, decorated floats, speeches at the chamber of commerce and a ball in the evenin'. Then last time they threw in a beauty contest. What did I have to do but egg Stella on to go into it. She's a good looker, all right; something on your style, miss, only not quite such a stunner. No, not half."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Yates," says I. "I take it she was a natural blonde, though, with good points. How far did she get?"

"They picked her as queen," says he. "She won out easy. Nobody else could touch her in the valley. And me? Say, I was most tickled to death over it. Bought all the papers that had her picture in, stood around grinnin' while she danced with the big guns and was proud to drive her home in my flivver. Maybe you can guess the rest. She began to get letters from all over the country—love letters—ranchers, mine owners, salmon packers, lumbermen,

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Up a 12% Grade in high

Faced by a drawbridge, opened until its roadway presented to you a 12% grade, you would decide immediately that no car on earth could climb such a height in high. Railroad engineering limits its grades to 4%.

But the Better Buick, with its 75 horsepower Valve-in-Head engine, can stop dead still in front of a 12% grade—then start *in high gear*—and lift itself to the top—gaining speed all the way.

The Better Buick is a remarkable motor car. Its horsepower is only one of the many new features added to the Buick qualities you have known in the past. New reliability is assured by the "Triple Sealed Engine." (Air cleaner, gasoline filter and oil filter). New comfort is found in more spacious, more luxurious body interiors. New smartness is apparent in body profiles and Duco color combinations.

And Buick value leads the world. At its price, this better motor car is the year's most attractive motor car investment.

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the Better Buick

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real estaters—all kinds. And every blamed one of 'em wanted to marry her. Sent their photos, told how much they had in the bank, promised everything, from a new limousine to a trip to Europe."

"Better than tending a hotel news stand," says I. "And from then on, I judge, Stella was never the same girl." He nods.

"It was them offers from Hollywood and Broadway that went to her head worst," says he. "First she was goin' in the movies, but when the manager of a burlesque outfit sent on a check for travelin' expenses and a summer contract, she picked the stage. She made good, all right. Been here a couple of months."

"Well, well!" says I. "Some of 'em do land that way. Have you seen her?"

"Last night," says Orman, slow and doleful.

"As bad as all that, was it?" I asks.

"I—I wouldn't have thought it of Stella," says he. "Why, miss, she—she came out with scarcely a thing on. 'Course, with a lot of others. Not even tights!"

"Old stuff, Orman," says I. "Why, tights went out soon after prohibition came in. It's a big saving for the producers, but they call it glorifying the American girl."

"Gosh!" he groans. "Glorifyin'! I don't!"

"Perhaps the fact that your Stella is one of the glorified alters the case," I suggests. "What does she have to say about it?"

"I dunno," says he. "I tried to have a talk with her, but she sent back word that she was busy."

"They generally are," says I. "Then it's all off between you, is it?"

"Not yet," says he. "She might feel different next time. I can't tell. Guess I don't know much about girls."

"You only know what you want, eh?" I asks.

"Well, I suppose so," says he. "Anyways, I ain't one to give up easy. If I was, I'd still be one of the night shift at the zinc smelter back in Iowa. Dad was gang boss there and he put me to work when I was big enough to swing a shovel. I stood it for two years and then I hopped a brake beam and lit out. I hadn't knocked around the coast long before I made up my mind what I'd be—a fruit farmer on my own land. It was a long pull and a hard one, miss, workin' for day wages, and savin' and scrimpin'. But I stuck to it. I learned about prunin' and sprayin', how to fight the scale and the blight, and about pickin' and packin'. I read books, too, and government bulletins. I got to be an orchard foreman for Stella's old man. And then, after a bad season, when a lot of 'em wanted to quit, I had a chance to buy the next place. That first year was a tough one. Hardly made enough to pay interest on the mortgage and I come almighty near starvin'. Then we had two good seasons, bumper crops, and things have been runnin' smooth ever since. When Stella grew up and we got to goin' together I started buildin' the bungalow. Had it all fixed up slick, flowers and vines outside, new furniture inside, even a piano for her; and then ——"

"I know," says I. "She won the beauty contest. But what do you expect? An apple farm against Broadway!"

He shifts from one foot to the other and shakes his head.

"You ain't ever been out our way, have you?" he asks.

"Not nearer than West Philadelphia," I admits.

"Then there's no use my tryin' to tell you," says he. "But it—it's a handsome sight, 'specially when the bloom's first comin' on. Just pink and white waves all around, far as you can see; with the bees hummin' overhead in the sunshine and the air smellin' as sweet as anything. Good, clean, breathin' air, miss. There's a brook runs through back of the bungalow, with trout in it. I was gonna build a little summer house out there where Stella could sit afternoons. And I'd planted some climbin' roses that'll be clear to the roof by next year; pink ones, almost as pretty as them I got for you."

"Oh, come!" says I. "What's the idea? Trying to sell me the place? Well, I've never seen anything like that and I just can't believe it's so."

He looks foolish for a minute, glances around the lobby and out through the entrance, where Mike, the big door man, is mopping the dust and sweat from his red face.

"No, I expect you can't," says he.

He had brushed some of the magazines with his elbow as he'd turned and he was putting 'em back in place, when all of a sudden he points to the cover of one, excited.

"There! That's it, miss!" he says eager. "Old Rainier! You can see that peak right from my front door. It's always there, loomin' up big and grand. Never the same, though; sometimes white and glistenin', then again pink or purple or gray; and sometimes all wrapped up in storm clouds. It's some mountain, you know; a reg'lar old he hill. Say, what's Broadway got that's as well worth lookin' at?"

"You win, Orman, if it's me you're asking," says I. "Right now I'd swap this whole hotel, if I owned it, for your mountain-view bungalow."

"Would you?" he asks, them gray eyes watchin' me close.

"That is," I adds, "if I could take my news-stand job along. But I can't speak for Stella. Maybe she's sold on Broadway. I haven't much idea what she's like."

"You could give a guess if you saw her once, couldn't you?" says he. "I mean, whether she'd be likely to go back or not. Takes a woman to judge a woman. And that's what I had in mind, miss, when I up and asked you to see the show with me. You see, I'd kind of looked you over and I allowed you'd know about such things. Would—would you do it for me, miss?"

He has got kind of a nice face, as Mame says; one of the up-and-down, honest sort. I couldn't help giving him a friendly smile.

"You sure do know what you want, Orman," says I. "And you've got me curious. I don't promise, understand, to give any X-ray sketch of your Stella's mind and disposition, or say what she'll do or won't do. But I'll go along and take a look."

He certainly was a grateful guy. My fingers ached for half an hour after the grip he gave me, and if I hadn't stopped him he'd gone out and bought me all the pink roses he could find.

"But if you're bound to splurge on floral tributes," says I, "you might bring along a bunch to send backstage to Stella."

Funny how things come around and fit into each other, isn't it? He hadn't been gone half an hour before I had another chat customer at the stand—Ella McGill. She used to be my helper two or three years ago; but wearing a plain black dress, such as the management makes us stick to, didn't suit her at all. She had ambitions, Ella had, and they all pointed to flossy clothes. Used to stand gawping

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And Stella Was One of a Party of Six That Piled Merry Into One Taxi

PRACTICALLY every important improvement in the closed motor car body is a Fisher development.

One of the most recent Fisher betterments is the V.V. windshield, which permits not only perfect ventilation but perfect vision as well. Fisher produced the first steel windshield frame (they were wood before that).

It introduced the present silent, reliable window regulator which enables you to adjust the windows of your car to the fraction of an inch.

Fisher was the first to build real flexibility into a body—one of the most important advances made in body manufacture.

Fisher led in the development of the aluminum body (Fisher aluminum bodies are today the strongest built); and it developed steel press body work to its present high efficiency.

These and a host of other improvements, Fisher has contributed to the industry and to the greater motoring pleasure and safety of the public.

But its greatest contribution is the standardization and precision manufacture of automobile bodies. This fundamental advancement in body manufacture revolutionized the body-building industry, and brought the closed car within the reach of the millions.

The result, today, of this pioneering is Fisher's unrivaled leadership in experience, in volume, in engineering skill, in purchasing power, machinery, methods and men.

These are the elements which account for the greater dollar-for-dollar value of Fisher bodies.

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FISHER BODIES

NEW TRAILS TO OLD THINGS

For the Collector of Americana—By C. R. Clifford

AN EX-CURATOR of an American museum of art was recently a witness in a *cause célèbre* and testified to the fact that he had once bought a Rembrandt for $550 and sold it soon after for $74,450. This is the kind of experience that keeps us going, because there is one thing to be said for the junk snupper—no man liveth who is a greater optimist.

I have a friend who has had a painting up in his attic for twenty years; and it is a family tradition that it's a Rembrandt. He never has had an expert look at it for fear his illusion would be dispelled; and he'd rather think it a Rembrandt than know it isn't. I have said to him, "Get an expert's opinion; if he says it is, you can believe him; and if he says it isn't, you needn't believe him; because it is only an opinion—and what's an opinion?"

A Rushlight, the Earliest Lighting Used by Our Puritan Forbears, Is on the Stand at the Extreme Right

Handwriting experts do not always agree, and even government appraisement centers upon the nicely adjusted balance of opinion. I have known cases where they had as many witnesses on the one side as on the other side, and I know of one instance where a well-known antique dealer declared that a lot of tapestries held up at the customhouse were modern; and two months afterward, not knowing that he was on the same case, declared that the same lot were antiques.

A Hospital of Antiques

OF COURSE, the element of speculation predominates in the pursuit of the antique, the same as in a horse race. If it wasn't for the uncertainty there'd be no thrill in the game. The lure is in the spirit of adventure, not the mere acquisition.

Sir Purdon Clarke once said to me:

"My joy in the work was in the finding of the treasures it was my good fortune to secure for the Metropolitan Museum; my interest ended in the subject when Mr. Morgan, who was frequently with me, would say, 'Oh, end your bargaining; pay the price and let's move on.' Mine was the joy of discovery more than the joy of acquisition."

Junk snupping is no mere plebeian sport. History doesn't state whether it was the joy of discovery or the joy of acquisition which motivated the adventures of George II, but a stock episode in the literature of all furniture chronicles says that the king on one of his tours made a find that delighted him. It was a quaint old spindle-backed chair in an out-of-the-way tavern. He bought it and installed it in Windsor Castle—hence the name Windsor chair.

Now I hate to assail so venerable a legend, but I can point to a record of wills in this country referring to Windsor chairs twenty years prior to the reign of George II. As early as 1708 they could be found in America in great variety and have been going strong ever since. It used to be possible to distinguish the old from the new by the fact that the modern replicas had the spindles turned evenly by machinery while the older spindles were handmade, with spoke shaves. Today this distinguishing trait also is copied, the turned spindles being hand-tooled here and there.

Some years ago we were motoring through Vermont and were told of a man who had a barnful of old furniture. We hunted him up, and sure enough he had a tremendous collection; but it was pretty well picked over. Here and there we could find a chair, a Queen Anne mirror or late Colonial frame; but the rest was a mere accumulation of firewood—chair backs, broken seats, table legs, some good examples of thirty-inch mahogany table tops, the sort of widths you don't find nowadays; and strung up on cord like onions in the farmer's kitchen were a lot of escutcheons, eighteenth-century brass handles and spindles; but we didn't find a thing we wanted.

Last year we went out there again and the place was empty.

"Oh, yes," said the old fellow, "we sold it all to a man in New York. He took three storage vans of it."

We got the buyer's name and followed it up to a veritable hospital of antiques, where the wrecks went into the place broken in spirit and purpose, and were built up wherever there was a ghost of a breathing chance; with the result that when finally rejuvenated and revitalized and grafted upon healthy stock, they became, in wood and workmanship, 90 per cent modern, but always sold as antiques. If the arms of the Venus of Milo were brought to that shop they'd fashion a head and body and legs for them and placidly term the figure Italian, fifth century.

Now the United States Government has a ruling which covers very thoroughly a case like this: In the importation of an antique it admits free of duty the antique if it is 100 years old; but it very clearly defines that an antique must be of the original material, with only sufficient repairs to be justified by its age; and I call attention to this fact because so much of the restored furniture that is being sold today as antique by no means comes up to the standard of government ruling.

Last week I visited a country house, and on the walls in the living room in an alcove I noticed some beautiful old silk brocades. They were seventy-two inches wide and hung panelwise from the picture molding to the baseboard. They were edged with a narrow guimpe and in their gorgeous colorings formed a very effective wall decoration. Only by accident had the decorator of the house learned that up in the attic there were three or four of grandmother's old dresses of the voluminous hoop-skirt variety, and he realized that—apart from their decorative quality—they were interesting because of a type no longer made except on a hand loom. They had been lying there in lavender for sixty years, occasionally worn by the much amused younger generation at some patriotic function or masquerade, virtually discarded and unappreciated; but it didn't take him long to rip those dresses and piece them into panels; and now they give colorful charm to the room and still preserve the sentiment of association.

Many people have written me expressing their interest in collecting, and asking advice on an infinite variety of subjects. My advice is to specialize. Don't scatter your thoughts. I know that when you read about the little *sang-de-bœuf* bottle 14.5 inches high that sold at auction in March for $5200 you feel like adventuring into the realm of Chinese ceramics; and when you read about the panel of old church glass that was sold in the Lawrence collection for $70,000, a fragment that didn't cost a twentieth of this sum, your mind goes rambling into old glass; but my advice to everybody in this country is to stick to the things American. Anything in the line of Americana will increase in interest and value; but whatever your specialty, study the subject thoroughly and go slow.

Postage-Stamp Aristocrats

THERE was a big sale in New York recently, and among other things were fourteen pieces of Lowestoft. The collector had paid $600 for them, but the moment they were put on show a number of people pronounced them fakes and not worth twenty-five dollars, so the owner withdrew them. This sort of thing is a tragedy, and only illustrates that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

I know of one man who has specialized on stamps, and his collection is estimated at $1,000,000. He paid $12,000 for a local stamp of Boscawen, New Hampshire. When the United States began using postage stamps in 1845, cities and towns had jurisdiction over their own postal service and these local stamps have become quite rare. Not long ago a St. Louis stamp brought $5000 and a Lockport, New York, stamp $8500.

I know another man who, starting with a two-pronged fork of the Pilgrim days, proceeded to collect forks of all nations. Forks were a great rarity in England. Indeed, in 1663 there was published in London a book entitled The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Rarities, in which the lady was told:

"Talk not when you have meat in your mouth and do not smack like a pig, nor eat so hot that tears stand in your eyes. It is uncourtly to drink so large a draught that your breath is gone and you are forced to blow hard to recover yourself. Throwing down your liquor as into a funnel is an

(Continued on Page 46)

Lower Prices *-yet* Higher Quality

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Finer Performance
Lower Price!
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OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 44)

action fitter for a juggler than for a gentlewoman. In carving at your own table distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very decent and comely to use a fork; so touch no meat without it."

At that time forks were regarded by many as an affectation. People in all but the most fastidious circles used their fingers, which would account for the enormous amount of linen families accumulated, for without forks one had continually to resort to the napkin.

People frequently write to me about the value of a thing:

"What is it worth? What can I get for it?"

Of course, all depends upon the age, the quality, the character, the condition, and above everything else, the market.

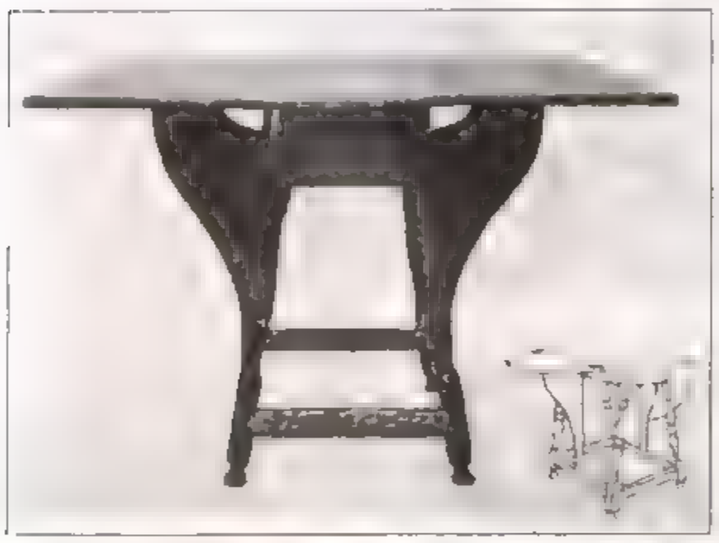
When Mr. Weitenkampf wrote his admirable books on the graphic arts, he didn't consider Currier & Ives artistic enough even to mention. But to the antiquarian the Currier & Ives lithographs offer an interesting field of research because they breathe the spirit of Americanism.

They may not be art, but they illustrate the life and development of our nation, have decorative vibration and are human documents. In a previous article I referred to the Currier & Ives lithograph, Thanksgiving Day, that brought $800 at auction. The same lithograph in the same auction rooms only a few months previously brought only $85 simply because it wasn't offered to the same number of competing collectors. In other words, it hadn't the same market.

What is True Chippendale?

A SMALL boy can stand on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, the busiest corner in the world, and offer a little square orange-colored postage stamp for ten cents and never sell it. People will pass him by with indifference.

"But it is a Mauritius," he will call. They will only grin and wonder "What the deuce is a Mauritius?" But if that boy can only get an audience of stamp collectors, he can very easily get $5000 for it. The King of England was glad to pay $7500 for one of the few copies in existence; and a



A Butterfly Table of American Woods, About 1700

British Guiana stamp of 1856, one penny, has a catalogue value of $32,500.

The sale price of anything depends upon your market.

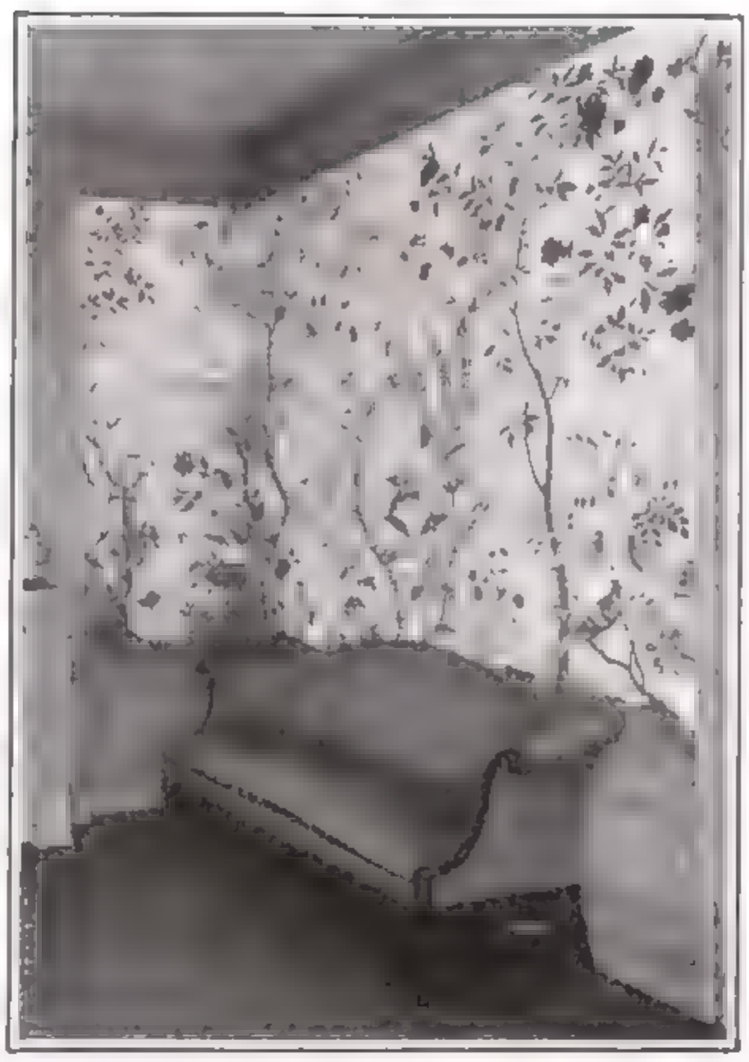
In April last six chairs of the Chippendale period brought $700 apiece, and here I want to emphasize the fact that there were six of them.

A pair of matched candlesticks will bring a bigger price than two unmatched candlesticks. So with vases or candelabra. A single candelabrum with the conventional Indian group at the base sells usually for five dollars, but a pair of the same pattern will bring twenty-five dollars.

I often wonder what is going to happen to Americana when the British get through with unloading their antiques upon us. The American supply is drifting slowly into collections. Day by day we are having greater difficulty in finding old pieces, but now Great Britain is shipping her art treasures over here in quantities that cannot be estimated.

We have always had more material comforts in the cottage in America than they had in the palace in Europe. We have looked always upon gas and electricity, hot and cold water, bathtubs and refrigerators as actual necessities, but not so abroad. In England, ten years ago, comparatively few people owned their own homes; but the war taxation has forced the breaking up of big estates and the 400,000 people who now own their homes are eager to exchange some of their art for some of our modernism.

Innumerable English houses are now being rehabilitated, and the wood panels of one of these rooms twenty by twenty-five feet sold recently in New York for $6000. Naturally, with easy money for this sort of thing, a lot of antiques are coming over, creating a situation that will complicate the collecting of Americana, because though



Old Chinese Wall Paper, Painted, Not Printed, 1730

of the same type as we had over here, they are not indigenous to our soil; they are not American.

Up in Canada, however, there are lots of antiques that we ought to go after, because they are purely of the U. S. A. Before the West was opened up, before the covered-wagon trail and the discovery of gold and the building of the railroad, many of the farmers in Northern New England and New York State went up into Canada and settled north of Toronto. I have letters from Canada telling me of the shops there and the vast amount of interesting material there, taken from the States in the first half of the nineteenth century.

If I were going in for prints I should make a collection of Baxter prints, now a great craze in England and bringing big prices. We in this country know little about them. George Baxter was an expert color printer and patented his process in 1835.

His work was always charming, never crude art; on the contrary, fine art, and executed with the greatest skill. It was very popular in the mid-Victorian period for box covers, gift boxes and little pictures. The English are collecting everything that he did in court scenes, historic or social functions and English landscapes.

I can understand collecting this sort of thing where I can't understand the collecting of marriage, baptismal and confirmation certificates or mortuary memorials, no matter how quaint they may be.

Some people are going in for illuminated map collecting. Of course, the Old World maps, going back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are interesting; but the fad in America is the collecting of town, city and county maps or coast maps.

Apart from the picturesque style of these maps, quaintly illustrating the character of the country, its verdure and animal and human life, they are particularly interesting where they deal with the neighborhood in which the collector lives.

The other day I got a call from one of my dealer friends, who said:

"Say, you're always looking for the real thing. I've got hold of a genuine antique chair, mahogany, made by Chippendale, ribbon-back style with ball-and-claw feet. Are you interested?"

"Why, sure I'm interested! Have you the original bill of sale or evidence of proof?"

"I got the piece at an uptown auction room and it's catalogued 'true Chippendale.' That ought to be enough, hadn't it?"

So I went around to look at the piece. It was good and beautifully made, but it wasn't made by Chippendale.

"It is too bad, Bill," said I. "You have got a piece you ought to be satisfied with, but it isn't antique and it isn't English and it isn't mahogany. It was made about 1860 by some clever American cabinetmaker."

"Say, where do you get that stuff?"

"By the wood, Bill; it looks like mahogany, finishes like mahogany, but it's redwood. You can tell it by the grain, which is more open than mahogany. You can tell it by your finger nail; it's softer than mahogany, and we didn't use redwood till the West was opened up. So that's how I fix the date. I have seen a lot of nice pieces, usually carved sofas of the Empire period, that pass as mahogany, but are all of redwood."

"But it was sold as true Chippendale!"

"Bill, Chippendale was a designer as well as a cabinetmaker. He published many books and portfolios; and when one refers to a Chippendale, one refers to a style, and a true Chippendale is a true style. I know of no museum either in Europe or America that can boast of a piece made in the Chippendale shops. I have searched the records and have consulted authorities, and the only authentic piece I can discover is a table with bill of sale exhibited at Nostel Priory, Yorkshire, England, purchased by Lord St. Oswald in 1770. Sorry, Bill, but I am giving you facts."

Perhaps the safest things to collect are books. Buying books is like buying bonds. You can reduce the work to a system of absolute efficiency. There are records of book values, just the same as bond values. If you pay for the service you can get auction prices for books years back. So long as you know the name of the book, the name of the author, the name of the publisher and date of issue, you can trace back through all the auction sales and know just what the book is worth.

First Aid to Book Collectors

IT TELLS of the edition of Leaves of Grass by Whitman. It tells of the sixty-eight-page pamphlet, Laws for the Better Government of California, printed in 1848, that was picked up in a mass of magazine clippings costing little or nothing, but sold for $3150. It tells of the Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicolson printed in 1810, twenty-nine pages, which became hidden in a job lot of old music and sold for $6750 at the Buxton-Forman sale. It gives auction prices.

Then there is another service which gives the book collector a directory of 1800 names of collectors, all classified according to their particular book hobbies.

(Continued on Page 99)

It Has Been Always a Mystery How to Get These Papers Off the Wall "to Replace Them Elsewhere"

ALWAYS finer. This has been our big idea for seventeen years. You expect great things from a company with such a wealth of experience. You find it reflected in every line and detail of the new Paige Landau Sedan. A larger, roomier body—pleasing to sit in—a sheer delight to ride in. Wide seats—abundant springs—and greater leg room. And an interior that suits fastidious women, and particular men.

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EASY, natural entrance to the driver's seat from either side of all improved Jewett models. Brake and gear shift levers are moved forward allowing clear space through from door to door. Three can ride comfortably in the front seat if desired.

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BOLTS IN THE BRAIN

WHY OUR MOST DELICATE ORGAN LASTS THE LONGEST

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

LIFE is like a boxer; his fiercest blows are aimed at the head, heart or solar plexus. The head looks far the most exposed, and the crouch that protects stomach and heart only thrusts him farther into danger.

But so alert are we to guard our most sensitive point, so skillful our dodging and side-stepping, letting the bolts shoot past harmlessly, that more fighters are beaten by steady hammering on the ribs and chest, with jolts to the stomach, than by a clean K. O. hook to the jaw.

Even so is it in the unroped ring of life. Our apparently weakest point is our strongest and safest. We begin falling by the wayside in platoons from stomach breakdowns from the very first week of babyhood. As an old philosopher colleague of the writer's used to say sadly, "Man, born of woman, is few of years and full of stomach troubles!"

In our first decade the minor plagues of childhood—diphtheria—the strangler—scarlet fever and measles, broncho-pneumonia and tuberculosis pull us down in companies, by their throttling grip on throat and lung. In our third and fourth decades, heart and kidneys and liver begin to flinch and fail under the fierce barrage of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and one day "the pitcher is broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

But it is not until our sixth or even seventh decade, well on toward our allotted threescore years and ten, that we begin to falter and lose our way in the mists and tempests because our G. H. Q., worn by travel and wearied by a seventy years' war, grows numb and careless, loses touch with realities and may be overwhelmed by a surprise attack. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."

How is it that this most delicate and sensitive of all our organs and tissues lasts the longest? It is a real paradox, almost of the whimsical order of the Irishman's classic choice of the tree on which he would prefer to be hanged.

The story runs that a revolt against the tyranny of some minor potentate of the Near East having been suppressed with unexpected vigor, a number of the rebels were brought before the tyrant for sentence and promptly condemned to be hanged. Three of them were Western soldiers of fortune—an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman—and the pasha, like a cat playing with a mouse, announced through an interpreter that as a mark of honor and special favor he would give them the choice of the tree on which they would prefer to be hanged. The Englishman chose an oak, the Scotchman an ash, while the Irishman elected a gooseberry bush. "But it's far too small," protested the pasha.

"Sure I don't mind," answered the Irishman. "I'll wait till it grows!"

As Old as its Arteries

IF SOME strange fate were to give us the choice by disease of what organ we should die, it would be distinctly the part of wisdom to choose the brain.

Death is declared to love a shining mark, but if he waits till our heads really are shining before he launches his dart, we really hardly ought to bear him a very bitter grudge. And even when in the fullness of time flaws begin to show in the crystal of the golden bowl, it is not the brain that is at fault, but the arteries.

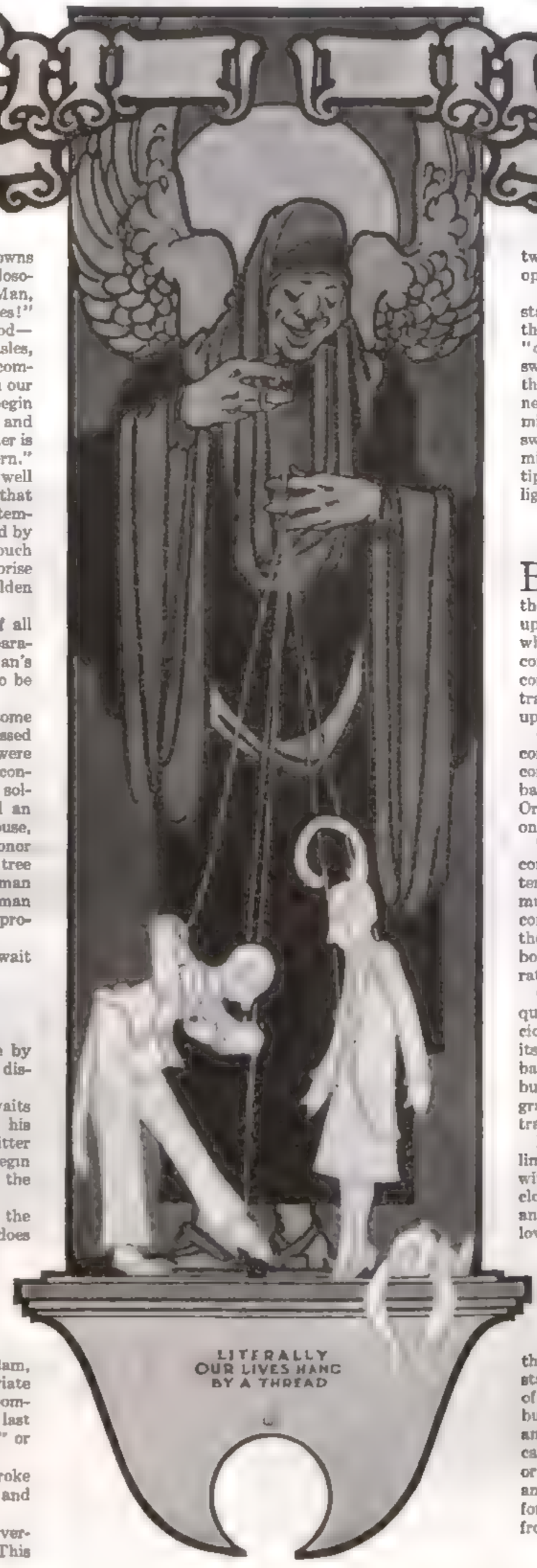
A brain, like a man, is as old as its arteries. It is the original die-hard, a genuine last ditcher. When it does break, it wilts suddenly, and 60 per cent of its final collapses are due to rupture or bursting of a tiny artery at the base of the brain, no bigger than a knitting needle.

Literally, our lives hang by a thread, and a hollow thread at that.

The tiny traitor leak, the knot hole that bursts the dam, has been given the musical name of the lenticulostriate artery, and the brain burst or internal blow-out is pompously termed cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy, which last is merely Greek for our direct and familiar "stroke" or "stroke of paralysis" or, in New England, "shock."

Why should this *coup de grâce*, this painless, final stroke of the matador's sword of fate, pierce so precisely and accurately this one little threadlike artery?

In large degree because it is the busiest and most overworked spot in the entire brain and nervous system. This may seem strange at first sight, for it's a "long, long way from Tipperary"—that is, the haughty and priceless cerebral cortex or gray matter of the upper brain surface. About as far away from its precious convolutions as it can possibly get, in fact; right at the very base of the brain and bottom of the skull, just where brain turns into spinal cord.



But this last statement gives us a clew. It's largely a matter of wires and messages, of mechanics and electricity, in fact. Roughly speaking, our entire nervous system is shaped and laid out like an old-fashioned hourglass, such as is still used to time the boiling of eggs for breakfast, or like two cones meeting point to point, or, better, two half-opened fans united by their handles.

The upper and much smaller glass of the hourglass stands for the brain, and its upper and broader margin for the cortex—literally, "bark," same root as our once-familiar "cork"—or surface of the brain, which is the joint boss and switchboard of the whole nerve-telephone system. While the lower and larger part of the hourglass would be the network of nerves which carry messages from and transmit orders to every part of the body. Into this cortex switchboard come pouring hundreds of messages every minute—from eyes, ears, nose, lips, arms, hands, finger tips, chest and stomach, legs, toes—setting the colored lights flashing all over the board.

The Switchboard of the Brain

BUT none of these come direct to the cortex switchboard. Even from nose and eyes down they go to the base of the brain, join the main headquarters cable there and flash up, rubbing shoulders with messages from the big toe, which have traveled clear up from the horn in the spinal cord. And when they have both been plugged in on the cortex board and the answer is flashed back, it also has to travel the same in-and-out course, down to the base and up to the adenoids or down to the ankle, as the case may be.

Or our nervous equipment may be more picturesquely compared to a flower, with the cortex convolutions as the corolla and petals, the spinal cord as the stalk, and the basal ganglia the swelling which unites stalk and blossom. Or to be more precise, if less poetic, it is like a sprouted onion turned upside down.

The nub of all is that every blessed call or call-down that comes into our brain switchboard, whether inbound, registering sights, sounds, feelings, or out-bound, orders to muscles or food for thought, passes both ways, going and coming, right through that little bottle neck at the base of the brain. It's the busiest little nerve spot in the entire body, the worst thought-traffic jam, the one nerve wire, or rather cable, that's always red-hot.

Our lordly, bossy highbrow brain breaks down most frequently not in its parlor-floor, convoluted cortex of precious gray matter, where it does what it is pleased to term its thinking, but in its lowly white matter down in the basement—mere bundles of living telephone wires, which burn themselves out carrying life-saving messages to the gray-matter Garcias and passing back their fussy and contradictory replies.

Like the classic story of the darky roustabout who limped painfully into his favorite barber shop one morning with both feet heavily swathed and bandaged in old cloths. A chorus of sympathetic inquiry broke out at once, and as soon as it subsided he explained: "Oh, it wuz dat low-down, no-'count, wuthless Bud White. He jes' snook up behine me when Ah wahn't lookin' an' busted me ovah de head wit' a scantlin' free times, right when Ah wuz a stannin' on a cement pavement, an' mighty nigh ruint mah pore feet!"

Of course the brain is attacked by various diseases, just like every other organ in the body. But none of them is original in the sense of first beginning in its substance, and very few ever get a serious foothold in it. Any of the ordinary infections and fevers may reach the brain, but if so it is usually the last organ in the body to be affected and one of the first to recover. In fact, the brain complications of most infectious diseases, as, for instance, typhoid or pneumonia, are really little more than intense irritation and temporary poisoning by the toxins of the severest forms. Pneumonia, for instance, which begins with delirium from brain poisoning is nearly always fatal.

(Continued on Page 89)

DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

A new all-steel closed cab provides year-round weather protection and heightens the car's striking smartness.

No improvement in years has been so enthusiastically received by owner and driver alike.

Note, too, the extra-wide and full length steel door—the windows, raised and lowered as in passenger cars—the deeply upholstered seat, with spring back, conveniently hinged to fold forward.

And remember that thoughtfulness for the welfare of your driver is amply repaid by his thoughtfulness for the welfare of your car.

CHLORIDE JACK—By Dick Wick Hall

GOLD GULCH, in August and Arizona, is No Summer Resort—but Placer Mining ain't much like picking flowers in the Spring, and you don't Find Gold where Roses Grow—and when it comes to Going after the Gold, me and Chloride Jack is just about as Foolish as most other folks, Crazy to get some of it no matter what you have to give up to do it. If all the Old Prospectors and other folks who are out looking for Gold would just go to Raising Roses, there would be plenty of Flowers for everybody on earth; but Jack says he never did care much for flowers anyway. Gold makes everybody get that way.

There is a Whole Lot more to Gold than just shiny yellow metal something in it that chemists can't analyze. You can't eat it and can't wear much of it and it's cold and slippery, but men go to Alaska and Arizona and the other end of the earth and give up their Lives to get Gold; and Lot of Women will Sell their Souls and go to the Devil for it. Wedding Rings, meaning something about Eternal Love, are made of Gold; and so are the Wars of the World, because Gold breeds Greed and Hate and Destruction—and yet Folks love it, the looks and the feel of it. There is only one kind of Clean Gold and that's the Gold in the Ground, where God put it, where it don't hurt nobody, and as long as you leave it there it's all right; but some Old Prospector like me and Chloride Jack comes along and finds it and digs it out, and from then on it makes Trouble for everybody, worrying them that ain't got it almost as much as them that has. It sure is Pretty Stuff, though, and makes everybody sit up and Listen to you.

Me and Chloride Jack had been prospecting all spring up along the Hassayampa, and in a little side gulch we had struck some gravel that panned pretty coarse colors, so we called it Gold Gulch and located some claims and made camp down on the river where a little spring seeped out of the bank and started in dry-washing up the bed of the gulch, crevassing along on bed rock looking for the big pocket all prospectors is always looking for and know they are going to find -Some Day. We kept getting just enough Gold to tease us along and make it interesting, some weeks cleaning up two or three ounces of fine and coarse stuff and maybe a few little nuggets, where the bed rock was rough and it had caught in the cross cracks; but we sure shoveled a lot of sand and gravel to do it.

Smart Burros

THE Hassayampa is one of those bottom-side-up rivers you find in Arizona, where the sand is all on top and the water runs along underneath, to keep from getting sunburned I guess, except in Rainy Seasons, which ain't often enough to worry anybody much in Arizona. We fixed up a pretty good camp out of some old boards and a tent and was pretty comfortable until the hot weather come; me and Chloride Jack, Pete and Mirandy, our pack burros, and Dooley, which was Jack's Bulldog, for looks and company.

Dooley was some Dog, all right, a sort of a Double Cross between a bench vise, a bear trap and a mountain lion, carrying all his Danger Signals on the Front End and having about everything else on earth Handicapped when it come to looking like a Nightmare or a Bad Dream.

Somebody could have made a Fortune copyrighting a picture of his Face and selling it to Scary Old Maids to tack up on the Front Gate to scare Tramps away, because Danger was printed all over it in Big Capital Letters. Outside of his looks and the habit of demonstrating his Aversity to Strangers, Dooley was a pretty Good Dog, playful and sociable with me and Jack and a lot of company around camp, besides keeping Pete and Mirandy out of the tent.

Pete and Mirandy was both good pack burros, as burros go—which they generally don't unless you don't want them to—and then they are always gone. About half of a prospector's Life is spent hunting for his Burros when he wants them, and the other half trying to drive them out of camp when he don't want them, so as he can sleep and not have them tromping around among the tin cans all night, eating the labels off and braying about it. A Good Burro is about the Smartest thing on earth, even if he is a Jackass—which any Prospector knows is a misnomer and a complimentary name to call some folks, even if most folks don't know it. Folks that Laugh at or feel Sorry for a Jackass is just Foolish and Don't Know, because it is a Good Bet that he knows more than they do. If you start in to lay off Sundays to pack water or go after Grub, the Burros will always be Gone on Next Sunday, and the only way you can fool them is to change days every week, and don't mention it out loud until after you have got a rope on them; that's How Smart they are.

Chloride Jack I won't say much about, because he is my Pardner; and the less Pardners say about or to each other, the better they get along, especially if they are Placer Miners and out alone with each other and two Burros and a Bulldog for months at a time; like setting alone and looking across the table at your Wife three times a day for Six Months and never see Nobody Else. You have got to have a Good Pardner or an Unusual Wife to do it.

Placer mining in Gold Gulch in the summer, shoveling up the sand and gravel and running it through our Dry Washer to get the Gold out, was a good deal like Wading Knee Deep in Hell, but we didn't like to quit while the indications was so good and the expectations better, so we stuck to it. It sure was Hot. Many a time, walking down the dry river bed back to camp, I've spit on a bowlder and heard it sizz like a rattlesnake, and the sand was so hot it burned your Feet right through your shoes. We had to make canvas pads to tie onto Dooley's feet, following us back and forth to work every day, and sometimes when we would forget them he would lie down on his back and howl. After getting breakfast in the morning, we used to set the tin coffeepot out in the Sun on a Hot Rock and when we come back to camp at night it would be as Hot as anyone would want to drink it.

Along in August it got so hot we had to quit trying to work in the middle of the day and only work early mornings and in the evenings, and finally it got so bad lying around camp in the heat of the day that we decided to build us a shade in front of the shack, out of mesquite posts, with some ocotillo cactus for poles across the top, and covered with arrowweed brush to keep the Sun out. There was a few mesquite trees down by the spring and some cactus on the hill back of camp, but we had to go up the river a couple of miles to get the arrowweed brush for thatch, where they grew on an old sand bar.

Free-Flowing Humidity

PETE and Mirandy must have heard us talking about packing the arrowweed, because when we got ready to go the next morning they was already gone, hiding out somewhere in the hills until the work was all done; and after hunting them all morning we had to go to work and pack our own brush or go without shade.

We filled our canteens with water and wet them down to keep cool and took the ax and went off up the river, around the big bend where the arrowweed was, sweating and cussing the country and the burros and everything in general, Dooley following along after us with his head down and his tongue out. If a man could earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, me and Chloride Jack could have bought a whole bakery that afternoon, with a flour mill throwed in for boot.

It was a hell hole up the river and on that sand bar in the brush, cutting arrowweed; but we flew at it and got a couple of piles of it all cut and stacked up ready to pack back to camp; and then we set down in the shade of a big rock to rest a while where Dooley had scratched a place in the sand, looking for a cool spot. Scientists, and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Phoenix or Yuma or somewhere, all claim that you don't feel the Heat so much in Arizona in the summertime on account of the Dry Air and lack of Humidity; but they never cut no arrowweed brush up on the Hassayampa in August or they would know different. Enough Humidity run off of us that after Noon to irrigate forty acres of Alfalfa down at Phoenix.

We rested up a while and cooled off a little and Smoked a few Cigarettes and wished we was Back at Camp with the Brush; and damned the Burros, and Chloride Jack said he would take a Pick Handle to the first one that stuck his nose in under Our Shade when we got it built, which sitting in the shade talking about it wouldn't ever do, so we tied up a couple of big bundles of the brush and loaded it on our backs, making burros of ourselves, and started down the river for Camp, our shirts open in front and the Humidity running down our backs, Dooley in front and me and Jack trailing along behind.

I was going along about half asleep, with my head down, wiping the Humidity out of my eyes and watching the trail for stray Sidewinders, when all of a

(Continued on Page 90)

Trees at Night

Jazz Infernal

Gabriel
Improved Balloon-Type
Snubbers

If everything about your car satisfies you, except the way it rides· put on Gabriels. Their exclusive free play, their increasing braking action, make any car ride any road with a smooth, steady ease it never had before.

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Toronto, Canada.

GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN

By Roland Krebs

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Bobby Did His Best to Drag Her Through It, But She Was Always a Step Behind Him

THE West may be a place where they harvest more firm handclasps per acre than in any other part of the country, but as for all men being men out there, that's a hatful of whooping hooey. In the spaces that are open, including Sundays, all men are men, I'm willing to concede, except Albert G. Updike, of Horsefly, Wyoming. Albert's something else again.

It wasn't in the Last Chance bar or while roping steers on the range that I crashed into Albert G. Updike, but among the clammy handclasps of Hot Point, Connecticut. Before meeting this Nature's nobleman, however, I met his wife; and I want to put it in the book that if there are many more women back yonder like her the West can take care of itself, even if the men wear ribbons in their hair.

Peggy Updike nearly busted up my act and put my partner, Bobby Butler, in a small dark room up under the roof of a third-class poorhouse.

That was this way: The wise-cracking team of Boyd & Butler—I'm Buddy Boyd, pal—had just finished thirty weeks of nutting on the Colossus Vaudeville Circuit and were at liberty.

Boys that know their wheat cakes like I know mine, and can send the customers home twice a day with sore hands, don't ever have to do any worrying about new bookings; so I told Bobby we'd rest up for several weeks before thinking of our public again.

Bobby Used to Feed and Wash and Comb the Mutts and Put Insect Powder on Them

It had been a long time since I had seen Broadway and I had a picnic looking up my friends along the Big Alley, leaving Bobby to do pretty much as he pleased. I didn't see the little smelt for three days, and then one evening he came into my hotel room with a serious look crocheted on his pan.

"You look made up for light embalming parts," I said. "Anything wrong?"

Bobby just sank his chin in his hand and stared for a minute at the floor with one of those it's-too-late-now expressions.

"You and I have been partners a long time now, Buddy," he said.

"Who was telling you?" I asked, grinning at his tragic stuff.

"I owe a lot to you," he went on with a shake of his head.

"Well, you've paid it back," I crooned in one of these here dear-old-pal voices.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," Bobby returned, his mug lighting up brighter than Times Square at six o'clock.

"Why?"

I was suspicious now, because sometimes Bobby is a real work-quick jobbie, although not oftener than once every five years.

"Well, Buddy, I was wondering what you'd say to me striking out for myself, now that I've paid my debt to you."

"I'd say you're all moist. What's wrong with the way you're going? Ain't you getting nearly half the grand a week the act is making?"

"Yes, I'm getting my share of the money, but being a straight man for you is just sort of acting as background for your own talent. I'd like to bring out what's in me."

"What's in you," I told him, "is a streak of insanity three sizes too big for your body."

Can you imagine? Strike out for himself and leave me cold! Me, who made the ash can what he is today! Why, do you know where I found this little bum, friend? In a animal act! In a animal act, I want you to know! Not running it, you want to remember, but just a caretaker of the dogs in Carmen's Canine Wonders Act. Bobby used to feed and wash and comb the mutts and put insect powder on them. He had the same future there that judges with ninety-nine-year complexes hand down to train robbers.

Just because I felt sorry for the little waffle I took him out of the dog act and taught him how. I drilled and rehearsed that simp until today he's one of the best feeders in the here-and-there. And still he high-hats me and wants to express himself.

Well, I don't want it ever said that Buddy Boyd kept a man down, so I figured to give him his chance. Anyways, don't get the idea that I'm depending on anybody for my coffee and cake and a change of socks. Right now, chum, I could do a monologue and send the peasants, villagers and others home without a laugh left in them.

"All right," I told him, "give it a whirl. But tell me, Bobby, where you got this notion."

"You see," he began, kind of guilty, "I bumped into Ike Schulberg and passed the time of day in his office for a while."

"You should keep away from crumbs like Ike."

Ike Schulberg is a sixth-rate agent that I'd hate to depend on to get me a booking even in a liniment tent show where you sleep under canvas.

"Well, Ike's got his points," Bobby defended.

"Just be careful you don't get caught on one of his points. But go on. You went into Ike's office and he opened the safe and said, 'Help yourself, Mr. Butler.'"

"No; but on my way out I stopped to talk to a couple of the tramps waiting to see Ike. There was a little girl among them ——"

"I-yi-yi!" I yelled. "I knew it. A woman! Whenever you go dippy there's always a woman in it."

"Now don't get excited," Bobby yells, knowing that I know his weakness. "I'm not in love with this wren."

"No; you hate her. You hate her so much that you want to marry her to get even."

"You're crazy. She's already got a husband."

"That's worse, you little muffin. Even you, I should think, would know better than to get tangled up with a dame that has a husband to complicate matters."

"He won't bother me none, Buddy. Peggy's husband is way out in Horsefly, Wyoming, where she comes from."

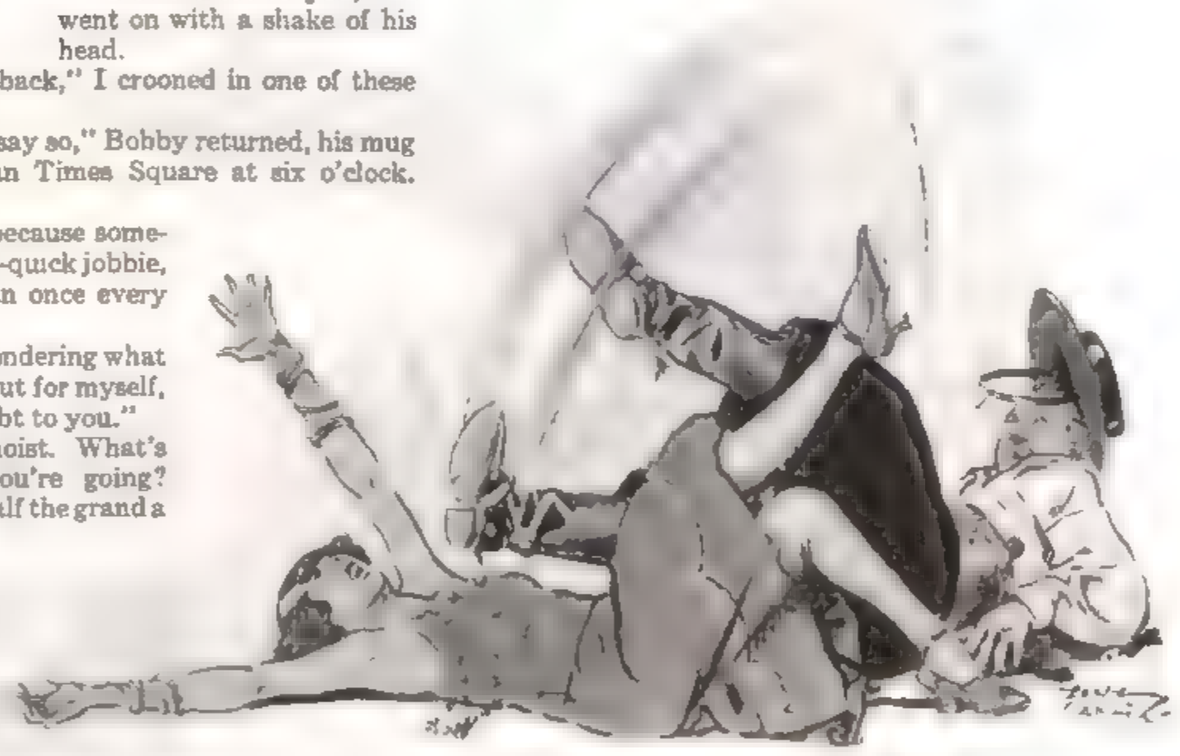
"I can go on from there," I said. "He doesn't understand her. He's a brute. He doesn't want her to have a career. Am I right?"

"Well, kind of. Let me tell you, let me tell you!"

"Go ahead and then I'll return the favor by telling you the one about Golden Locks and the Papa Bear, the Mamma Bear and the Baby Bear that said, 'Woof, woof, woof!'"

"Peggy, feeling there's bigger things in life than waiting for it to rain out on a ranch, came to New York to try vaudeville."

"What's her business?"



He Lost His Balance and Dug One Spur Into Her Chest

"She can't make up her mind, Buddy. She does everything well."

"But she does guys like you best."

"And she was waiting to see Ike with the idea that maybe he could help her decide on some sort of a act."

"Good old Ike! The friend of widows and orphans!"

"Yes, sir, that's what Peggy did—waited outside an agent's office without any kind of material at all to convince him. That's how innocent she is."

"Just as innocent and unsophisticated as Jesse James," I said.

"Wait till you see the little girl!"

Bobby went to the window and stared out into the dark, dreaming about this sweet little wayfarer from Wyoming.

"Anyways, Buddy," he went on when he came to again, "I took her out of Ike Schulberg's office to see where her talent lay. Well, I think she can dance."

"But you ain't sure?"

"Oh, yes. She's a little green about clogging, but she has natural grace and beauty. All she needs is a little training and I think I can give it to her."

"Since when have you been a dancer?"

"I'll admit, Buddy, I ain't ever done any hoofing professionally, but it'll come natural to me. There, I think, is where my future lies."

"Yes, and unless I'm the First Assistant Secretary of State it'll continue to lay there. But go on. I wouldn't discourage you for the world."

"Grace of movement," Bobby said, "has to be born in you, Buddy. Haven't you ever noticed that I carry myself well, sort of like a panther walks? Movement sort of flows off my limbs, if you know what I mean. All I have to do is move to music and I'm there."

(Continued on Page 54)

$795 New Low Price Makes it Greatest Value in History

ESSEX COACH

This is the finest Essex ever built. And the price is the lowest for which Essex ever sold. It is made possible only through the largest output of 6-cylinder cars in the world's history.

166,369 Hudson-Essex sales in eight months surpass all former 6-cylinder records by many thousands—the largest increase known in the industry.

This enormous production gives advantages in economical purchase of materials, savings in manufacture and low cost of distribution that are recognized throughout the industry as being exclusive to Hudson-Essex.

HUDSON PRICES

Coach $1195
Brougham $1495
Sedan [illegible]

World's Greatest Values

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

Continued from Page 52

From which you'll see that Bobby Butler had taken a sort of mild fancy to Bobby Butler.

"All right," I sighed, seeing it was hopeless. "We've got several weeks for you to flop in. After that, if you want to come back into Boyd & Butler, you're welcome. I won't desert a friend just because he's gone crazy. Conceding you and this Peggy are such wowing dancers that the dramatic critic of the Underwear Weekly and the Hosiery Review will go mad over you, what sort of an act are you going to have?"

Bobby made faces for a while like normal people do when they think, and then said, "I sort of thought we'd open with an Apache dance."

"Hooray!" I yelled sarcastically. "Don't tell me you thought that up yourself! That's brand-new stuff. There can't be a one more than thirty-eight thousand actors thought of that before you did."

"Don't you think that would go so good?"

"It's as new and novel as Uncle Tom's Cabin," I encouraged.

Bobby's face fell. He knew I was right. It just goes to show how far he would have got if I hadn't fished him out of Carmen's Canine Wonders.

He buckled down and studied and thought and fretted, and I guess pondered too.

"I have it!" he yelled suddenly. "We'll do a Argentine tango for an opener, with me in one of these patent-leather hats, a leather-studded belt like a corset, big roomy trousers and boots. And I'll wear spurs and a revolver and carry a big shiny dagger in the bargain."

"That's hokum, but it's not so bad as the Apache racket," I conceded. "All right, kid, you win. Go out and stand Broadway on its third dorsal vertebra."

I chased him out of my room and grabbed a little sleep.

The next day Bobby insisted I come along with him and meet the gifted goddess from the cow country with whom he was going to practice dance steps.

Whatever other faults and drawbacks Peggy Updike might have had besides leading saps like Bobby off their towpaths, I will say for her that she wasn't last in line when good looks were dished out. She was a little girl, just Bobby's size, with great big eyes that were wise as well as beautiful, but not wise enough for Broadway. The only things I didn't like about Peggy were her chin and eyebrows. They were pretty enough, but she had a way of thrusting out her chin and drawing her eyebrows down to a point over the bridge of her nose that made her look more determined than I like to see a woman look.

"There's a woman," I said to myself, "that's used to getting her way and jumping on men with all fours."

"I can't tell you how glad I am, Mr. Boyd," she said right off, "now that I'm going on the stage. It's been the dream of my life. A woman has a right to her chance, don't you think, Mr. Boyd?"

"I guess so, and yet ——"

"Well, I said to Albert—he's my husband, Mr. Boyd, and an awful trial to me, too—that all his arguing and fussing wouldn't keep me from trying to make something of myself."

"Maybe you're ——"

"Albert can be so mulish. Marrying him is the only mistake I've made in life, Mr. Boyd. And what a mistake!"

"Yeah, but from now on you'll have a chance to make lots."

I almost had to knock her down and gag her to crowd those few words in.

"Oh, you can't be serious," she rambled right along. "With Bobby here to guide me, I just know I'm going to do big things in a big way. If only Albert had some of Bobby's qualities, Mr. Boyd. Bobby's so gentle and kind and patient. Albert is such a big ruffian. He's twice my size—would you believe it? I'm deathly afraid of him. Men that have spent their lives out on the plains, you know, living by the gun, you can almost say, are bound to be ferocious, even around women, don't you know.

"Oh, Mr. Boyd, I could write a book on what I've put up with with my husband! Honest, I could write a book, and I—I—I ——"

Peggy started to wail and weep in a way that made me ashamed of myself for not getting on a train and going right out to Horsefly and telling her giant of a husband, "Look here, you!"

Bobby, always the tender-hearted cavalier, walked over and petted her and said, "There, there, there! Now, now, now! Don't you cry, kiddie. He's not here to beat you now. Bobby'll take care of you."

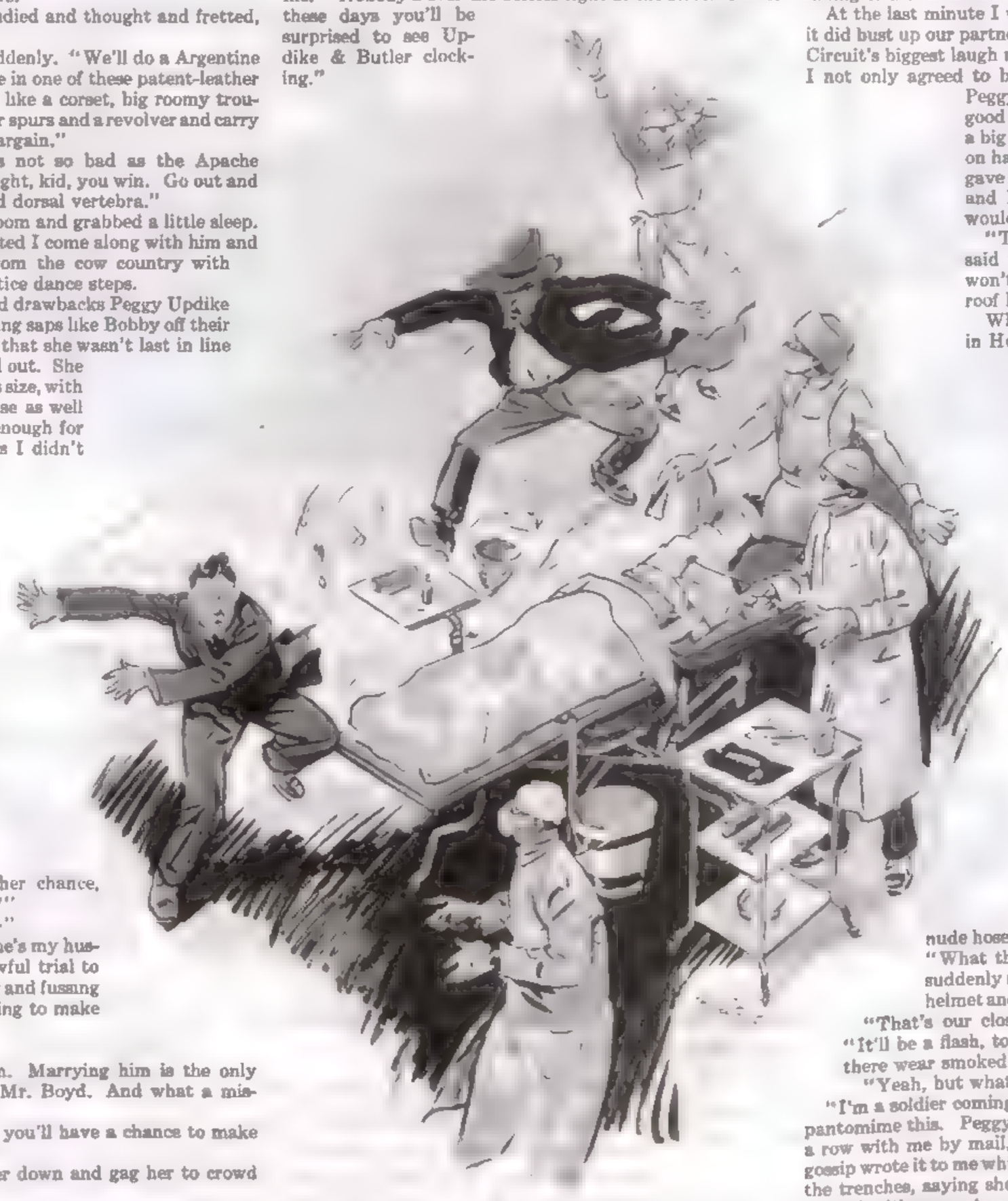
A few tears from a woman affect that little onion like a sunstroke. How he's lived to be his age without some green-goods lady selling him a fire plug in Long Acre Square spanks me.

After Peggy had got herself all foggy and damp, she quit April showering and braced up. I began to feel a little sorry for her myself. I guess it's nothing to say "Goody, goody!" about if you have a husband that mistreats you.

I watched her and Bobby try a few dance steps together and then nearly broke down and wept. Could Peggy dance? Listen! Peggy's a dancer and I'm a high diver that dives from the Singer Tower into Broadway headfirst every day at two o'clock. Oh, yes!

That evening, when Bobby and I were alone together again, I told him that I couldn't possibly be a spectator at any more of their rehearsals. I have more important things to attend to, like, for example, whittling and smoking cigarettes.

"Just you have a good laugh for yourself now," he told me. "Nobody's ever the berries right at the start. One of these days you'll be surprised to see Updike & Butler clocking."



Finally Bobby Busted Into an Operating Room Where a Bunch of Doctors and Nurses Were All Whitened Up

"I'll be surprised all right. But look here, Bobby, Updike & Smith or Updike & Jones or Updike & Widget, if you want, but nothing doing on Updike & Butler. I made that name of Butler mean something as a feeder's in Boyd & Butler, but I won't have you making it mean something else in a dance turn that's liable to flop."

"All right, all right," he all-righted me. "I'll call myself—ah, well, I'll call myself Valdez. That spik name ought to fit me, seeing as how I'm dark and anyway dressed up as an Argentine."

"Good enough! Updike & Valdez it is, señor. And don't forget to keep a lot of ham fat in your hair to look Spanish."

"You leave that to me."

After a week of rehearsing, Bobby announced to me that at last Updike & Valdez were ready to play tenpins with vaudeville audiences. He described his and Peggy's business with shining eyes, getting all hopped up about it. The way he talked, it sounded like a sure-fire success and it made me feel blue. In spite of all Bobby's faults, I love the little herring like a brother. The prospect of having to cough my cracks over the trench alone in a monologue couldn't ever make me feel good.

He wanted me to go along and get a load of his and Peggy's act, but I didn't have the heart. I was afraid they might be good, after all.

Having become a member of one of the greatest hoofing duos that ever was to appear on the American stage, there now remained for Bobby the job of getting a booking, which is never a cinch for a new act. Ike Schulberg—big-hearted old Ike, who's always going out of his way to help a friend—agreed to be the agent for Updike & Valdez for hardly anything at all, letting Bobby keep his right eye for his own use. After much confabbing and paying in advance, Ike got them a break-in date at the Strand in Hot Point, Connecticut.

Never been in Hot Point, pal? It's a great town, consisting of a courthouse and a pump.

At the last minute I weakened and decided that even if it did bust up our partnership and split one of the Colossus Circuit's biggest laugh makers, I'd help Bobby all I could. I not only agreed to be up at the Strand when he and Peggy opened but I talked a couple of good booker friends of mine, including a big mutt of the Colossus Circuit, to be on hand to give the team the O-O. That gave Bobby an even chance, because if he and Peggy had any sparks, these birds would be only too glad to grab them off.

"Thanks, Buddy, old-timer," the kid said to me, wringing my hand. "You won't regret it, because we'll jar the roof loose."

When I got backstage at the Strand in Hot Point and found Bobby already in costume, he reminded me more than anything else of a bantam rooster. To look like anything at all in those Argentine rags, I'd say you have to be tall and majestic. Bobby's tall and majestic. Yeah, and so is an undersized bump on a log. He cut a gay figure with his flat shiny black hat with its chin strap, a saffron-colored silk shirt, kind of blousy; his big bandanna, studded corset belt, silver-mounted pistol, shining dagger, baggy trousers, boots and spurs.

"Ain't he a sheik, though?" asked Peggy.

"Yep, he'd certainly look natural among a herd of heifers," I admitted.

Peggy's rather good looks was set off to pretty good advantage by her own costume, which consisted of a red silk handkerchief set jauntily on her dome, about a truckload of bracelets, a gay frock cut with full skirts that would swirl and swing pretty, nude hose and black satin shoes on her dogs.

"What the Otto Hocks is this?" I asked, suddenly spying a soldier's uniform, a trench helmet and a rifle with a bayonet fixed on to it.

"That's our closing caper," Bobby said chestily. "It'll be a flash, too, that'll make those bookers out there wear smoked specs for a month."

"Yeah, but what is it?"

"I'm a soldier coming home from the war, you see. We pantomime this. Peggy, the girl I left behind me, has had a row with me by mail, see? I show her a letter. Some gossip wrote it to me while I was getting shot and cootied in the trenches, saying she had threw me over to jelly bean around with some stay-at-home.

"We renew the quarrel, see? I lose my temper. I make out like I'm going to jab her with the bayonet, you see; but finally, at the right moment, I find I love her immensely and I believe her when she says they were all lies."

"I thought it up," Peggy said.

Personally, I'd have paid heavy dough to keep it quiet if I had thought up such hooey as that.

"And you're going to pantomime it?" I asked.

"Right!"

"Then you must expect all your audiences to be palmists, fortune tellers and clairvoyants," I said.

They'd get fat trying to get over with pantomime an involved notion like that.

"How does it climax?" I wanted to know.

(Continued on Page 59)

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And when you discover also how labor saving, how sanitary and how low in price Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are you will understand why they are deservedly "America's Most Popular Floor-Covering!"

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"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their actual full colors. Write to our nearest office today for your copy. It will be sent free.

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There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

What the Gold Seal means to you—

"Will it wear?" That's one of the first things a woman wants to know when buying floor-covering.

"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" is the answer. The Gold Seal Label bearing that absolute pledge is pasted on the face of every Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug.

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And they lie flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

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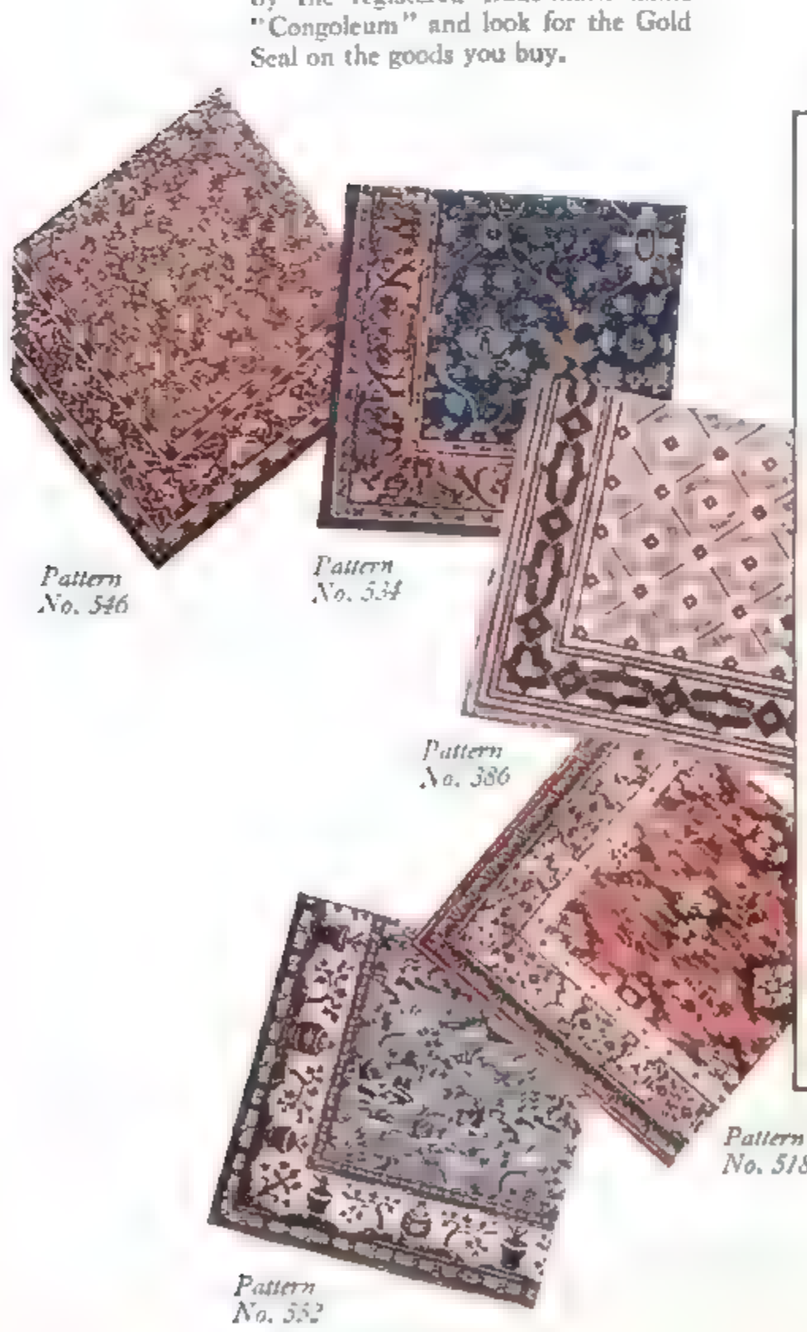

"Weren't you clever to choose a Congoleum Rug?"
(The pattern shown is No. 518—a fascinating Oriental motif in rich shades of blue, brown and green.)

Gold Seal ART-RUGS

Balloon tires and 4-wheel brakes say *"Good bye, buggy wheels!"*

WHEN the motor car was a "horseless carriage," buggy wheels were justified . . .

But them days are gone forever . . .

Every step which has made the motor car less like a buggy, and more like an *automobile,* has been one more reason for banishing buggy wheels . . . one more reason for providing the motor car with wheels of its own.

A great engineer saw that the modern motor car had outgrown the wheels it borrowed from the buggy . . .

He saw that everything related to the wheels had changed—the speed, the weight, the appearance of the car. He studied these new developments . . .

Then he made a wheel that looks—acts—says "Automobile" . . .

Naturally he used the material that makes possible the rest of the car—*steel* . . .

He gave his wheel stream lines—an exclusive convex form that matches the lines of the car . . . a form that permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering . . . for better protection of brakes from mud and water . . .

He built a wheel that *hides* the brakes—thank goodness . . .

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Now, Budd-Michelin Wheels and balloon tires—the handsomest combination on the streets today!

Now, Budd-Michelin Wheels and 4-wheel brakes—the wheels that hide the brakes . . . that house them against mud and water and dust . . . that make them immediately accessible for adjustment. Four brakes instead of two—twice as many reasons for Budd-Michelin Wheels!

Balloon tires and 4-wheel brakes were never needed by a buggy . . .

And Budd-Michelin Wheels were never needed by a buggy. But they make the automobile *more* of an automobile than it ever was before!

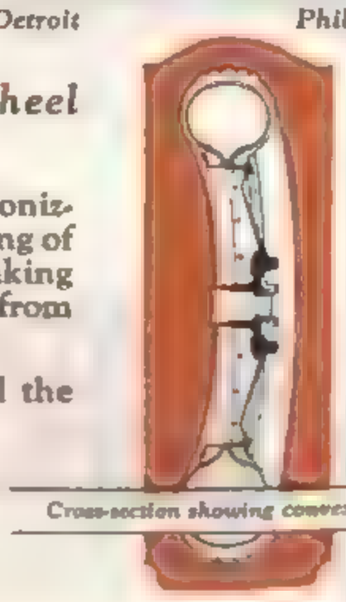
Already, more than half of Europe's cars use the Budd-Michelin Wheel. America is turning to its exclusive design and exclusive features . . .

Perhaps the car you intend to buy has Budd-Michelin Wheels. That's quite probable, as things are progressing now. If the car you want isn't equipped with Budd-Michelin, specify these wheels—even though they cost you a few dollars more. You'll immediately be glad you did it—and next year you'll be *mighty* glad!

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel gives you these advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier



Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

(Continued from Page 54)

"By me throwing my rifle, with the bayonet on it, over my shoulder by the sling and, awkward as that'll be, the two of us going into a dance."

Now wasn't that simply swell? I could hear the audience's snores in advance.

Well, in the deuce spot, Updike & Valdez opened with their Argentine tango. Two things that I don't ever want to see again in my life is poor old Uncle Tom die in Little Eva's arms and Updike & Valdez dance an Argentine tango. Bobby wasn't so bad and he wasn't so good. The kid has a little talent, as I saw when I jerked him out of that dog act. But he needs thirty or forty years more of experience before he'll ever make the world's best ballroom dancer wear the enamel off his teeth with gnashing.

But Peggy—well, she may do some things well, like manicuring her nails and putting salt in soup; but at dancing she's a truck horse. I guess it's a sense of rhythm the poor girl lacks, because she stepped around like her shoes were nailed to the floor. When all the girls in Argentina grow as graceful as she is, the sheiks'll move to Uruguay. Bobby did his best to drag her through it, but she was always a step behind him.

When it had got to a point where I wanted to hide my face, some ad-libbing that neither had counted on took place all of a sudden. Peggy tripped over some talcum powder or cigar ashes or something and went over backwards with a screech and a thump. She grabbed wildly at Bobby. It wasn't his fault, the poor kid.

Peggy pulled Bobby over too. Bobby had one blank cartridge in that silver-mounted pistol, which he was supposed to fire into the air to end the tango with a bang.

Well, friend, in the tangle that gun went off and the mouth of it was jammed right up against Peggy's bare arm, so that she got a bad powder burn and the scare of her life.

Wait a minute! That's not all to this tale of woe. Bobby fell over her, like I said, and accidentally stuck that long shiny dagger into her shoulder, giving her a nasty wound, but nothing that was dangerous.

And even that's not all! Peggy got so scared she was fighting and struggling like a football player, and every time Bobby tried to get untangled she pulled him off his feet again.

He was just getting to stand up when she yanked him once more so that he slipped, lost his balance and dug one spur into her chest.

At this point Peggy got badly excited and began to yell, "Somebody take this murderer away!"

The audience was laughing and howling and falling out of their seats, thinking this was all part of the act. I got somebody to ring down the curtain before they could find out otherwise.

Peggy wouldn't have been safe for Bobby even if she was caged.

"You ruffian!" she yelled. "You pushed me! You tried to clown it! It's a sell-out!"

We finally got her away from Bobby and called an ambulance and had her carted to the hospital.

Ike Schulberg came dashing backstage after the ambulance was gone and shook Bobby's both hands.

"Congratulations!" he said, pounding Bobby on the back. "That act's in!"

"What do you mean—congratulations?" Bobby asked.

"Why," said Ike admiringly, "that's one of the best burlesques I've ever seen."

"Don't be silly, Ike," Bobby said hotly. "That wasn't no burlesque and you know it."

"Wasn't a burlesque?" said the agent, opening his eyes till the top lids pushed his hair off his forehead.

"Of course not!"

"You mean you aren't going to do it any more?"

"Certainly not! Where do you suppose I could get a woman that would let me shoot, stab and spur her twice a day?"

"Then you don't want no booking?" the incredulous Ike asked.

"Listen, Ike! I'm in no humor for kidding. Be on your way."

The agent went away, shaking his head sadly.

"I never saw an audience laugh so much," he said.

Bobby sat on a trunk, looking for a long time like a guy whose wife had taken his life savings and run away with the milkman. Gee, I felt sorry for him.

"Well, Bobby," I said finally.

"Buddy," he said sadly, "you said something about if me and Peggy flopped, you'd take me back into the act. Does that stick?"

"It sticks, now and for always, kid."

The tears just came into his eyes.

When he cooled off he said to me, "Buddy, I guess we ought to be decent enough to go up to the hospital and see how Peggy's making out."

Well, we went.

"Oh, she'll be all right," the doctor that met us in the reception room said. "That powder burn isn't anything and the cut with the dagger hardly did more than break the skin. The spurs or steam engine or whatever it was that ran over her chest just made a painful mark that'll heal in no time at all."

"That's all that's wrong with her, doc?" I asked.

"Yes, except that she's mad clean through. Just her nerves, I guess. We'll keep her here a few days and then turn her out as good as new."

Bobby heaved a sigh that would inflate the Los Angeles' gas bags to the bursting point.

"Let's go up and try to pacify her," he said weakly.

When we stepped out of the elevator on the third floor, the usual quiet of the corridor was broken by Peggy's angry voice coming out of the last door in the hallway.

"Shot me and stabbed me and then kicked me with his spurs!" she was yelling at somebody. "Just because I missed a step! I guess the hoodlum calls that temperament. Well, here's one lady he can't do dirty like that. The idea! What a sap he was to carry all them weapons. But I guess he carried them on purpose—for me, to keep up my morale. Can you imagine, dearie, what would have happened to me if we had got as far as the last stunt, where he danced with a rifle and bayonet? He'd have murdered me in cold blood. I guess I can thank heaven that he didn't include any field artillery in the act."

Bobby stiffened up when he heard that.

"Ye gods!" he groaned. "She thinks I got mad at her for gumming up her steps."

"Aw, rats!" I told him. "She's too ornery to admit that she's rotten and is trying to make you the fall guy."

With that Bobby pulled himself together—or maybe to pieces—and we walked into her room. There was Peggy, propped up in bed, looking anything else but badly hurt. One of the biggest guys I ever saw, holding a cow-puncherish-looking hat on his knee and wearing knee-high cowhide boots, was rocking himself in a rocking-chair beside her bed. He was certainly a ferocious-looking bimbo, with a beard, and fists like a golfer's driving club. For half a minute the two of them stared at us with their mouths open.

Then Peggy, pointing at Bobby, said, "That's him, Albert."

Those big twelve-pound fists of her husband's gripped the arms of the rocking-chair.

"That's the man who tried to kill me, Albert. Get him! Break his neck, honey! Murder him!" Peggy screamed.

The big bozo was out of the chair in one spring and headed toward Bobby. My little smelt of a partner left that room in a streak that actually filled the air with blue fire and sulphur. Bobby ran down the hall with a speed that would make a pretty fast deer think it was getting old and rheumatic.

But this here Albert G. Updike was no slouch of a runner, either. He was right on Bobby's hips. Up one hall and down another they ran. Finally Bobby busted into an operating room where a bunch of doctors and nurses, all whitened up, were getting ready to whittle some guy who was under ether on an operating table. Bobby grabbed a scalpel up from an instrument tray as he circled around the table and prepared to sell his life dearly.

"Hey! Hey! What's the big idea?" yelled a doctor. "Where did you rowdies come from? You can't hold any six-day races in here. Out with them!"

These doctors divided up and one bunch threw Bobby out into the corridor and another gang heaved Albert G. Updike, the big brute from Horsefly, out after him. They both fell on their heads and were silly for a minute. But Albert recovered his balance first. Bobby looked at him dizzily as they sat there on the floor, knee to knee, and waited to have his block knocked off.

"Shake, partner," said the big guy to Bobby, putting out a paw.

"Why—ah—ain't you mad at me?" Bobby asked.

"Mad at you! Well, I should say not, partner! I'm tickled to death with you and thankful from the bottom of my heart."

"Oh, aren't you Peggy's husband?"

"I certainly am!"

"Then what have you got to be thankful for?"

"For disillusioning her, sonny. You did what I tried for a year to do—make her see that she ought not leave her home and go on the stage. Oh, I've been so miserable since she left Horsefly three months ago! I just had to follow her East, and I finally trailed her here. Oscar'll be so glad too. He's just cried and wailed since Peggy left home."

"Aw, that's the kiddie, hey?" suggested Bobby. "Too bad."

"Joe Goof! Take Off My Best Sheet This Instant!"

"No, no, we ain't got any kids, Peggy and me. Oscar's the Berkshire hog. He's so fond of Peggy."

What Oscar had to meow about, once he was rid of Peggy, is more than I can see. I guess that's why Oscar will never be anything else but a hog.

"I tried so hard to be a good husband, Mr. Butler," Albert went on.

"And you never had no luck?" Bobby asked sympathetically.

"Not till now. Why, Mr. Butler, I have done the washing, the baking, the cooking and cleaning from the day we've been married! Peggy's spent all her time with elocution and practicing dancing ——"

"She didn't practice enough," Bobby interrupted.

"Well, it was plenty to suit me, partner. She's talked career till I'm dizzy. Finally, when she said she had made up her mind to go East and try vaudeville as a sort of training school before going into opera, I decided the time had come for me to take a firm stand. I put my foot down and said she couldn't go. And do you know what she did?"

"What?"

"She slapped my face, Mr. Butler—it was a dirty crack, too, I want to tell you. She said she'd go anyway. And ——"

"And you hauled off and biffed her," Bobby finished.

"Oh, no! I couldn't ever hit a woman, Mr. Butler. I couldn't ever hit anybody. I'm too tender-hearted. That's where I made my mistake."

"You mean you've never beat up Peggy or mistreated her?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of it!"

I believe him. I don't believe he'd ever think of anything.

"If I had just gritted my teeth together like you did and soaked her once or twice, maybe it would have been different. She told me how you lost your temper and slapped her around unmercifully. Well, she's had it coming to her for a good many years. I don't know what she did to irritate you, Mr. Butler, but I'm sure she deserved it. Put it there, partner."

They shook.

"Yeah, Al," Bobby said, "you have to push them around once in a while or they run over you."

"You said it! But I think she's cured."

"So do I," Bobby remarked, truthfully.

They picked themselves up off the floor.

"Listen, Al," Bobby said, "I'm going to beat it. You go back there and tell Peggy that you beat me soft. That'll put you in solid with her and I won't ever tell her any different."

"That's a swell idea. Thanks to you, over and over again, Mr. Butler."

I thought that that was the end of it; but three weeks later, after Albert G. Updike and Peggy had gone back to Horsefly, an express company guy, with a prohibition agent along with him, brought a wooden case up to Bobby's hotel room.

"I want to see you open that and examine the contents," said the agent. "There's twelve quart bottles in that case or I'm a fool."

There were twelve quarts in it, all right, but they weren't bottles. They were jars. There was this note in the box from Albert:

"*Dear Mr. Butler:* I want to tell you once more how grateful I am to you for what you did for me—and for Peggy too. She thinks I walloped you all over the hospital. I'm the boss around the house now and Peggy does anything I tell her to do.

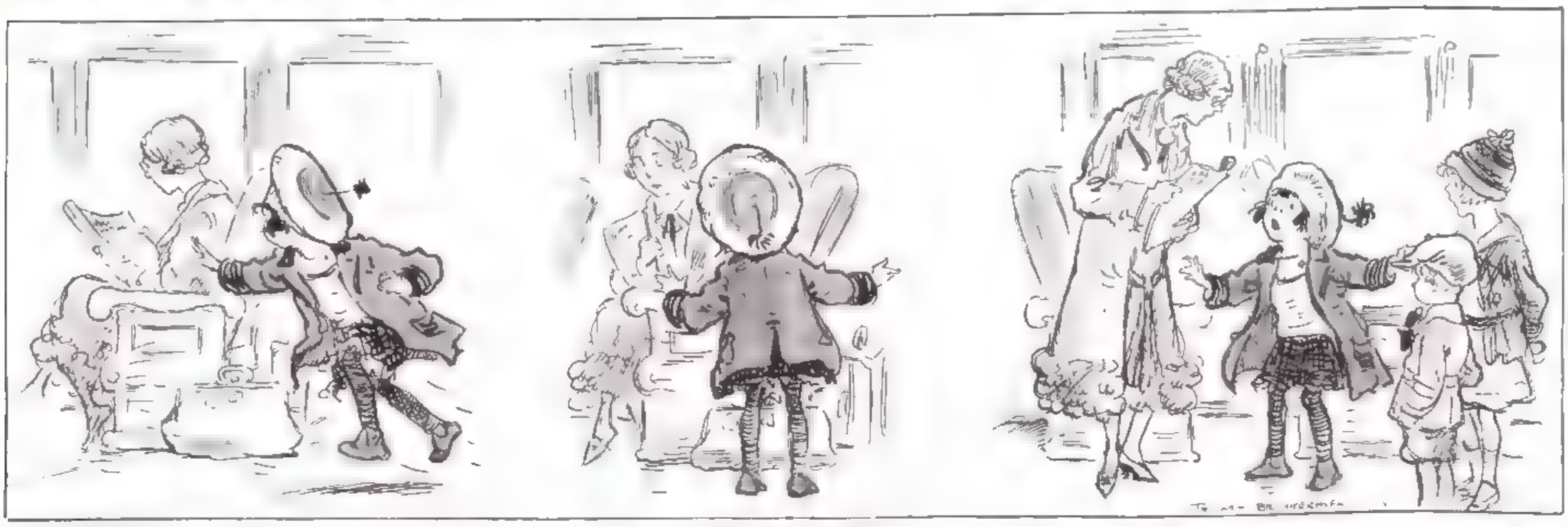
"To show you how I appreciate what you did, I am sending you this apple butter, which I put up myself. "Yours,

"AL."

"Here, Kill-Joy," said Bobby, handing the prohibition agent a jar of apple butter, "try this in your ginger ale." Then to me Bobby said, "I don't hardly blame Peggy for leaving a guy like that."

But I want to tell the general public, friend, that this Albert can certainly make apple butter. And I'll bet he's a wow at initialing guest towels.

CARTOON AND COMEDY



"Oh, Ma, Come Here Quick!

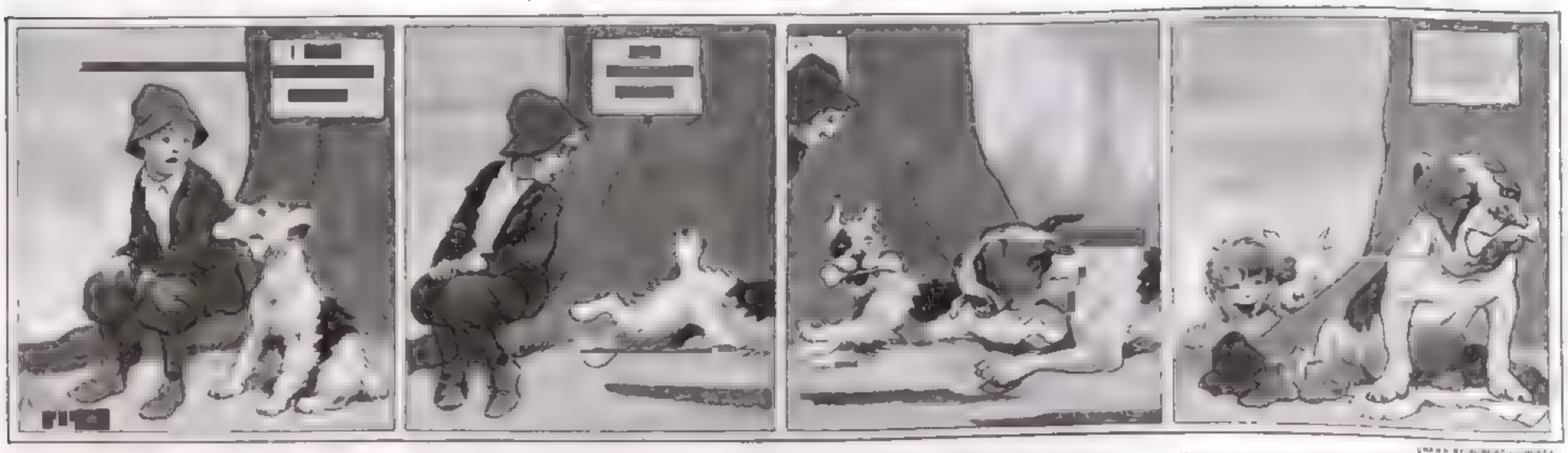
THE ANGEL CHILD

"Here's Two Kids That Live in Ind.ana ——

"—— and I Can Understand Every Word They Say!"

The Old Farm, as Described to a Few Select Summer Guests, and as Described to the Tax Assessor

Timmie and Tatters

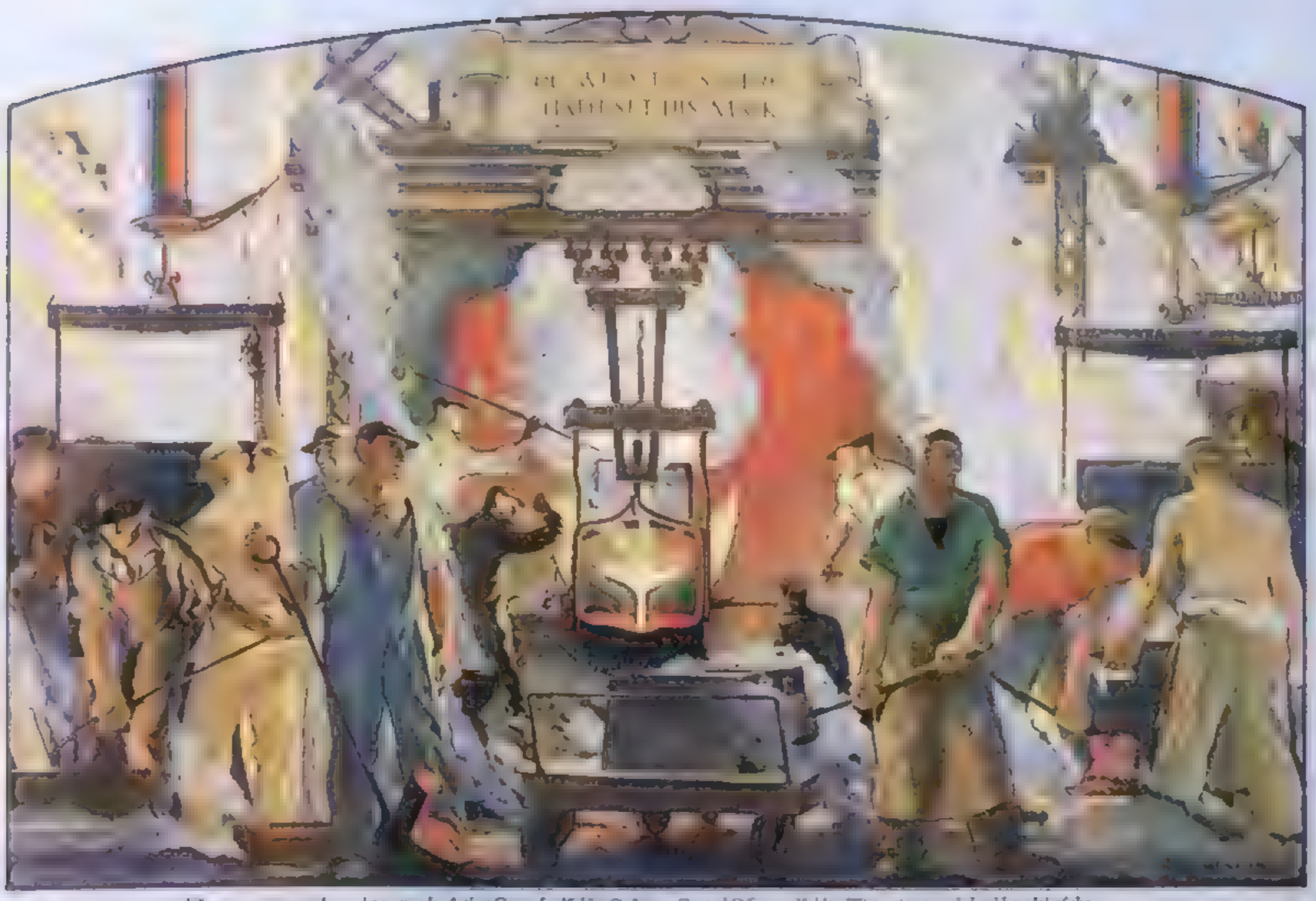


"Tatters, Look at That Sign Old Green Has Put Up at Our Swimmin' Hole!

"That's Right—Desert Me in My Trouble!

"I Apologize, Tatters. You are a Wonder

"We'll Just Let That Bird Sit on My Clothes an' Chew Your Bone, an' That Sign Won't Mean a Thing."



"Tapping a Cupola" mural painting by Arthur Covey for Kohler Co.'s new General Offices at Kohler, Wisconsin; awarded gold medal of the Architectural League of New York at the International Exposition of Architecture and the Allied Arts, New York, April 20-May 2, 1925

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THE PAINTED STALLION

(Continued from Page 5)

Fifty yards beyond him the mustangs stood in the pool, but whenever he chose a new route in an effort to join them, that same bottomless footing turned him back. His shrill little voice was lifted in a quavering whinny, a pitiful protest at being deserted and left alone in the world.

This was his first experience, and it quickened the fear that was his birthright, without the exercise of which he could not survive. The wild mare gulped for one long minute without lifting her muzzle from the pool, then forged back through the mud to allay the apprehensions of her panic-stricken offspring. After a time she repaired again to the water. The calico stallion presently marshaled his charges and herded them back to the parched, arid flat just as another drove of these wild steeds of the desert came thundering in to water.

Each day the desert colt gained in strength and agility and each day he learned some new thing that would serve him in the future. He thrust his velvet muzzle against a prickly pear for the reason that its odor was fresh and enticing. The needle-like spines pierced the skin and remained with him for days, a painful reminder that plants of this variety could not be nosed with impunity. Fear was to be the determining factor in his struggle to survive, and the desert colt experimented with this element that was part of him, handed down through a thousand generations of ancestors that had survived through fear.

A giant tumbleweed, propelled by a stiff breeze, bore down upon him and he was seized with stark panic, fleeing to his mother. Her placidity in the face of this appalling incident apprised him of the fact that this rambling creature with the odd style of locomotion was harmless. The mare stood upon her feet, drowsing, her head drooping, an occasional twitch of her loose hide or a swish of her plumed tail to dislodge a fly being the only evidence of life. The weed lodged in a clump of sage and the wild colt advanced to test it with his nose. Already he was beginning to place more reliance in the accuracy of his olfactory nerves than in his other sources of physical perception. Things were not always as they appeared to the eye. His eyes had testified that this huge shape that had hurtled down upon him was some monster imbued with life, yet his nose informed him infallibly that it was of the vegetable kingdom. Without consciously asserting such matters, he came to know that sound might indicate danger, yet prove to have emanated from some harmless source; that the significance conveyed by the sight of some object was frequently faulty, but that the message which reached him by way of his delicate nostrils was always correct. His nose did not lie.

The mustangs, ever alert, frequently shifted, running for miles after being startled into flight by some sound that meant nothing except the possibility that danger approached. They stood for hours watching some distant object that had roused their suspicions; but if one taint of man scent, no matter how slight, was borne on the breeze, they were off on the run, not surmising, but knowing with absolute certainty that their mortal enemy was somewhere up wind.

The young of those beasts that live on the meat trail play at hunting. They crouch and stalk one another, or creep toward imaginary prey, springing upon the object and worrying it with tooth and claw, thus learning the first rudiments of the art of survival, for in order to survive when they take the meat trail for themselves they must kill. The young of those animals that survive through evading the killers play the game of avoidance. The one fosters courage and ferocity, the other timidity and caution. So the desert colt played at apprehensiveness even when he was in nowise alarmed. He would start from the path of scurrying tumbleweeds and shy in desperate haste from some imaginary menace in a clump of brush. He frequently simulated sudden panic at the sound of a rolling rock dislodged by the hoofs of his mother.

Occasionally he would pretend suspicion of some harmless object, circling round it at a safe distance, stopping to face it and snorting or stamping a tiny forefoot, advancing toward it, only to whirl and flee, and eventually to discover that the object of his suspicions was powerless to harm him.

Whenever these pastimes carried him too far from his mother, she nickered an anxious summons and the wild colt returned to her side. They encountered other living creatures and the desert infant learned that the bands of fleet pronghorn antelopes, the prairie dogs that were always in evidence, the feathered things, owls, quails and road runners, were harmless to his kind. Even a badger that flattened its nose and snarled with a thick hissing sound that threw the colt into a panic occasioned no concern among his elders. Coyotes were encountered daily and the mustangs paid small heed to these little yellow wolves of the desert except for an occasional snort of wrath from the stallion when one approached to within a few feet.

These small experiences were building the groundwork of his future. As he shied now from imaginary menace, investigated presumably suspicious objects and fled from fancied dangers, so he would later perform upon encountering them in actuality, and his tenure of existence, within certain limits, would be determined by the accuracy and speed with which he should act in moments of emergency.

The tank dried up completely and the mustangs traveled in search of water. The course of a dry gulch was followed for miles. This arroyo in times of heavy rainfall ran bank full, the seething flood waters scouring out deep potholes that retained water long after the rush of surface drainage had passed on. These, too, had now dried up. The flow from spring seeps was so reduced that the only water available was the little that filtered into hoofprints in the trampled areas of mud beneath the outlets. These spots were visited by hundreds of thirsty creatures. The mustangs sucked this water greedily, nosing about from one hoofprint to another, standing round until these tiny receptacles were filled again by the seepage.

It was this shortage of water that was responsible for the colt's first encounter with actual peril. In the spring the cowmen had gathered their cows and moved them up into the mountains for the summer, reserving the low country for winter range. Small bunches of cows sometimes drifted down from the hills. In ordinary seasons these strays were ignored, but the present drought had been long and severe. Such strays as had drifted down would perish, so a score of riders were sent forth to scour the low country for the purpose of gathering all strays and returning them to the hills.

A mare stood alone on a sandrock point and exhibited evidence of sudden uneasiness, expelling her breath in a whistling snort, both as an alarm signal for her fellows and for the purpose of freeing her nostrils that they could better sample the wind. The other mustangs rallied round her and stood on the rocky eminence. In the immediate foreground, perhaps four hundred yards removed, a long pronghorn antelope stood on a slight elevation, and it was upon this creature that the attention of the mustangs was riveted.

A dog when angry or alarmed bristles its neck roach; a cat fluffs its tail; a pronghorn erects the long hairs that form the striking white patch upon its rump. This lone pronghorn doe flared her rump patch and the glistening white hairs reflected the rays of the sun in a signal that was visible at great distances.

All over the desert, for as far as the eye could reach, these antelope flashes were visible, evidence that the pronghorn tribe was on the alert. A coyote trotted to an eminence from which he could obtain a better view. The mustangs stood on the rocky point, every head uplifted, manes and tails streaming in the wind, a wild and beautiful picture that was duplicated on every hand by other mustang bands that stood similarly grouped at various points of vantage, a picture that might well be entitled A Desert Alarm.

Yet the desert horses did not take flight at once, but held their ground. There were sound reasons for their procrastination. Every animal has some sense that is more highly developed than the others, and upon this one supersense it mainly relies. With beasts whose habitat is in heavily brush-clad or timbered regions where the scope of vision is necessarily restricted to narrow limits, little reliance is placed in the power of sight, while the sense of smell is developed to the point of unbelievable sensitiveness and accuracy. The pronghorn, a denizen of the open plains, has developed a power of vision that is telescopic, and upon this he relies.

These things, except by effect, the mustangs could not know; but they did know that a pronghorn might exhibit every symptom of alarm and yet the object of his excitement might prove to be many miles removed, even to the extent that one antelope, seeing the alarm signal of another, would frequently flare its own rump patch in excited curiosity even though the actual object of suspicion was beyond the range of his own telescopic vision. The mustangs had learned this by many a futile stampede, as the colt had learned that tumbleweeds racing before the wind were powerless to do him harm.

So the desert horses held their ground and waited. The pronghorn doe stamped her feet and her gruff bark drifted to the ears of the mustangs on the sandrock point. Eventually there appeared a low-hanging streak of dust, distant, yet carrying to the mustangs the tidings that a band of their own kind or of pronghorns had taken flight. Other spurting streaks of dust announced that numbers of their wild brethren were speeding across the desert.

The big paint horse whistled. The general flight was headed his way and it was best to be on the move without too long a wait. But, when alarmed, wild horses frequently run many miles without halting, even if no danger follows, so he delayed for a little longer to watch the course of events. Then came the determining factor.

A heavy detonation rumbled across the range and the stallion wheeled with the sound. Heretofore, when moving his band from one point to another, the stallion had driven his charges before him, his head swinging low as he brought up the rear. Now, with danger approaching, he assumed the lead, choosing the route and setting the pace. The heavy reports sounded frequently from behind.

Other bands of mustangs were running in the same general direction. Another burst of firing from off to the right testified to the fact that two riders were abroad. The stallion maintained an easy gait that covered the miles, yet put no great tax upon his followers.

The way led into a stretch of broken, choppy country. The stallion, topping out on a ridge, almost collided with a horseman who was ascending the opposite slope. Wheeling with the agility of a cat, the paint horse quartered back, racing to round a bend in the draw which he had just crossed, and the rider, topping out, brought his gun into play.

A mare pitched to her knees and rolled to the bottom of the coulee, nearly crushing the colt in her fall. A two-year-old collapsed. Then the speeding mustangs were round the bend and the rider was pounding along the ridge in an effort to obtain another shot at his quarry. The draw opened out into a sizable flat and the horseman jumped his mount down the point of the ridge and pulled in behind the mustangs that were racing something more than a hundred yards ahead of him. His horse, a splendid animal, could barely hold his own, and seemed powerless to lessen the gap. Presently the horseman whistled in surprise.

"Whew!" he commented. "Look at that brace of painties lettin' out speed!"

Out ahead of the other mustangs two shapes were drawing away, the big stallion and a calico mare that was somewhat larger and rangier than her fellows. Smoothly and apparently without effort, this pair slid away from the rest of the desert horses, widening the gap with incredible swiftness.

And another shape, smaller than the others, was dropping behind. The colt was running desperately in an effort to keep up, but the pace was beyond anything he could attain. The dust cloud churned up by his fellows enveloped him as he raced in their wake, stifling him, and his heart seemed to hammer against his ribs. A very sickness of terror possessed him as he saw the rearmost of his companions far ahead of him and with destruction pounding down upon him from behind.

The gun barked again and a spurt of dust was flung up from the ground at his feet. He lifted his voice in a shrill, despairing whinny, a cry for help. Faint and far, the appeal drifted to the ears of the calico mare that ran neck and neck with the big paint horse, and she wheeled off to one side, even as the colt darted away at an angle in a desperate search for safety.

An opening in the low ridge that flanked the flat seemed to offer a haven and he wheeled into it. It proved to be the mouth of a barranco with perpendicular sides The pursuer thundered at his heels. Then the barranco terminated abruptly, a ten-foot wall of earth blocking his further progress.

He whirled in a frenzied effort to find an outlet just as the rider, rounding the last turn in the gully, set his mount back on its haunches. The trapped colt quivered in every muscle and again uttered his shrill supplication. From far out across the range a wild voice replied. The rider sheathed his gun.

"I just ain't got the heart," he said. "You're so little and scairt. If you was a growed mustang, now, I'd dump you."

He eyed the quivering colt curiously.

"You're the queerest marked critter on this man's desert," he declared. "And that's a large order, because you could select an amazin' variety of patterns and colorin' among the fuzz tails hereabouts."

The desert colt was raven black save for a milk-white back strip that reached from just in rear of the withers to just forward of the hips and extended halfway down either side; this mark was square-hewed, as evenly edged as if laid on with a brush. The mane and tail, too, were white.

To the colt it seemed that the thing confronting him was part horse and part something else, a fearsome monster. The snorts of a horse were mingled with the tones of some other creature, and horse scent that reeked in the hot confines of the barranco was mixed with an odor that was strange to the colt, yet which filled him with weak-kneed terror.

Again the wild, shrill nicker sounded, this time from close at hand, and the terrified colt answered with his quavering whinny. The rider grunted with surprise, for the mare was undoubtedly questing back in search of her offspring, returning to almost certain death, which sort of conduct was rendered unique by the very nature of the harried existence led by the mustangs. A wild mare could not face a man with a gun,

(Continued on Page 67)

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TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 62)

but she would return later and nicker longingly about the vicinity where her colt was last seen. The man divined instantly that the mare was a revert, a creature once handled by man that had reverted to the wild. The fear of a revert for man is the fear of coming again under his dominion, condemned to a life of saddle, quirt and spur, not the sheer terror accorded him by the mustang that faces death at his hands. A revert mother would brave the terrors of a man with a rope where a mustang mother could not brave the menace of a man with a gun.

"It's that fast calico mare that was running out ahead with the paint-horse stud," the man commented. "I recollect seein' her wheel off to one side as I cut into this coulee close after you. It's hell to be hunted with a price on your scalp, ain't it, youngster? It just ain't in me to lift your ears, even though I could collect a half dollar for 'em, and a half dollar right now would look as big to me as the wheel of a chuck wagon."

He turned his horse back down the barranco. Late that evening he lounged round a brush fire with a half dozen others and told of the white-blanket colt, the progeny of the big paint horse and fast rangy mare.

"Speed? Say, that team just smoked across the landscape! White Blanket will make a real horse some day, if he don't get his ears lifted before he grows up," he predicted. "Remember, you-all, I've done bought him an' paid for him by not collecting his scalp, so don't none of you go knocking him over. You'll know him by them markin's soon as ever you set eyes on him."

The others rallied him mildly about his failure to shoot the colt. He grinned goodnaturedly.

"Sho! I reckon," he deprecated. "But he looked so kind of hunted-like; and young things, thataway, are sort of appealin' to me. I couldn't draw bounty on no colt." He turned to the foreman. "I've been workin' close onto a week now. Guess I'll be sauntering on. Could you stake me to a few dollars of pay?"

All eyes turned upon him in surprise. In one short week he had become one of them, winning a place in their affections with his breezy care-free banter, a place in their esteem by his ability in all matters pertaining to work on the range.

"I can't pay you till the first. That's pay day," Pierce, the grizzled foreman, stated. "What's the kick—your hoppin' off this way?"

"Nary a kick, and I like you all splendid," the departing one declared. "But I just naturally have to be dangling on."

"What's wrong, boy?" Pierce asked.

"To be real frank with you," said the youth, "I've went and rode on the improper side of a sagebrush—took the wrong fork of the trail, so to speak, and like old Pete Challoner once warned me, it's a long ways around to get back."

"That's real enlightening," Pierce said. "I'm sorry, boy, but it's Carson's orders that there's no money forthcoming on the T Bar Z until pay day."

"Well, anyway, I've been well fed this week," the youth returned philosophically. "Which is more'n I can say of some weeks I've put in. Adios."

Several hands were thrust into overalls pockets, but the departing one swung to the saddle and shook his head, declining the proffered loans.

"Thanks just the same," he said. "Good-by."

Then he was gone and the night swallowed him up.

Bob Pierce, the foreman of the T Bar Z, gazed after him regretfully.

"Good hand, that boy," he declared. "I wonder now just what was his haste."

An hour later four men rode up to the fire. The leader wore a sheriff's badge. He described a man for whom he sought, and the description tallied with that of the one who had departed an hour since. The names did not fit, but of course names did not matter.

"What's he wanted for?" Pierce inquired.

"A double killing up Morello way ten days or more ago," the sheriff informed. "He's been doubling back an' forth since then, waiting to see if it wouldn't work out right for him. But I reckon now he's headed for the border. Some of the deceased parties' friends has hung up a thousand-dollar bounty for him."

"H'm!" the foreman observed musingly. "How did this killing come off?"

"They crowded him, the pair of them, and they was hard citizens too. He shot it out with them—a real neat flat-footed job of gun work. They had it coming, I reckon. But folks up Morello way has turned thumbs down on killings, no matter what the provocation, and insist that a man stand trial. He'd have maybe come out all right, only he jumped it without waitin' to stand trial or even to explain—just faded. There's a thousand in it for the one of you that can turn him up."

"He's real young, ain't he?" Pierce inquired.

"Round nineteen or twenty somewheres," said the sheriff.

"H'm!" the foreman murmured. "Young things, thataway, are appealin'. We couldn't draw bounty on no colt. There ain't any of us has seen him."

The sheriff nodded.

"No," he said; "I surmised you hadn't. Has he got enough the start of us to make it across the line before we could overhaul him?"

"Unless he's loitered considerable, he ought to have made it across some three days back," Pierce estimated.

The sheriff grinned.

"We're pretty hot onto him, I take it," he conjectured. "But we're some played out ourselves, so we'll lay over here till sunup."

IV

WHEN Millie Powers, after a year's absence, came home for a two-month vacation, there was no Patches waiting in the corral to wear her saddle; nor did she catch a glimpse of the truant mare during her stay at home.

She stood one morning in the yard. Her departure was but a week removed and she gazed pensively at the blue outlines of the distant mountains, her mood a mixture of glad anticipation of another year among the friends she had made in school and a sense of loneliness at her approaching separation from parents and friends at home. The home ranch was deserted save for a few Mexican servants. The most of the Box 8 hands were up in those distant blue hills where her father's cows had been thrown for the summer. Her father himself was out somewhere on the range; her mother had driven to Solaro for the day; and the girl, having elected to remain at home, grew lonely. She was about to bury herself in a book when she observed a lone rider approaching.

A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. During the first few weeks after her return the ranch had been flooded with male visitors who had dropped in upon one pretext or another.

Since then such visits had declined to the vanishing point. Her father, whom she feared not at all, had been somewhat mystified by this influx, then had divined that his daughter was no longer a child, but was budding into young womanhood, and he had issued an edict.

"Confound all these half-baked grub liners that come slinking round here!" he had flared. "I've got higher aims for you than any out-at-the-heel cow hand, girl, and don't forget it. I'll scatter this bunch of ranch-yard roosters."

"But, dad," she had objected mildly, "they're all good fun, and I can't be unfriendly to them. Why should I?"

"You be just as friendly as you please. Treat 'em like hand-raised pets. It ain't your operations but theirs that I'm aiming to cramp," he had said. "Whatever unfriendliness crops up will come from me. Smile on 'em all impartial, and I'll be just as unbiased in the way I converse with them myself. Don't you fret."

She hadn't fretted. Instead she had accorded her friendly smile to all comers. And Powers, as good as his word, had developed a custom of conversing with each man who called often, demanding what the this-and-that business it was that brought him so frequently to the Box 8 Ranch.

The rider proved to be a stranger. He doffed his hat and smiled down upon her, a frank engaging smile.

"'Mornin', ma'am," he greeted. "I was wondering if you could stake me to a bite of breakfast."

"Surely," she said. "Step down off your horse and I'll fix you something."

"Don't go to any bother," he urged, dismounting and loosening the cinches. "Just a slice or two of bread an' meat to eat on my way will put me in fine shape."

"It won't be any bother," she said. "Come in."

He followed her into the ranch house and she motioned him to a comfortable chair in the big living room.

"Rest yourself while I get a bite ready," she instructed.

A Mexican woman, the household cook, was engaged at some task in the kitchen, but the girl dismissed her. The man followed her into the kitchen.

"I didn't aim to trouble you," he insisted. "Don't stop to cook up anything. A cold snack will answer fine."

But the girl busied herself at the stove, and as she worked she uncorked her friendliness upon her guest. It won him instantly. Her fresh young beauty warmed him. The girl found herself enjoying his genial grin. Youth called to youth, a spark was struck, and without either of them knowing just why, a certain shy restraint seemed to descend like a curtain between them. The boy spoke diffidently of his past, impelled to tell her something of himself, relating the fact that he had knocked round many a cow camp with his father until his parent had died a few years before, these having been the only homes he had known.

"I was a mascot, sort of, round the bunk houses as a kid," he said. "It must be great to have a nice settled place like this to live in."

"Yes," she agreed. "Are you stopping round these parts?"

He slowly shook his head.

"Up till yesterday I was riding for the T Bar Z. I rode 'most all night, except for stopping over for a few hours to let my horse rest up and pick around a bit near a spring seep where there was a mite of grass. I aimed to head due south, but changed my mind and angled southwest instead."

The girl presently placed before him a steak and gravy, hot biscuits, jam and coffee, topped off with a generous wedge of pie. She sat across from him as he ate, her face cupped between her palms, elbows resting on the table.

"That was one elegant bait," he complimented as he finished. "The best I've set up to for many a moon. Thanks a lot. I'll have to be toddling along now."

But he did not go. Instead they sat in the living room and conversed. She told him of her life at school and showed him a book of pictures, snapshots of various groups of school friends. On one page there was an excellent likeness of herself, and just as they reached that point in the book she excused herself and went into an adjoining room. When she returned he had closed the book and replaced it on the table, saying that he had finished it. Eventually, after a stay of two hours, he sought his horse where the animal foraged at a feed rack.

"I'll maybe be back this way sometime," he said as he tightened the cinches.

"Yes, do," she invited.

Then he rode away to the south. She swiftly entered the house, turned to a page in the book of snapshots, found one of them missing, smiled and stood looking out the window. She saw her father accost him a few hundred yards from the house.

(Continued on Page 69)

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For there lies your greatest opportunity to add to the outward beauty of any home.

On such a house Richardson recommends this color scheme. A roof of *antique brown*, a brown as rich and mellow as age-old brick—of *heather purple*, the purple of distant hillsides—and of *opal*, where jade green slate flakes, combined with the rare weathered brown, add a touch of cooler color. Here is a roof that blends right in with the house itself, both in texture and color. And notice how skilfully the roof-colors are reflected in the green trim and purple-blue shutters. Details like this are the making of a beautiful effect.

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To help you choose the roof which will make the most of this opportunity we have prepared an authoritative booklet. It is called, *What Color for the Roof?*

In it, there is page after page of beautiful homes in different architectural styles, all in color to show the most tasteful effects in body, trim and roof combinations. Interestingly explained, too, are the principles of all good color schemes.

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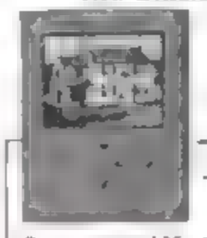

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 67)

"What you been doing up round my place?" Powers demanded. "I saw you come riding out of the yard. Was you looking for me?"

The youth stared in frank astonishment at the big man with the flowing brown beard

"I dropped past and asked for a bite," he said. "A young lady—your daughter, I reckon—was kind enough to feed me."

"She's kind enough to feed anybody," Powers returned.

"She's a right nice girl," said the boy.

Powers snorted.

"Next time you have any business at the Box 8, you come and transact it with me," Powers instructed.

The boy turned on his genial grin, the girl having let drop an intimation of her father's attitude.

"Where I'm going to, mister, it's not likely I'll be troubling you any to speak of for quite a spell," he said. "Rest easy."

As he rode on his way he addressed a reflective comment to a man who was long since dead.

"Challoner, old friend and adviser," he said, "I've got a life-sized hunch that when I dropped in there for breakfast I had just rode on the correct side of a sagebrush for the first time in weeks. But it certainly does appear that I'm slated to do considerable doubling back on my trail before ever I get back there again."

A few hours later the girl looked up from her book as a group of horsemen rode into the yard. Her father nodded in answer to some question and pointed off to the south. They watered their mounts and rode on at an easy trot.

"What was it all about, dad?" she asked when he came into the house.

"Sheriff's posse," he said. "He jumped out of a T Bar Z camp just ahead of 'em last night. But he's been loitering along, angling this way instead of heading due south. He's got seventy-odd miles yet before he crosses the border, and his horse is tired. They'll overhaul him."

That night the girl could not sleep. The moon rose white and still above the desert and she wondered what sort of scene it looked down upon in the choppy country off to the south where the posse would be hunting down her guest of the morning. She was very young, and she felt certain that he would look upon that stolen picture and draw strength from it as he made a desperate last stand.

Then she cried herself to sleep, and a few days later she left for another year at school.

When she returned the following summer Patches was still among the missing. Her father uttered further offhand assurance.

"We'll have her in for you," he promised vaguely.

But her father was a busy man. She, too, was occupied with other things and her interest in Patches had waned. She now had a string of horses of her own, presented by her father in lieu of the truant mare. However, he related a tale that revived her interest temporarily.

"You've got two horses on the range now, girl, instead of one," he said. "There's a yearlin' colt trailing alongside of Patches. Those that's seen him say he's the queerest marked cayuse in the whole Solaro country. A drifting rider run on him a year ago and named him White Blanket, and the name has stuck."

The girl failed to see either Patches or her offspring until the last week of her stay at home. Then she picked up the band of pinto mustangs with her glasses and watched her former mount and the white-blanket colt for half an hour.

"One day I'll have a saddle on you," she promised the distant colt.

Three days before her departure for another year at school her father and mother returned from Solaro with the buckboard loaded high with supplies.

"Too bad you didn't go along in with us, kitten," Powers said by way of greeting. "Charlie Thorne said to tell you how sorry he was not to see you."

"Yes?" the girl queried indifferently.

Charlie Thorne, having sold his small but prosperous outfit, had elected to exchange range life for town enterprise. He owned and operated the Solaro Trading Company, a flourishing general merchandise establishment, owned stock in the Solaro Bank and was one of its directors. His other interests were varied and he was enterprising and resourceful. Taking him by and large, Thorne was a substantial citizen, moderately popular with all elements of the inhabitants of the Solaro country and there was little that could be said of him that was not in his favor, except that he possessed a caustic tongue and was somewhat overbearing.

To Powers, Thorne seemed vaguely emblematic of the successful future which he had in mind for his daughter. At least he was sufficiently representative of Powers' ideas to render his presence at the Box 8 unobjectionable and he was one of the few whose visits had not been discouraged.

Millie Powers, too, had found him likable. She had in fact rather enjoyed his attentions. Perhaps it was only the fact that her opinionated father took no exceptions to Thorne's frequent trips to the Box 8 while frowning upon all others who would venture, coupled with the age-old rebellion of youth against overmuch regulation by its elders, that led her to reply tartly to her father's statement that Thorne would be riding out to spend the following day at the Box 8. Or perhaps it was merely for the reason that youth will have its dreams and that she had been sitting with a snapshot book upon her knees, opened at a page from which one picture was noticeably absent, while she gazed pensively toward the choppy country off to the south. It was upon this train of musings that her father chose to intrude his clumsy pleasantries pertaining to Thorne's prospective visit, and it reacted instantly to Thorne's disadvantage.

"Damn Thorne!" she replied.

Powers, his own life since infancy having been spent among those to whom profanity is used casually by way of punctuation, nevertheless was inexpressibly shocked.

"Now that kind of talk comes from associating with loose-mouthed cow hands like I've been trying to shield you from," her father complained.

She rose and threw her arms about him, laughing and giving his big frame an affectionate squeeze.

"That kind of talk comes from associating round with sweet-mouthed young girls like you've been so impressed with when you came to visit me at school," she corrected. "You wouldn't think of swearing within hearing distance of them, would you, dad? No more than any cow hand in Solaro would unburden himself of any profanity within earshot of me."

"What have you got against Thorne?" Powers asked.

"Not one thing in this world," she declared. Then, as if by way of an afterthought in defense of her original remark, she added, "Except that he bores me."

As a matter of fact, Thorne did not bore her. He was not the type of human to bore any other, even though he might anger them.

However, in view of the train of circumstances that preceded his visit, she felt impelled to withhold a large proportion of her customary bubbling friendliness during his day at the Box 8.

The day prior to her departure she sat again with the opened book of snapshots.

"Whatever happened down there, dad?" she presently inquired. "What had he done? And did they ever catch him, or did he get across the line?"

"Down where? Catch who?" Powers inquired.

"You know—that tall boy who stopped here for a meal," she explained; "and the sheriff's posse from Morello came through after him."

"Oh," said Powers, endeavoring to recall the incident, "that fellow. I recollect now. I don't know as I ever heard just what he had been up to, or if they catched him. Likely they did. I hope so."

"I hope they didn't," the girl declared.

▼

THE big paint horse, questing back over the course of the chase, reassembled his band, the places of the few that failed to return being filled by other mares that had become separated from their respective droves, and the ceaseless hunt for water was resumed. White Blanket gained daily in knowledge. He frequently sighted water—broad shimmering lakes that beckoned; but his elders paid no heed, for the Solaro Desert was subject to daily mirages. When the band happened to travel toward these phantom lakes the water receded. These queer manifestations taught the colt to rely more and more upon the infallibility of his sense of smell and less upon his powers of vision. His sensitive nostrils could detect the presence of water or mud at a distance of a mile or more if the wind was right, but these elusive visions which his eyes told him were extensive bodies of water carried no scent of moisture.

This search for water also taught him the story of the trails. If the mustangs followed a trail that grew fainter, with diverging arteries branching off on either hand, it was leading away from a water hole and would eventually play out altogether. If, on the contrary, it grew more clearly defined as each side trail led into it, then it was destined eventually to lead to a deep-rutted main thoroughfare, perhaps a foot in depth, worn by the hoofs of countless generations of thirsty animals that had single-filed to water. In this parched and arid country all trails converged at the water holes. But now, after a protracted drought, the trails led them to the depressions; but the water had dried up. Later the colt learned that in the vicinity of streams all trails converged at feasible fords, while in the mountains they followed the route of least resistance and led to passes that afforded the easiest crossings through the lowest saddles in the ridges, or out of cañons by way of the most pronounced notches at their heads. Without consciously assorting such things, he acquired a very definite knowledge of just what character of country he would find ahead along the course of any trail upon which he set his feet.

The drought had forced most of the mustang bands from the lower area of the Solaro Desert and they had taken to the higher country, the rolling foothills and broad sloping mesas that formed an intermediate link between the low country and the base of the Cusilla Mountains that stood etched against the turquoise of the southern sky.

The big paint horse had a wholesome fear of entering either the mesa country or the main bulk of the Cusilla range of hills. Rather than face their dangers, he elected to run the risk of watering in Green Floor, a gulch so named from the profusion of springs which supplied a quantity of moisture sufficient to floor the bottoms with a carpet of crisp green grass.

A V-shaped flat led to the notch that was the mouth of Green Floor. This opening took the shape of a deep gorge that separated two flat-topped expanses that formed the next higher tier of benches. It widened into a goodly valley of perhaps three miles in length and half that distance across at the widest point, boxed in on every hand by sandrock walls. The bottoms were accessible by way of the gulch at the mouth or by means of a score of stock trails that led down through various breaks in the sandrock rims.

After two waterless days, White Blanket's sire herded his band toward Green Floor. He did not enter the gulch, but mounted to the flat bench that flanked its southern extremity. Throughout half the night the wild horses prowled along this right-hand rim of the valley. No twinkling night fire,

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Watch This Column

"Lorraine of the Lions"

"Lorraine of the Lions," one of Universal's "White List," is a picture at once so unusual and startling, so fantastic and powerful, as to warrant an evening of the most sensational entertainment. The splendidly conceived, and written, story involves a circus which is shipwrecked, and only the owner's daughter and the animals are saved and cast into a jungle. Lorraine wins the friendship of the animals and the scenes which show their lives on the desert island are remarkable in the extreme.

PATSY RUTH MILLER

In this picture NORMAN KERRY is starred with PATSY RUTH MILLER and the production was in the capable hands of Edward Sedgwick who was responsible for most of HOOT GIBSON'S successes. Many of the scenes baffle description, notably the shipwreck, the scenes in the jungle, the actions of a big gorilla which protects Lorraine from many dangers, and the subsequent scenes after Lorraine is brought to civilization and made over. A beautiful love-story runs through the picture. I am very anxious to learn your opinion of the production as a whole.

REGINALD DENNY is making a mighty big hit in ***"I'll Show You the Town."*** Don't forget to see it. Also be sure to see him in ***"California Straight Ahead"*** with his motor-Pullman which contains all the conveniences and luxuries of a modern millionaire's home.

The finest theatres in America—and abroad—are buying Universal's "White List"—54 pictures which do not contain a blush or an averted look. Take all the children to see Universals and be sure they will find them wholesome and enjoyable. Universal is making "whole-family" pictures, yet investing them with the "punch" and the spirit which Americans enjoy.

NORMAN KERRY

Recommended to your consideration: ***"The Teaser"*** with LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY; ***"Siege"*** with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN; ***"Spook Ranch"*** with HOOT GIBSON; the fantastic masterpiece, ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** with LON CHANEY; ***"The Homemaker"*** with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK and Rex Beach's ***"The Goose Woman"*** with JACK PICKFORD and LOUISE DRESSER.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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no trace of smoke or of man scent was borne on the breeze, and eventually the mustangs descended by way of a stock trail, drank their fill and lingered to crop the succulent green grass. For a space of three weeks they visited Green Floor nightly, but not on every night did they descend to water. On several occasions fires flared in the bottoms, or the odor of dying embers, even though the men who had kindled the fires had departed, instilled in the mustangs an uneasiness far too great to permit of their venturing down to the floor of the valley. Green Floor was a favorite stopping place for all riders of the Solaro, as it afforded an ideal night camp, and as a consequence it was little frequented by mustangs.

Eventually they were kept away from water for two successive nights by the presence of men, and upon venturing down at noon of the third day they were fired upon by a man who had concealed himself in the bottoms.

The jarring reports filled the valley from rim to rim as the mustangs mounted a trail that angled up the face of a sandrock wall, the heavy balls flattening against the rocks. One mare floundered to her knees, then pitched from the ledge.

When they had attained the crest and passed beyond the range of the concealed rifleman the stallion marshaled his subjects and drove them toward the foothills. The character of the landscape changed as they mounted higher into the hills. There were scattering stands of juniper and piñon pine, while the breaks were clothed with a dense growth of scrub oak, shot through with open ridges and broad sloping mesas. The choppy nature of the country and the cover afforded by the brush combined to render ambush or approach far easier than in the flat country. The stallion did not tarry long in this intermediate strip, but mounted into the heart of the main chain of the Cusillas. Here the sidehills were covered with dense jungles of spruce, the plateaus with open stands of yellow pine and close-growing silvery aspens. The wild horses lived in this heavily timbered country much after the fashion of the mule deer. Few of their fellows ranged here, as a heavily timbered region that shuts off the view in all directions is little to the liking of a mustang. In reality they were safer here than in the foothills, bedding in the timber by day, and the approach of danger was always heralded long before the rider was aware of their presence.

There were several line camps strung out through the Cusillas, occupied by riders whose duty it was to prevent Solaro cows from drifting down the southern slope of the hills; but few of them had even so much as a glimpse of the mustangs. Usually they became aware of the presence of the wild horses only by the sound of their departure, the smashing of brush and clatter of hoofs as the mustangs took flight down some timbered slope.

Thus the drought was directly responsible for the fact that White Blanket covered a wide variety of country his first year. He adapted himself readily to each altered condition, becoming as much at home in the cool moist shade of the forested slopes as he had formerly felt in the glaring aridity of the Solaro Desert.

Late summer rains set in and the low country freshened. Grass took a new start. But, though there was ample moisture to nourish the hardy vegetation of the desert, there was insufficient precipitation to cause surface drainage. No freshets filled the potholes in the beds of arroyos; the earthen-floored tanks in the shallow draws were still dry, crusted white with alkaline deposit. Nevertheless, the paint horse, weary of forest life, marshaled his band and set forth for the low country. There was still another type of desert watering place, and the stallion began his search for vats—erosion-worn depressions in the sandrocks. Such rainfall as fell into these stone-floored reservoirs was not absorbed from below by porous earth, the only outlet being by means of evaporation from above.

Eventually the heavy rains filled the arroyos with seething yellow floods and every tank and pothole was bank full, but meanwhile the white-blanket colt had learned the location of every sandrock vat in the whole Solaro country. He was a much-traveled young horse. The mustang bands came down from the foothills. Later, when the higher expanses of the Cusillas were a solid glare of white, the stockmen gathered their cows from the hills and brought them down to the winter range.

Throughout that winter and the next White Blanket's life differed but little, save for the fact that he emerged from the first phase of his existence, that of absolute dependence upon his mother. When he was something more than a year old her solicitude waned. By the time he had attained the age of eighteen months her indifference had become quite pronounced. She flattened her ears and scored him with her teeth when his attentions worried her. They soon became entirely estranged. His dependence was now merely that of depending upon the movements of the band as a whole, since his life had been spent in that fashion and he knew no other. During the few months prior to his second birthday, White Blanket was increasingly conscious of his father's latent hostility. Eventually there came a day when the stallion laid his ears and made a rush for the two-year-old colt, his eyes rolling venomously. There was no mistaking his purpose and White Blanket fled for his life.

He was now thrown upon his own resources, exiled from the ranks of his own former associates; but for a while he still felt dependent upon the movements of the band, following the line of march; but whenever he dared venture within a hundred yards of the mares the stallion whistled his challenge and charged forth to chase him. It was during this trying period of readjustment that he experienced the worst ordeal of his life.

By far the greater part of the mustangs were small. Tough they were, and tireless, but so undersized as to find small favor in the eyes of the riders of Solaro, the very nature of whose work demanded mounts of greater size. However, there was a certain percentage of fine big animals among these mustang bands, horses that would make ideal mounts if brought under the dominion of man. The pinto stallion was one of these.

A half dozen of Carson's riders made camp at Medicine Vats, and at sunset one of the men surveyed an extensive flat. Several bands of mustangs were scattered about it, among them the pinto's charges.

"Let's lay over and relay that bunch," he suggested to his companions. "That calico stud is one great horse, and we can pick up that Patches mare of Millie Powers' and dab a noose on White Blanket while we're at it. She's dead set to get that colt."

Before daylight the riders entered the choppy hills that flanked the flat, each leading an extra horse, and deployed themselves at various strategic points over a wide stretch of country. Then the one man who had remained at Medicine Vats rode into sight of the mustangs.

Knight's Inlet, Vancouver

The stallion had been on the alert since dawn, knowing that riders were somewhere around; but instead of fleeing in a panic he had held his ground in the center of the flat, where he could see for miles in every direction.

Every wild horse on the flat fled before the approach of the rider. White Blanket fell in behind the pinto's band. They distanced the horseman and ran for some ten miles, then neared a water hole, intent upon gulping a few mouthfuls of water before resuming their flight. But a second horseman darted from the mouth of a coulee and surged down upon them from an angle that caused them to alter their course to the east.

White Blanket still ran a few lengths behind the others out of wholesome respect for his sire. Before the band reached the next water hole two colts had dropped behind. A third rider cut in on the chase. One of the older mares was lagging. She dropped back and for five miles ran neck and neck with White Blanket. Then he noticed that the gap between himself and those ahead had widened materially and he forged ahead.

The fourth man to cut in on the relay observed the fifty-yard interval between White Blanket and the others and decided that the long chase had told. The painted two-year-old was one of the three members of the band that had been selected for capture, and the rider believed that by pressing White Blanket he could attain to within roping distance. He let out his horse and bore down upon the young stallion. Instead of lessening the gap between himself and his quarry, the distance between White Blanket and the mustangs ahead of him lessened perceptibly.

The wild horses were lagging from the long drive and the rider pressed them hard. White Blanket passed one mare, then another. Two speeding shapes, the stallion and a rangy calico mare, sifted on and drew ahead of the others. Then another form forged ahead and the rider swore in astonishment. The two-year-old that he had thought played out had passed the others and followed on after the pair whose speed and endurance he had inherited.

Hour after hour White Blanket forged ahead. Two young mares followed close behind him. He ran desperately, with stark terror in his heart. Always some rider was thundering down upon him. His eyes were bloodshot and foam specked his coat. Presently there was but one mare behind him. Each time, just as he had distanced one rider, another appeared to take his place, and so on throughout that whole terrible day. Then the other mare, badly spent, but still running gamely, fell still farther behind and veered off to one side. Just at nightfall a horseman pressed close upon White Blanket; the gap narrowed to a hundred yards, eighty, then fifty. One final galvanic current of terror coursed through the mustang's tired muscles. They responded and lifted him to greater speed. He drew up on his parents; inch by inch he crept alongside. Then he was leading them by a length. The rider failed to attain to within roping distance, and when he pulled up his mount the big stallion and the calico mare ran but a few hundred yards before they halted and stood watching, too exhausted to move farther unless their pursuer should advance. But the two-year-old did not stop. He slowed his gait, but for as long as the man could see in the waning light, White Blanket was still moving, and he was heading straight south toward the dark bulk of the Cusilla hills. The young painted stallion was seen no more on the Solaro Desert for many a month. Riders on the summer range in the timbered fastnesses of the high Cusillas reported that he had been sighted twice during the summer and that he lived alone in the heavily forested slopes after the fashion of some wary old buck.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 38)

weakened in precisely the right place to make sitting in it more restful. About as often as an old man is barbered, this chair is rubbed up and the faces of the ladies polished; but it is never moved from the corner beside the fireplace. I have observed that the elderly men who come here invariably choose it as their resting place. There is a huge couch beneath a long row of casement windows on the living porch which has enticed some of the stiffest, most elegant people known to modern society in this section to relax upon it and fall asleep, when by all the rules of polite conversation they should have been erect and vocal.

This is boasting—I admit it—but not of my possessions. I am simply showing the kind of mind I have toward a house, to fill it with snares of peace and good will whatever happens to art. It is not a bad idea. You excite less criticism and confer more happiness. It cannot be done by an interior decorator. He has an expensive eye and a furniture collector's intellect.

By the same token, I have declined the services of a landscape gardener. My idea of a landscape is a good deal of it, preferably green, and merely frilled with flowers, with the trees of an original forest surrounding the whole thing. I planted my flowers years ago, perennials, with much the same mind the Lord had when He said to the original creatures and little leaves, "Be fruitful and multiply." They do. Poppies, peonies, gladioli, phlox, dianthus, snapdragons, like good hardy people of the soil in bloom, making a thousand wreaths of loveliness around this green hill in their seasons. No wet-nursing to keep them alive during a drought, no coddling to preserve them through the winter. They die down as we do, and come again, as we shall do.

During these first years here I was near the verge of happiness, at least by anticipation. If my mind could have rested I might have made it; but what with writing a book or two every year, conducting the farm and building everything from barns to stone walls that popped into my head, I lacked the leisure to be glad.

It seems to me now that I indulged in too much self-expression without looking for the reward of gratified vanity such persons usually crave. Comparatively few people have ever seen this valley or know what has been accomplished here. I have occupied it much as I shall presently occupy my grave, alone, but doubtless with a great deal more activity than the narrow confines of a grave with a tombstone over you can possibly afford.

I cannot think what made me so furiously industrious laying scenes so rarely to be praised. As to that, we must always wonder why the Lord required such limitless spaces for His creation and made so many unintelligible stars. Fewer would have been rarer and shown to a better advantage. And what measly sight-seers of the heavens we make, always snooping and squinting at His handiwork without being able to find out anything about it, with no mind to comprehend the glory of these populous heavens.

There must be another audience somewhere. Surely the Almighty has had more encouragement than we could give Him, more inspiration than our pathetically inadequate existence affords Him. I am so religious at times that I can conceive of a great council chamber of creators located upon one of the grander stars between burning suns. Not that I crave more than one Lord to serve. When we consider the Ten Commandments and the rules laid down for our obedience in the Scriptures of our Jehovah, it is apparent that no man could serve more than one God; but in certain moods one likes to speculate in gods by way of the most gallant and adventurous spiritual exercise.

The thing that confounds and depresses me is, Why are so many of us born? Why is there so much of everything anyhow, when we can understand and use so little of anything? And what strange madness is this in us which perpetually compels us to add to the sum total of everything? I have had fearful thoughts along this line—the dreadful fate we are under to keep on thinking and doing, because if we stop something happens to us, a slow and monstrous decay.

And at the end of it all, poor old Solomon—after he had been King of Jerusalem and had ruled a long time, after he had built his golden temple and won his reputation for being the wisest man—sitting in his royal robes, tired of his crown, tired of his wisdom, calling to us down the ages, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

He gives this conclusion a note of authority by signing it, "Thus saith the Preacher." But I have always felt that if Solomon had been a better man he might have been a better preacher. Like father, like son. David was a fine, true singer of the hearts of men; but I cannot think he set a good example for Solomon in his youth, which accounts for the depressing wisdom he acquired by living.

I never take one of these headers in spiritual speculations, however, without falling to pieces afterward. I seem to suffer from some kind of nervous prostration of the soul. In these ailing moods no wise man or great divine could comfort me. I am longing to hear the Word preached by a simple man who has lived a good little life and who can pray like a child. It is like taking the shortest, narrowest path back home by faith.

I never have believed it is a far journey to the real kingdom of heaven. If you start off with great preparations for a long pilgrimage, you may be sure you have missed your way. There is in the heart of every man a fair and lovely land, never betrayed by his transgressions, never sold to the world and never darkened by mortal wisdom. I have been there sometimes, an ineffable place. As a child I lived there.

These little old preachers mentioned a while ago are the only pastors of the children we have been, left among us. They do not know us now, they are not acquainted with the world in which we have learned so much; but they know where every man's land of Canaan lies, and they have only one Rock of Ages tune that leads to it.

Looking back, we can see how smart we were when at the time we simply followed some instinct in the right direction.

For years I went on trying to create my own little kingdom of heaven here behind these hills. A place visible to the naked eye, very deceptive in its loveliness and silence. I had sense enough to keep the world out, which was not difficult, since I have never been one of those popular writers whose doorsill the people seek. And I was rarely tempted out into the world.

This impresses me now as the most remarkable circumstance of all, how without taking thought I have avoided the conscience of the modern woman, which is a very sensitive, diligent and unhappy conscience. I seem to have lost step with my sex. No one honors more than I do the sincerity of their purpose to reform, improve and save the world. But I mistrust their judgment. I particularly mistrust their power to achieve their own wills. We have always been dominated in mind and conduct by men. We have never been free moral agents, nor even immoral ones. Cast your eye about and you will always see the string some man pulls to move the puppet we are.

However it may appear to others I do not know, but to me women seem to be more completely under the dominion of men than ever before. The difference is that formerly we were managed or mismanaged by our husbands and fathers; now it takes a whole political party to turn us about and use us for their honor and glory; but they do it. If anyone calls attention to the amendments and laws we have been instrumental in getting on the statute books, I call your attention to the fact that the state of the individual woman is not changed. The wife signs away her property as usual if the husband needs it. The mothers have less influence than ever before upon the character and conduct of their sons. The only political influence they have is by adding themselves obediently in subordinate positions to the great political parties. Never were there so many handmaidens to politicians in this world. It is a less elevating service than being a downtrodden "widow indeed" who was required to wash the feet of saints—presumably male saints. They are now atoms of public life, but men control public opinion. So watch the atoms spin

The trouble is we can pass no amendment to the Constitution that will change our own nature.

How well I understand the predicament of that young woman delegate to the Democratic convention recently held in New York!

No one will deny the frequent assertion made through the press that the women delegates in this convention were an admirable body of women, but those who are most familiar with the attributes of what men call admirable women will have their very grave doubts about whether they had any more to do than they were told with the final choice and nomination of John W. Davis as our presidential candidate, which was the very creditable performance of the convention.

If the women in it had been equal to the emergency, they might at least have insisted upon a physical examination of the contending candidates. This would have eliminated some of the contestants quietly and decently, as we bury the dead, without so much scandal and with less than half the expense incurred in getting rid of them. Right now we do not know whether the livers and kidneys of Coolidge and Davis are sound. But when we consider the casualties in the White House due to electing men depleted in health and vitality, this is as important an issue before a nominating convention as any plank in their respective platforms. More than half these give way anyhow later on under pressure. But when the man himself is sickly the chances are ten to one he will not survive the intolerable burdens he has assumed, and this is always a national tragedy.

The ineffective person is always the shrewdest critic of those who strive, however blindly, to achieve. I seem to belong to that class, but I am so located for the sake of discretion, not for purpose of criticism.

I do a bit of haphazard voting now and then for the purifying of my purely conventional conscience, much as one recites a prayer without believing the Lord hears his petition. I know the cards have been stacked and the successful candidate for that office has been predestined. So I never fash myself into a state of enthusiasm or animosity over an election.

The most significant evidence I have of the political importance of women is the change in the character of my own mail. Formerly it consisted entirely of letters from admiring readers or indignant readers of my books, or from those kind private folk who are one's dearest friends, even if one never beholds their faces. They write by way of clasping hands with you or exchanging confidences with you. But now if a political campaign opens, I suppose every woman receives as many letters as if she had written a particularly appealing book. Every candidate from the coroner type to the more iridescent eloquent type who wants to be a congressman or senator writes to solicit our votes.

(Continued on Page 74)

CHRYSLER FOUR

The Touring Car	$ 895
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The Chrysler Six actually rides more comfortably and solidly than many two-ton cars—due to scientifically distributed weight and a low center of gravity; to the Chrysler-designed type of spring mounting, which does away with side-sway; to balloon tires and Watson stabilators, the finest device of its type to eliminate the shock of road inequalities.

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Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to make you better acquainted with the Chrysler Six. A phone call will bring a Chrysler Six to your door for a demonstration.

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A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

Continued from Page 72

These are remarkably dull letters, couched in the embarrassed language of an awkward man writing to a respectable woman whom he really does not like inviting to vote for him. To me it seems a frightful waste of postage, especially when the thing bears a picture of the aspiring author

In short, I have reached the eye-opening age when a personal letter from the noblest statesman of them all could not move me to any real interest in his fate.

The instinct for personal liberty mentioned a while ago has also led me to avoid participating in the activities so popular and so ably conducted by the various women's organizations. Place yourself within reach of the executive committee of any up-and-doing group of women, and find out how much time or strength you have left to spend upon your own affairs! If you are a social climber, they will give you prominence in exchange for as much faithful service as you are capable of rendering. If you desire recognition, which is the complimentary name of publicity, you may have it as a reward for devoting yourself to some department of public service for the benefit of mankind, or for children, or for charity.

If by some fluke of circumstance you have earned distinction, they can use you for the good of half a dozen causes so completely that you will never have another half hour to devote to your own cause. Henceforth you will be identified with their achievements. You will not have one laurel left on your brow which does not belong to womanhood at large. If you belong to that ever-increasing volume of women who crave self-expression, they can provide more ways for you to express yourself than if you were a mere Christian wife and the mother of ten children. They are using up more wasted feminine energy than any other power company known to civilization.

Personally, I do not think so much of self-expression as a noble yearning. I would not go so far as to suggest that it is a wave of feminine psychosis; but the suspicion grows in my mind that it may be a sort of hysteria peculiar to that class of people who have boastful souls and considerable mortal vanity, neither of which can be financed by the finer art of living privately. We notice it in women now, as we do other symptoms which were formerly characteristic only of men. Job had a notable case of it. He fretted his wife until at last she lost patience with his groaning vanity about his integrity and advised him to curse God and die Carlyle made his wife miserable while he expressed himself like a winged leviathan in Sartor Resartus. It is easier to write an epic than to live your own life becomingly with no audience to cheer the performance. Therefore we are a trifle long on epics and short on achieving a good record of ourselves in secret. Women have at last become infected with this disorder of the mind, a pathetic desire to cast themselves on the wide screen of the world in some rôle of self-expression.

My mail has been laden with letters from them for years asking advice about how to do it. They are either distracted spinsters or married women who are childless and unhappy. Their homes and their husbands have got on their nerves. They are the pseudo heroines of their own sorrows, futile egotists in tears who wish to publish their tears in a book. They have only a martyr illusion of themselves and no sense at all of other people. They are totally lacking in that quality of the medium without which there is no such thing as a truthful interpretation of any life. God himself could not teach such a woman to write an honest sentence about herself, much less her husband, concerning whom she is determined to reveal the worst.

Recently a mean little wife with a soul-pulling use of words sent in a long account of her grievances. She had married beneath her own position in life. Her husband was an honest man, but not—oh, not a gentleman! He did not understand or appreciate her. He was cruel, contemptuous and overbearing. Judging by the way she praised herself, it was easy to infer that she was one of those women who make a damnable use of their virtues and would not lend one for any consideration to her husband. I suppose she wore that sad accusative look which provokes the worst in any man. She felt that it might relieve the tension to find some means of self-expression and she wanted advice about writing the revelations of her married life.

I am not always able to resist the temptation to use the shillalah of my wit upon these little Judases.

"Do not write the record of your wrongs," I advised her; "but meet your husband with a smile the next time he comes in and strike him over the head with some blunt instrument. He will probably clean you up, which is precisely what you need This will much more quickly relieve your nervous tension than writing a book, which is a drastic business and very hard on the nerves, even when you tell the truth."

The women's organizations have a less sensational way of cashing in these unhappy ones. They give them a task to perform in connection with their vast activities. They are doing everything, maintaining schools and clinics, they are lobbying for bills. They are the most rapacious collectors for charity on earth. They have their publicity departments and their propaganda. They are setting up monuments and preserving the memory of honorable men

They almost invariably do what they set out to do and they are the only corporations in this country that get their labor free of charge, that even collect dues from their workers—which will indicate the fierce passion in the women of our times to achieve worthy ends and to express themselves in honorable service before the world, whatever happens to their homes, husbands and children.

No one respects them more than I do, but a burned child is afraid of fire. For so many years I did not have the use of my own life. It was controlled entirely by the rules of my church and limited by the adversities of a circuit-rider's life. Never in this world would I yield it to the executive committee of any kind of woman's board I am a woman myself and know very well how much greater our talent is for governing others than the most despotic form of government founded by men.

My idea is that the good little life, with no publicity screen in the background, leads with less confusion and certainly less embarrassment to peace and happiness.

The theory is excellent and does me credit written out in words. But a master mind could never put into words the web I have spun upon it to ensnare my own life, liberty and happiness.

For years past I have felt my immortal spirit zooning in it like an insect with its legs tied. No woman ever longed for self-expression as I long now to escape from my own plan of happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Broad River, Brevard, North Carolina

Only 7 American Cars Have Equal Power

–but they sell for 2 to 4 times the price of this One-Profit Big Six Sedan

BASED upon the ratings of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce only seven American cars equal the Studebaker Big Six Sedan in power. And they sell for two to four times its price.

These seven cars are the cream of America's automobile production. Among the most costly cars on the road today. And yet, in practically every vital detail—performance, comfort and engineering refinements—the One-Profit Big Six Sedan offers you identical advantages—at less than half the price.

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Tremendous mileage records achieved under grueling conditions by numerous Big Sixes testify to the rugged integrity of this chassis. It stands up because it is manufactured as a unit by Studebaker. Being built as a unit it functions as a unit and yields scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation,

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1. Studebaker is the only manufacturer in the fine car field equipped to make all its own bodies, engines, gear sets, springs, clutches, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Thus Studebaker saves the extra profits which almost all other manufacturers have to pay to outside parts and body makers and gives the benefit to purchasers.

2. Unlike the other high powered cars listed, the Studebaker Big Six benefits from the great economies incident to volume production. It is manufactured in company with two other chassis models in the finest plants owned by any individual manufacturer except Ford.

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Only 7 American automobiles have more power than the Studebaker Big Six, based on the ratings of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Those with 1% more power are more than 100% higher in price. Those with a third more power sell for two or four times the price of the Big Six, as shown by the following table:

The Studebaker Big Six—N. A. C. C. and S. A. E. Rating 36.04. Price of the 7-passenger Sedan $2245, f. o. b. factory.

Car A	1% more power;	124% higher price
Car B	1% more power;	125% higher price
Car C	7% more power;	211% higher price
Car D	25% more power;	260% higher price
Car E	31% more power;	353% higher price
Car F	35% more power;	203% higher price
Car G	35% more power;	34[illegible]% higher price

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Increased volume of sales—founded on Studebaker's policies of One-Profit manufacture and no yearly models—made it possible for us to reduce the price of this Big Six Sedan $330 on August 1st.

Today you can buy the same Studebaker Big Six Sedan that has won such fame the world over for its power, comfort and tremendous reserve mileage, at this new reduced price. No change has been made in quality but bumpers, spare tire, cover and Motometer are no longer furnished.

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Superiorities Both Obvious and Concealed

The factor of power is something that is easy to measure and compare—but in hundreds of hidden places throughout this Studebaker Sedan you will find standards of quality comparable only with a few of the very finest cars.

It is richly upholstered in genuine mohair—not a cotton or wool mixture, but the silky fleece of Angora goats. Metal hardware is of butler silver finish. Dome light, corner reading lights are included in the appointments.

Lights are operated from the steering wheel. In addition to the usual instruments on the dash, there is an eight-day clock, and a gasoline gauge. The improved one-piece windshield has an automatic wiper. One key opens the coincidental lock to ignition and steering gear as well as the tire lock and door.

Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to show you this sturdy, dependable One-Profit Sedan and finance its purchase on a fair and liberal Budget Payment Plan.

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Sorry!

LAST Spring I asked for a name for the new wonder capless top of the Mennen Shaving Cream tube. I offered a prize of $100.

I'll never be the same man again.

The names came in by hundreds, thousands, mail bags full. When the contest closed, I had no office—it was a storeroom for names. 140,000 of them. Nearly a ton of paper. Twenty-one miles of letters, end to end. If I studied each name for one minute it would take 280 ten-hour days to go through the lot. And many are so good I want to admire them for hours.

I've had to get help. Mr. Mennen is helping. So is our sales manager. We hired a big advertising man to help.

I know just how you feel. Each morning as you give the magic cap a quarter turn and miraculously the silver tongue of Cream oozes through the solid head of the tube, you think of that perfect name you sent in, wonder what you'll do with the $100 and wish to blazes I would hurry up and send the check.

Honestly, I'm doing the best I can. It's sifted down to a few hundred stem winders. Please be patient. Don't write. We'll be able to make the final selection very soon. Somebody will positively get the $100 in time to buy a Fall suit or the Winter coal. And he will have the satisfaction all his life of having named the most ingenious, trouble saving, amazing device introduced to shavers since the days of shaving mugs—as startling in its way as was the perfection of Mennen Shaving Cream to hard soap sufferers.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

GOLDEN FRUIT

(Continued from Page 27

"'He has arranged to pay Bill Smith fifty dollars a month to take care of it,' was the explanation.

"'I wouldn't deposit money in a bank managed by a man who knows as little as that!' was my reply."

Not all the leading growers with whom I talked agreed upon the impossibility of running an orange grove by proxy. Mr. Teague, president of the California Fruit Growers Exchange, said that a grove can be run by proxy—"if one gets the right kind of proxy, but this is difficult for a nonresident to do." I found a fairly common prejudice among banks against lending money on groves owned by nonresidents.

Generally speaking, most authorities agree that the owner who leaves any substantial portion of the management and direction of the work to hired help, caretakers and contractors, should not expect to make actual profits. It is human nature for the contractor to do the work as cheaply as possible. Many of them take on far too much work; and even if they are experienced orchardists, they must cover a lot of territory for the fifty dollars a month, or some similar figure, which each owner pays them.

Of course, the very fact that the owner of valuable property turns it over to others to care for, shows a disinterest, a don't-care attitude, which rarely makes for good results. This fact is frankly and rather cynically recognized by all parties concerned.

The Orange Road to Success

But several authorities insisted that if owners would employ more expert help they might be able to make a profit, even where the proxy element is high. It seems generally agreed that though owners are perfectly willing to pay the going rate for day labor, for men who can drive a team or a tractor, who can run the water and apply fertilizer, they are extremely reluctant to pay for supervision, for the ability to make judgments in the way of caring for sick trees. Sick trees are allowed to go too long: either they are not noticed or the workmen who notice them do not know what to do to cure them.

It is probable that when an owner turns over a valuable grove to someone else to run he doesn't expect to make much, and thus he gets the work done as cheaply as possible, which means, as a rule, as poorly as possible.

"Is it a disadvantage for a man in this business to have large outside means?" I asked Mr. Teague.

"No," was the answer. "Not if he also applies ability and brains. On the other hand, just because he has means, it doesn't follow necessarily that he will be successful. Sometimes with means a man puts in the means but not the effort. It may be that he is too much engrossed in other things."

The newcomer who meets with disappointment as an orange grower is likely to remark that only dirt farmers, those who have always been farmers, can make any money at oranges. For several years the California Citrograph, a trade paper published in connection with the Fruit Growers Exchange, has told in detail of the early struggles, later achievements and guiding principles of the leading growers. Owing to the official or semi-official nature of this organ, it is to be presumed that the biographies are fairly typical. In addition, I have made careful inquiries on my own account regarding the history of a number of the most successful growers.

Facts gathered in this way would seem to indicate that by no means all the most successful growers have always been dirt farmers, although a surprisingly large proportion of them do belong in that category. In addition, there are a number of the largest and most successful growers who belong to the second generation, and carry on their inheritance as a strictly business enterprise.

In quite a number of cases, properties have been built up from nothing by dirt farmers. The biographies read almost alike. The young man in his twenties started as a ranch hand at thirty dollars a month. He carried a blanket roll and bached it. One of these men, now worth a comfortable fortune, arrived with three dollars. Asked to what he attributed his success, another similar grower, with 640 acres of oranges and walnuts, replied, "Getting up early in the morning, going to bed early at night, and staying with it."

Still another "worked for many years, against great odds, with little encouragement; living for seventeen years the same drab, daily routine, without much diversion and with only such rest as necessity demanded."

But not all the successful growers are old. One young man, who manages nearly 1000 acres, did not arrive in this country from London until 1910, at which time he was a boyish immigrant. He went to work for a fruit company at $1.50 a day, and has reached his present position by capacity for sustained effort, common sense, loyalty and similar homely virtues. He was ambitious, and concentrated on learning the principles of citrus-fruit growing. Within a comparatively few years he has increased the production on a large holding five times over.

One of the largest growers was educated as an engineer. Another has worked his way up from office boy in a local packing house. First he bought five acres; now he owns 160. Another is a practicing dentist, and another formerly ran a business college in New Jersey. I asked a scientific worker in the citrus industry if he thought outsiders—that is, nonprofessional farmers—ever succeed.

"Not often," he replied; "but they can if they go at it right. I know a jeweler who has bought three groves. He spends all day Sunday and after hours in the groves. Before he bought, he consulted all the packing-house records bearing on his groves, the experiment stations, the local association managers and his nearest competitors. He attends carefully to all sick trees, his groves are improving and he is making money."

One common factor to be discovered in all the histories of successful growers is that whatever their earlier occupations, farming or otherwise, they have gone into orange growing with zeal, enthusiasm and not the slightest fear of hard work and long hours.

Frost the Devastator

But industry and enthusiasm alone will not suffice, indispensable as they are. The orange grower must have in addition plenty of courage and optimism in his make-up. He must know how to take the bitter and the sweet without worry. If heavy and unexpected losses discourage and trouble him, he should sell for what he can get, invest the proceeds in conservative bonds and take a salaried position.

"It is the gamble I like," said one grower in a surprised tone when I commiserated with him on the hazards of his occupation.

Though lemons are far more speculative than oranges, the element of chance plays a sufficiently heavy rôle in the drama of orange culture. The hazards of climate and disease are minimized in good farming and naturally lay their heaviest toll upon poor farming. Yet to deny that even the best fruit growers have made many a retreat and suffered defeats at the hands of their supreme enemy, King Frost, would be futile.

The orange grower suffers occasionally from extraordinary heat or destructive winds or such a dry season that sizes are too small to be profitable. He loses even when sizes are too large, which condition may be caused, for all the writer knows, by still other climatic freaks. But all these hazards fade into insignificance before the onslaught of the great devastator, frost.

More or less killing frosts have come every few years in portions at least of both the citrus states, Florida and California, although rather sporadically and at irregular intervals. It is stated on the authority of a representative committee of California citrus growers that records of the United States Weather Bureau for the past fifty years show that weather conditions in that state have not changed.

Yet following any severe frost, such as those of 1913, 1919, 1922 and the Christmas season of 1924, growers will insist that the climate has changed and that it is colder than it used to be. But it is not the climate which has changed; it is only the grower, hoping against hope that Nature will not repeat; it is only man's betting that next time he will escape the inevitable.

Frosts are freaky in that for a number of years they may miss a district or a portion of it. After a few years of freedom from its devastating effects, the grower regards his locality as immune; or at least he regards his own property as immune, although he may admit that his neighbor's fruit has been nipped just a little. The locality comes to be known as "frost-free" or "proved," and these words are lavishly employed by real-estate men until the next freeze spreads havoc and ruin.

Last Winter's Big Freeze

Of course, the grower does not like to admit that his land is in a frost belt, because such an admission would at once reduce its value. Yet one must face facts in business, as well as be hopeful, and the grower's necessary optimism has its bad as well as its good side.

I shall never forget the weeks that followed the freeze of last Christmas Eve in one of the orange districts. Almost hourly statements were put out to the effect that losses were very small; yet one could actually feel the mental depression that settled down upon the community. As months went by and frozen oranges dropped in piles upon the ground, or were rejected by the dispassionate water test of the packing houses, the facts spoke for themselves.

Officials of the largest growers' organization, the exchange, have no illusions on the subject, and in speeches and published reports scout the idea of frost-free areas.

"We have all seen the so-called banana belts humbled by the freaks of Jack Frost," said the manager of the orange-sales department of the exchange in a speech late in February, "and we do not at this time recognize any citrus district in California as being immune from frost danger."

Several years ago a leading authority stated that failures due to faulty judgment in regard to the frost hazard are almost without number, and this ugly dictum stands unchallenged. He added that frost hazard is a very uncertain quantity and may be judged only approximately even after years of experience and observation.

Unfortunately, climatic and soil conditions that make for quality in fruit are often those that make for frost hazard. Many oranges are grown as close as possible to areas where frost would make their culture wholly impossible. The danger line is very thin indeed.

"Doesn't it seem foolish to settle on a little rim or zone above which it is too cold and below which it it is too cold, and expect Providence to intervene?" exclaimed a grower who has settled in precisely such a place to his everlasting profit.

There is no possibility of exaggerating the disastrous effects of a severe freeze. A first-class panic could not have hit portions of Southern California harder than the frost of 1913. One of the oldest districts, which had been averaging shipments of 1,700,000 boxes a year, sent out only 250,000 that year. In the hot year of 1917–18 shipments were only 440,000 boxes.

(Continued on Page 78

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

"—he was an old young man at forty"

Hidden wells of poison

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

Even as a boy of five, he began to ride. In his 'teens he was giving as good account of himself on a polo pony as many players much older. His hunters were the envy of his friends.

His big aim, however, was international polo. But just as he was attaining this goal his health began to fail, and now when he should have been in his very prime, he was an old young man of forty.

Shattered health, due to tooth neglect! Hidden wells of poison in his mouth had made him practically an invalid.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

Listerine Tooth Paste—*25 cents for the large tube*

© 1915, Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Can one tobacco satisfy a man with 45 pipes?

This smoker has found a tobacco that makes his good pipes taste better and his bad pipes taste good

You might imagine that the law of averages would require a man with 45 pipes to smoke a variety of tobaccos.

Evidently, it doesn't work that way, for here is a pipe connoisseur who, after vainly trying every tobacco his tobacconist could mention, finally got around to Edgeworth. The result is, his humidor is now "Edgeworthized."

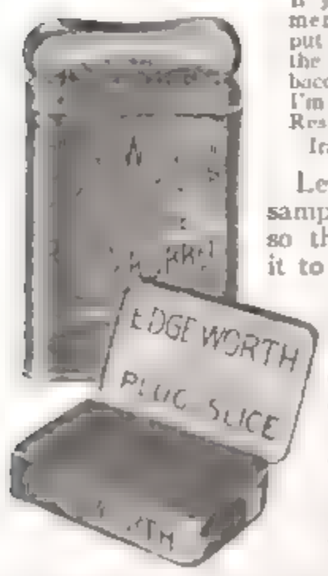
Mr. Sonnenblick makes application for a life membership in the Edgeworth Club. All in favor say "Aye."

But first read his letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

When a man has 45 pipes he certainly is up against it for an all-round tobacco. [illegible] 2 Dunhills, 6 Comoys, 4 Barlings, 4 Kaywoodies, 2 Petersons, 2 GBD's and the usual meerschaum, calabash, corncob, etc. Some were sweet from the start, others remained obdurate and bitter despite the fact that I used every American brand and every English brand I could get or my tobacconist could mention. Fancy prices! Hang the price. I wanted pipe satisfaction. The brands I tried failed; the mixtures I made failed because the tobacco varied.

I saw the ads written by Edgeworth smokers but they seemed too [illegible] just to see how [illegible] Well, the package arrived [illegible] Now my good pipes taste better and my bad pipes taste good!



If you've got a life membership open, put me down. It's the King Bee of tobaccos and I think I'm a qualified judge. Respectfully yours,
Ira J. Sonnenblick.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1J South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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At such times growers whose fruit gets as far as the packing house may find a red-ink return; instead of receiving a check, they may be obliged to pay the packing house on dead horse. Even in the much less severe freeze of 1924–25 losses of from 20 to 50 per cent of total production were quite common.

The great 1913 freeze began on a Sunday early in January. All day Sunday, Monday and Monday night the temperatures remained at a figure which caused even old-timers to fear that the California citrus industry had come to its end. On Tuesday morning the oranges were lumps of ice, and by that time protection for the banks, in certain districts, was almost as desirable as protection for the orange orchards had been.

Another such season would kill the citrus industry of the state, except for one redeeming feature—namely, that man, if he chooses, can overcome even the frost king. To the novice it may seem impossible to heat the whole outdoors; but for all practical purposes, it can be done, and is being done on a rapidly increasing scale. Oil stoves will raise the temperature of an orchard from five to eight or perhaps even ten or fifteen degrees, enough as a rule to prevent the fruit from freezing, and almost always enough to save the trees from the severe physiological shock produced by the lower temperature.

Although dozens of other schemes for raising orchard temperatures have been tried, only oil heating has been at all widely adopted. Not until 1910 did the oil heater come into commercial use. At first it was an open pan, dubbed a bread pan or cookstove. But with each succeeding frost the heater has been improved, and fortune probably awaits the inventor who produces a smokeless heater that likewise gives out excessive warmth.

Heating the Groves

At first it was thought desirable to have a blanket of smoke hanging over the fired orchard. However, it was soon learned that heat rather than smudge was essential. Besides, residents in the path of the smoke drift, which often obscured the light of day for a week or more, made bitter complaints of the damage done to lace curtains and other household effects, especially if they themselves were not orange growers. In 1919, after the freeze of that season, a political election was fought out in one large city on the smudge issue.

It was said that smoke injured the health, but the orange growers produced, in all seriousness, expert testimony to show that even a canary bird's health was not affected. Any little harm which the smoke might do is, of course, infinitesimal compared with the loss of a crop; and besides, the heater of the future will produce more heat and less smoke.

In earlier years, and even this year, the relatively few growers who went to the great expense of heating and saved their crop naturally received high prices owing to the prevailing shortage. There are those who fear that if practically all growers heat, prices will revert to normal. But the trees themselves are saved from harm by heating, the good name of the industry is helped by absolutely preventing the sale of frozen fruit, and the community as a whole benefits more from wages paid and supplies purchased in years of normal crop production than it does from having a few fortunate individuals profit in years of general crop failure.

The heating of an orange grove is not only the most exciting feature of the business but seems to the writer one of the most thrilling adventures that any person can have. Several years ago a grower arranged to be called by telephone when the thermometer fell to a certain point, with the idea that he would see to having his heaters lighted. But in the hurry the connection was missed, the workmen disbanded when the owner failed to show up, and he lost a sum said to be $50,000; and even if that figure is exaggerated, it was large enough in all conscience.

When another grower told me that the saving or losing of $25,000 in his forty-acre holding was a matter of only half an hour, I knew he was telling the literal truth. For I stood in the grove a few months after the freeze and admired the beautiful, luscious, healthy green of his trees, with their normal crop of fruit. His neighbors on each side had not heated. Most of their oranges lay frozen on the ground, but that was by no means the worst of it. The trees themselves looked ill; they could be brought back to health only by several years of expensive feeding.

Heating an orange grove is no cake-eating pastime. Not only does the frost king attack suddenly and viciously but the labor of firing, extinguishing and filling the stoves is enormous. The grower is forced to stay up practically every night, and all night, for a week or more. After a hasty breakfast and a few winks of sleep, he must see that the pots are filled for the following night. The slightest delay in lighting may undo all the work and render the heavy investment in stoves and oil valueless.

One grower told me he had lost $10,000 in a single portion of his groves by delay in lighting, which was more than the cost of heating all the rest of his holdings amounted to. The same man arose from a sick bed on Christmas Eve to see that his sister-in-law's grove was lighted in time, fearing that she would lose fully $10,000 if he did not hurry.

On one of the largest holdings in the state, 10,000 heaters were going simultaneously for several nights last season. The cost of the equipment is heavy, but not substantially more than the growing of a single good crop; and of course the heaters last for a number of years. The cost of operation is considerable, but is only a small fraction of the cost of raising a crop.

To lose a large crop, or even a part of it, and to injure the trees for years, when it is possible to save the crop and the trees as well at the cost of the crop itself, seems foolish to the outside observer. Besides, each orchard heated helps every other in the vicinity. There is created a broad river of heat. One large grower told me that he would be willing to operate his neighbor's heaters for practically nothing if the neighbor would buy them, merely to add to the local temperature. There are sections formerly considered too cold which have been redeemed to a profit-making basis by widespread heating. But there are growers who either hope against hope that their groves will escape or will not undergo the annoyance involved.

"When I have to buy cookstoves, I'm through," they say in disgust.

Not What They Used to Be

Those who have other occupations, bank presidents, high-school teachers and the like, feel that the long night vigils will unfit them for their work. There are growers for whom heating is too much trouble, who prefer to take their chances or who lose interest in the subject with the coming of warm weather.

But the real human side of the frost-heating problem is other than this, and has a valuable lesson for persons outside the citrus industry. At the bottom of the reluctance of the grower, exposed to a frost hazard, to invest and engage in heating, there is a desire to get something for nothing, to take something out without putting anything in.

A statement that one frequently hears in a citrus district is that "oranges aren't what they used to be." To a considerable extent this attitude merely reflects the injury to the vitality and fruitage possibilities of the trees caused by the great 1913 freeze. For a number of years before, profits had been large and easy to make. But many trees stopped bearing after the freeze as heavily as they had before, and it ceased to be a simple matter to make a good living off of a few acres.

Many a grower has been hanging on until it is too late to do anything for his trees, hoping that he might once more get the big crops he once did. Perhaps in his dreams he has visions of a season when his groves will produce heavily, his neighbors' lightly and prices will be high. In the same dream, no doubt, he plans to put an unusual amount of fertilizer on his grove after such a miracle year.

There are, or were, orange growers, just like many people in other lines, who, in the golden days before the big freeze, went around with a smile on their faces as if an orange grove were like a pension, a savings-bank deposit or Liberty Bonds.

"I tell you, it's like money in the bank," they used to say.

But it wasn't at all like money in the bank. It was then, as now, a hard business, like any other. The only difference was that superficial and temporary conditions lulled a lot of people into a sense of false security.

Apparently the orange grower enjoyed a number of years just before 1913 during which frosts were not severe, production costs were low and market conditions favorable. He could not avoid making money. But, naturally, expenses have risen as in every other industry. Then, too, the younger trees did not require such big meals and copious drinks of water as the older ones do now. Possibly also the soil was less exhausted.

Good Methods and Bad

But most of the larger and more successful growers assured the writer that there were just as difficult problems to meet in the past as at present, that the problems merely change as time goes on and that the growers who fail to meet them drop out of the business. In other words, those who did not sense the additional requirements of the business have poor groves today or are out altogether.

A large grower, who in addition owns an independent packing and shipping business and is well known as a careful student, told me that the 1913 freeze came as a convenient alibi at a time when the trend was toward decreased production due to soil depletion.

"Growers tried to tie their own failure to God," he said.

The injury to the trees, he went on, was more than direct reaction to thermal conditions. It was part of a soil decadency. If all trees had produced poorly since 1913, the general decline in profits might be traced to the freeze. But it is well known that numbers of growers have produced and profited as well as ever since that time.

When I first began to ride around among orange groves I was fairly startled by the differences shown in the same locality. Many groves looked absolutely starved, forlorn and scraggly, with only a few oranges on the trees. Others across the road had a prosperous appearance that did not escape even the untrained eye. Some looked so luxuriant as to seem almost like hothouse products, absolutely unreal and artificial in their display of fruit and waxy, exuberant foliage growth.

As far as I could discover, nearly all authorities recommend an application of fertilizer far in excess of the average actually put on. One grower who gets results so remarkable that university classes in agriculture visit his orchards with monotonous annual regularity to see how he does it, said that his object in putting back into the soil the enormous percentage of income for which he is noted is not so much for immediate results as for his grandchildren.

"I believe in permanent agriculture," he said. "That's why I put back five times what I take out."

"There are growers so narrow," one of the highest officers of the California Fruit Growers Exchange told me, "that they mine an orchard for three or four years and then sell it. They simply refuse to keep it up. The buyer may milk it; soon the trees show

(Continued on Page 80)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

This 4-Door Sedan Offers Matchless Quality —the Supreme Attraction to Buyers

At no time in the history of the industry has a car stood away from its field more sharply in point of quality than does this new Nash Special Six 4-Door Sedan.

All that your eye sees in the way of better and more extensive equipment, in the way of finer body craftsmanship, and in the superior finish that characterizes every detail, is confirmed by the brilliancy of the car's performance.

There is more money put in the car, and it shows it. More labor goes to build it, and more care and time are expended toward making it the one great car from the point of value and quality that the industry offers in this field.

And mounting sales are proving this conclusively. All throughout America this 4-Door Sedan is scoring a record-breaking success.

Quality is the magnet that is drawing buyers by the thousands — *greater quality backed up by greater value.*

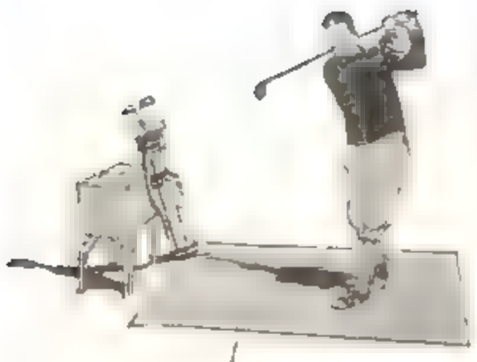
Go see this car. Note first its appearance of custom built beauty.

Feel the texture of the mohair upholstery—grades finer than others use.

Observe that this car offers a heater, silver-finished hardware of top quality, a superb silver smoking set and vanity case, fine hardware in rich Colonial pattern, plus four-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, and five disc wheels, included in the price *at no extra cost.*

But most of all, look at *the way* the car is built; no disappointing evidence of cheapening; no hurried workmanship. *It's a quality car through and through — and it looks it.*

(2203)



Jantzen
—the Coat to wear anywhere

Jantzen now offers a wonderful knitted coat—worthy companion to the famous Jantzen swimming suit. A garment of permanent style, of quiet elegance and outstanding quality, with a fineness of texture heretofore unknown in knitted coats—a sheen and quiet lustre that only JANTZEN YARN and JANTZEN STITCH can produce.

"Jantzen yarn" is pure virgin wool but more than that. It is made from only the longest, strongest wool fibres, *combed straight*. "Jantzen stitch" is famed for its permanent elasticity. These two basic qualities are the reasons a Jantzen coat can't be duplicated. Be sure you get a genuine Jantzen.

At your favorite store, in latest shades and patterns. Send for descriptive folder and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric. *Dealers—Write or wire. We ship promptly by prepaid express.*

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, INC.
PORTLAND, OREGON, U. S. A.
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, LIMITED
Canadian Corporation
Vancouver, Canada

Companion to the Nation's Swimming Suit

(Continued from Page 78)

the effect and then someone has to hold the sack. That happens over and over. We old residents see an orchard that ought to produce for years come to ruin, and the whole community is injured.

"Two or even three owners may milk an orchard in this way and then the last owner may build it up, especially if he has bought it cheaply. There are men who make a business of feeding up run-down orchards, and are always looking for them. But perhaps also somewhere along the line an innocent buyer has been made a pessimist on the orange industry."

It is said that an orange tree will stand a lot of abuse, but there is agreement that it runs downhill faster than it builds up. Thus, naturally, when a calamity like a severe freeze comes along, many growers, knowing what a long time it will take to build up their property, are willing to sell at a sacrifice. Then the real professionals, those in it in dead commercial earnest, snap up bargains upon which they often build their subsequent fortunes. They reason also that when others are dropping out is the time for them to stay in.

Tiptop Profits for Tiptop Groves

"The other fellow's neglect makes the orange business good for the man who cares for his grove," was the frankly worded advertisement of a man who deals in groves, following the last big freeze. "I think this is more true now than ever before. There are thousands of acres of groves that are being subdivided out, gophered out, frozen out, starved out and got rid of in various other ways. This business is a matter of the survival of the fittest, and the survivors are going to be in a business that will pay from 20 to 30 per cent interest."

It is agreed that large profits come only to those who keep their groves in tiptop condition, which is difficult, and anything difficult is too much trouble for the majority of people. This is particularly true where the grove is a mere side issue with the owner.

There are growers, perhaps, who do not know the profitableness of feeding their groves or do not know how to do it intelligently. No doubt there are trees and soil so poor that they can never be redeemed. Growers complain at times that the scientists do not give them satisfactory advice. Certainly it is true that several questions of vital importance to the growers have not yet been settled by the scientists. But on the other hand, the industry would not exist at all if it were not for the latter.

The scientists can retort easily enough that the growers do not always avail themselves of the best available information. Too many growers follow haphazard fads and fancies. They rush from one extreme to another, believing what some salesman tells them, rather than applying farm sense to their own problems. Truly the orange tree is a victim of much strange experiment.

Said one scientist who makes a study of soils, in reply to my question:

"Growers show too much credulity. They will cancel an order for one kind of fertilizer and buy another because a slicker agent tells them that his product is especially prepared for their soil."

But it does not seem to me that the grower's trouble is primarily lack of technical knowledge or even of intelligence. It is more strictly a financial weakness. Possibly newcomers, especially those familiar with the natural richness of Middle-Western soils, find it difficult to realize the costliness of feeding an orange grove and the necessity of being able to stand a series of jolts.

But it hurts an old-timer as well as a newcomer to go right ahead spending freely when he loses a crop. The business man who has just discovered that he has been operating at a loss does not give banquets to his help, although he may enjoy doing it in a bonanza year. But the orange grower must give his trees a banquet regularly or else he goes out of business.

He may hunt for an alibi by saying that he doesn't believe in so much fertilizer or water, or that the scientists won't tell him what kind of fertilizer to use. He argues that skipping just one season won't make any difference. But the truth is, of course, that he is too stingy to spend the money, or, what is far more likely, doesn't have it to spend.

It hurts people to spend a large sum to get back a small sum, even though the expenditure may protect their investment in the future. There is always a tendency to put the cart before the horse, to wait to buy fertilizer and heaters until after the profits are made and in the bank. The grower wants to be sure he is going to get his money back, so he waits and—he never gets anything back. The time when it is most necessary to spend freely is when calamity comes, and that is the very time when it is hardest to spend. An orange grove cannot be run by those who are tight or picayunish, by those who expect Nature to do it all.

Reserves for Emergencies

"One must have capital or nerve in this business," said a grower whose rapid expansion in bad times shows that he has the nerve in any case. "If I need 1000 heaters, I buy them, whether I have a dollar in the bank or not. On Christmas Eve one of my acquaintances complained apologetically that he hadn't had the money to buy heaters, but he wished that he had. The truth is that he just wouldn't put it out for that particular purpose. If he had wanted a new automobile or something else of a personal nature, he could have found the money all right."

The average person does not, of course, possess the nerve or the financial and business agility required to keep up a grove in bad times unless he has an actual reserve. For most growers, an orange grove is about the last business in the world to try to operate on a shoe string. The newcomer who has retired from the ministry or a drug store or a wheat farm, with a total competency of $20,000 or $50,000 and who buys twenty or fifty acres of oranges at $1000 an acre, as the case may be, might just as well commit financial suicide.

A grower with a long record of success, but who, like others, has an occasional crop failure, told me that a reserve in cash or liquid resources of from $300 to $500 an acre is necessary. This man owns plenty of good bonds which he can borrow upon in a bad year; but he said that the bankers do not always make him put up the bonds, because they know he lives well within his means, driving an automobile of a much less expensive make than he can afford to drive. Another successful grower carries such heavy life insurance that in case of his death his family could keep up the grove for a long period of years.

Averaging Profits and Losses

Particularly since the 1913 freeze, many growers have been operating on too small a capital. Possibly the fact that payment for the crop, as in so many branches of agriculture, comes all at once makes it difficult for the small grower, especially, to realize that he must set up reserves. Says Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor:

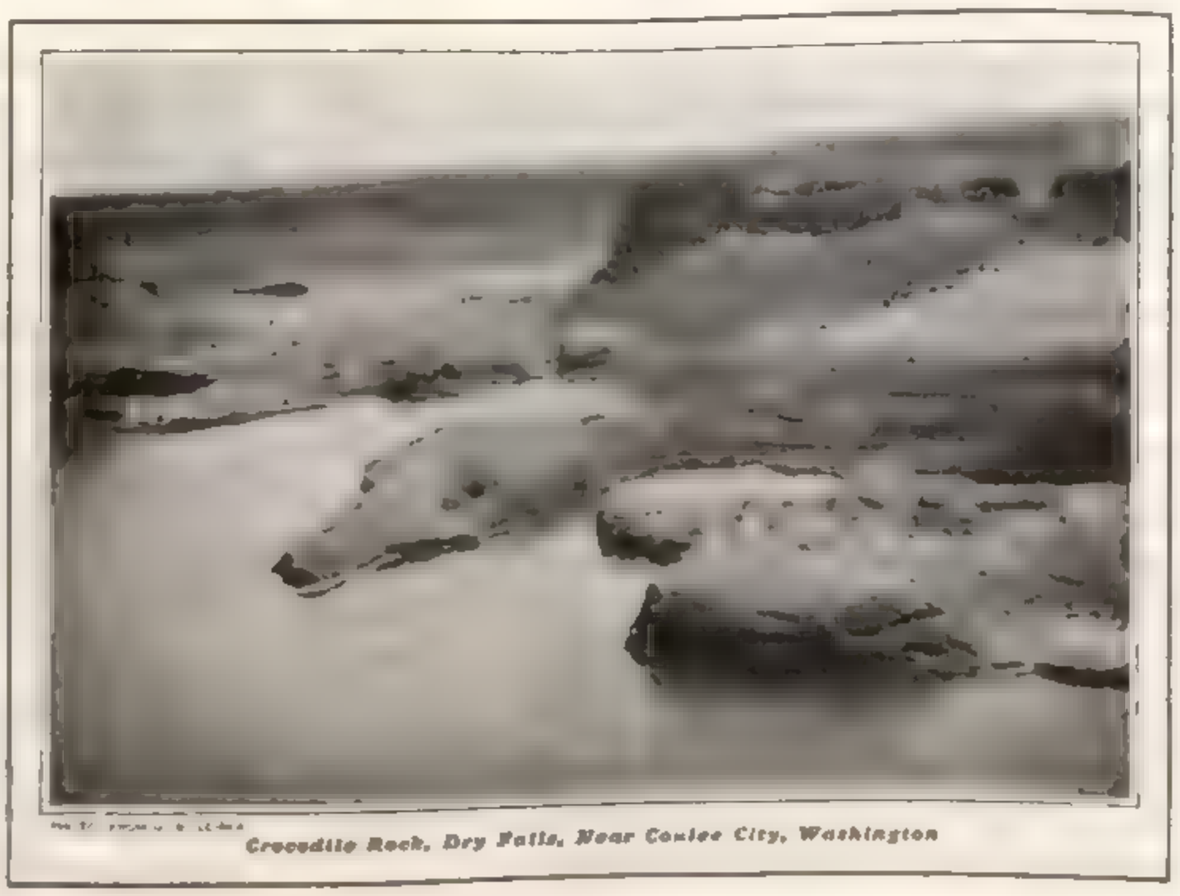
"Banking and manufacturing, whose hazards are moderate, build up reserves as a matter of course. Agriculture, whose hazards are much greater, has not followed the policy of building reserves. In periods of high return, farmers put their money into more land or into speculative ventures, often illusory."

In nearly all lines of business it is necessary to average profits and losses over a period of years. This is particularly true with citrus fruits. All authorities assert that five or ten years is necessary to determine results. To make a favorable showing for such a period, the grower must make at least 20 per cent in good years. Unfortunately, there are people who forget in their 20, 30 and 40 per cent years the necessity of setting up reserves and averaging their profits. They go crazy in a big year.

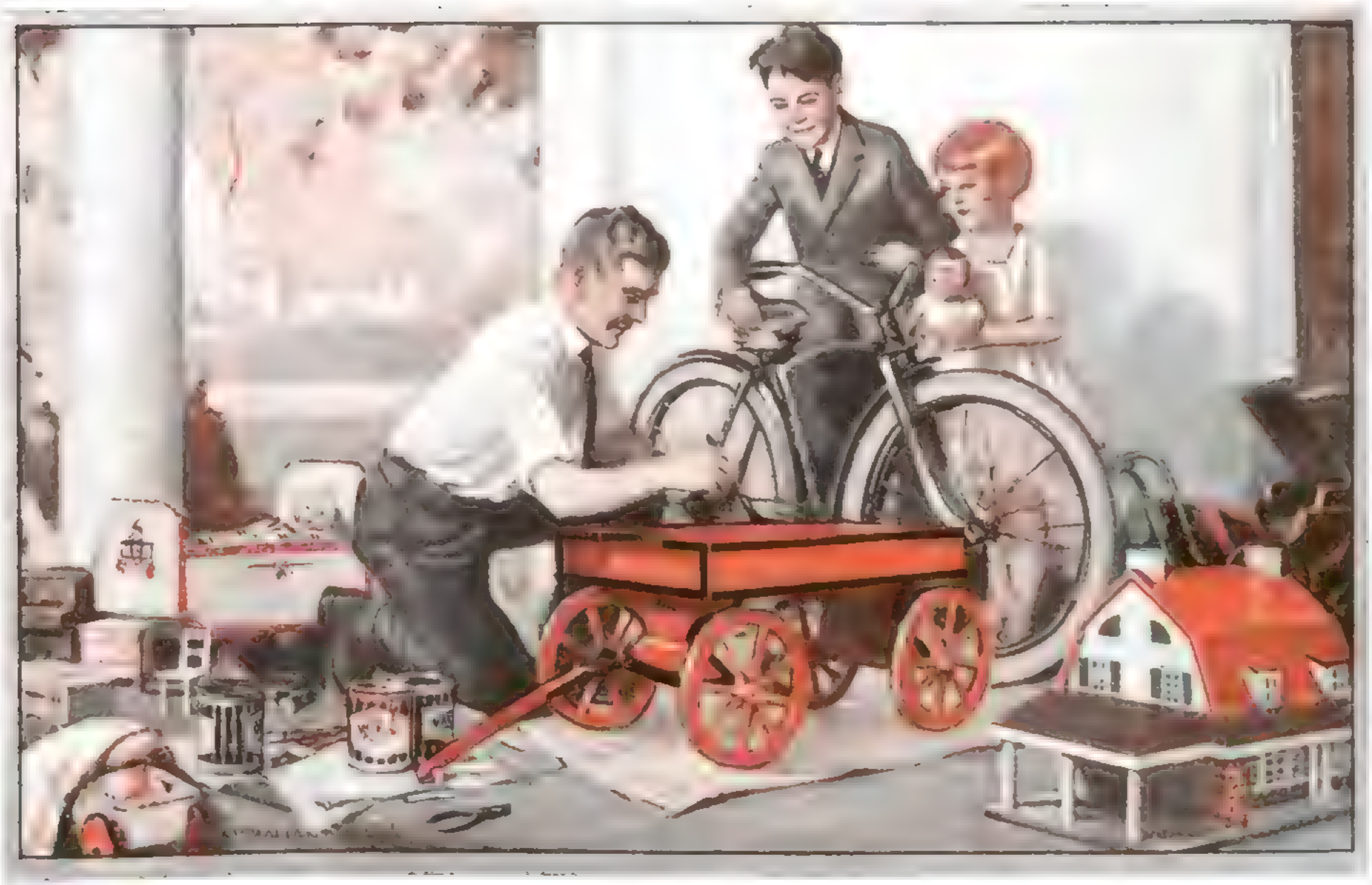
Whether the industry as a whole makes a profit is difficult to say. In one county there are 5,262,230 trees, of which 25 per cent are said on high authority to be profitable, 50 per cent precarious and 25 per cent so unprofitable that the owners would make more if they pulled up the trees and burned them. On the other hand, I should be surprised if other branches of agriculture showed more individual cases proportionately of large profits. Certainly the raising of citrus fruits has not been so depressed as many other lines in the last few years.

Any number of cases can be cited of groves which have paid for themselves in three or four years, and occasionally they pay for themselves in one year. It is credibly related that a man with other important interests was made so nervous by the necessity of being obliged to heat his orchard, which was in excellent condition, that he forced its sale for about $90,000, although it then had from $25,000 to $40,000 worth of fruit on the trees. The price at which he sold was said to be a profit of 10 per cent over what he had paid a few years

(Continued on Page 82)



Crocodile Rock, Dry Falls, Near Coulee City, Washington



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Champion wielder of the brush! Daddy has gone up even higher in the youngsters' opinion now—for with a few magic strokes he's making their toys sparkle, bright as new!

Of course, the children are delighted. It's always much more fun to play with bright, new-looking toys than old, shabby ones. And Valspar-Enamel will *keep* them looking new, make them last much longer. No matter how dirty they may become, a damp rag will make them glisten again.

Tough, hard to scratch, waterproof—a Valspar-Enamel surface will hold its lustre through the hardest of wear. Even if left out in the rain, Valsparred toys will still look like new. For Valspar-Enamels are made of clear Valspar—*the famous waterproof varnish*—combined with beautiful, solid-covering colors.

And it's so easy to use Valspar-Enamels! In short order you can brighten up express wagons, wooden soldiers, bicycles, doll houses, toy furniture and other playthings. Anyone can apply Valspar.

If you have any Valspar-Enamel left over, you will find a number of other articles around the house that will benefit by a little touching up—the refrigerator, drainboard, chairs, tables. Fill out the coupon for sample cans.

The "Taylor-Tot," combined go-cart and coaster car, is Valsparred, of course. The Frank F. Taylor Co. of Cincinnati, O., specify Valspar because of its durable finish. It is so easy to clean and it stays bright.

Valspar is used with great success on the hobby horses, drums and other toys manufactured by the Morton F. Converse & Sons Co., of Winchendon, Mass.

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This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

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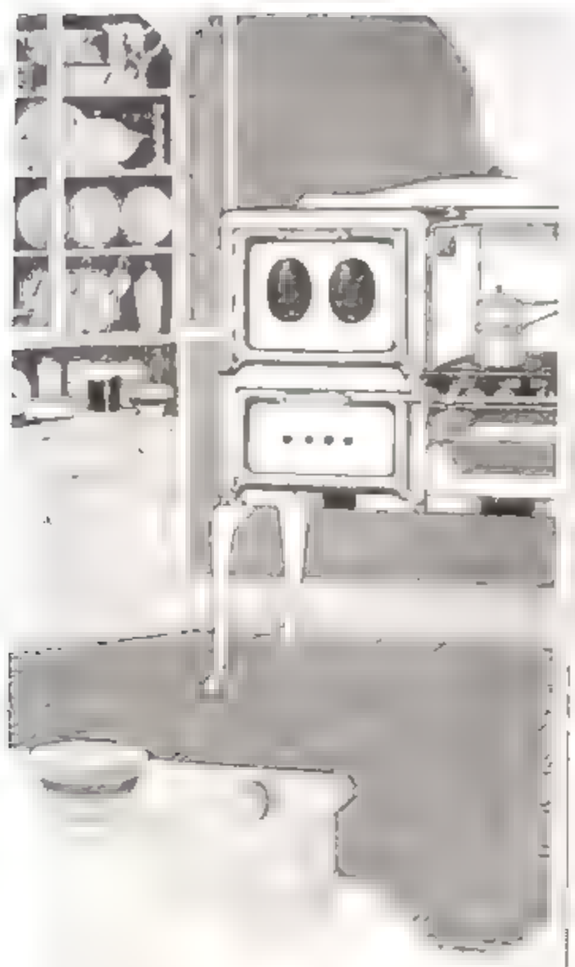

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By merely setting the Wilcolator Oven Heat Control at the proper point, most appetizing baking and roasting is accomplished automatically. The improved raised burners concentrate the cooking heat just where it should be. And the glass-like white enamel finish can easily be kept spotless with a damp cloth.

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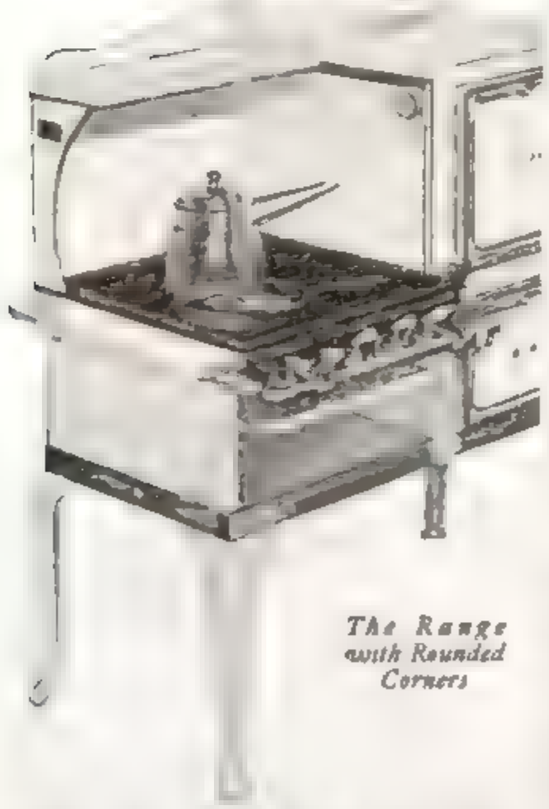

The Range with Rounded Corners

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GAS RANGES
With Oven Heat Regulator

The Tappan Range must be seen to be fully appreciated. By all means see it at your dealer's before you buy a new stove. In one of the beautiful models you are sure to find your ideal of a range

(Continued from Page 80)

before. The buyers, however, paid out in three years.

A large and wealthy grower lost interest in orange culture and sold his excellent property cheaply. One buyer paid out in one year. He was so jubilant that he started for Europe as soon as he received his check, but was intercepted at New York with offers to buy. One of these offers named a figure which gave him a profit of 100 per cent. He accepted at once, but lived, so it is said, to regret his action, because the grove has paid well ever since.

Though I cannot vouch for the precise accuracy of the figures just cited, they are substantially correct as illustrations. Every citrus community includes at least half a dozen men who have built up valuable properties merely from the crops, and with no capital, or only a few thousand dollars, to start with. Mr. C. C. Chapman told me that six or eight of the boys who had worked for him are now the owners of valuable orchards.

One of the leading capitalists of Southern California, not himself an orange grower, but an old-timer and a leader in nearly all other activities there, told me that the ultra-conservative, hard-headed residents had always belittled oranges.

"When I first came here fifty carloads were shipped, and now there are 50,000. Many fortunes have been made and lots of money lost."

Improving the Stocks

Several growers, in discussing the industry, insisted that there is no good reason why all who enter it should expect to succeed. If there had been no killing frosts or other disasters to crops, pretty nearly every acre from San Diego to Shasta would be planted in oranges and no one could make any money. Frosts drive out marginal acreage and make it possible for good producers to succeed. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that at the very time when frost or other setbacks are causing many growers to criticize the industry, the more efficient producers are buying acreage at bargain prices.

"This cold weather has been a blessing," one student of the industry told me last January. "It will disillusion many people and gradually force them out of the orchards and into Los Angeles and Hollywood. The wife doesn't like the soot from heating and the late hours her husband must keep. Marginal producers hang on as long as it's a nice life, but heating isn't nice. I only wish it were possible to freeze out the growers at both ends of the scale—those with no resources or reserves at one end and those with such large resources at the other end that they don't care whether their groves are kept up or not."

In conclusion, it may be said that in orange raising, as in so many other branches of farming, the agriculturist cannot be quite sure whether production or marketing is the more important branch of his business. Nothing thus far has been said about marketing, but it is argued that the successful orchard depends upon the degree of success attained by the packing house and marketing organization. The large and successful growers, one discovers, pay very close attention to these branches of their business, and usually call upon their Eastern trade at regular intervals.

It is argued that before the farmer can be prosperous he must find a market, that production is always easy to speed up, but that it is not always a simple matter to find buyers. The science of agriculture, many insist, has too long dodged this issue.

But on the other hand, the low-cost producer—that is, the one who gets quantity and who also usually gets quality—makes a profit even when general economic and marketing conditions are bad. There is never enough high-quality fruit, and it always commands a good price, irrespective of the marketing mechanism.

To get quantity and quality it is necessary not only to have proper climatic and soil conditions but the very best varieties of trees as well. Along this line much scientific work has been done, particularly that of Dr. A. D. Shamel, of the Department of Agriculture. Tests which he has conducted for many years show, it is said, that the quantity of fruit produced is a transmittable character capable of perpetuation through bud propagation. Similar experiments have been made in regard to quality.

The facts and results obtained emphasize the importance of careful bud selection in the commercial propagation of trees in order to avoid the perpetuation of unproductive and worthless strains.

It is not so much new varieties or creations that this and other students are after, but an upbreeding of the orchard population by budding from improved stock or even by taking out the poorer trees. Unintentionally, many inferior trees have found their way into the groves. The point is to raise the average of the orchard population. Color, shape, size, texture and many other qualities are inherent in the bud itself, at least to a considerable extent, and are not solely the product of soil, climate and other exterior conditions.

Some trees, as Doctor Shamel says, are inherently unstable and others are stable. The old idea that all buds were alike, provided they were Baldwin apples or navel oranges, has been revised. Thus, as the breeds of trees improve, crops will be more uniform and regular.

Coöperation in Marketing

But, like heating and the application of fertilizer, it seems only common sense to suppose that tree upbreeding through bud selection will be practiced most successfully by the fewer and more efficient growers. The great advantage, on the other hand, of a highly effective marketing system dependent upon intensive coöperation is that concerted efforts are made to get a price which will keep other growers besides the most efficient in business.

Whatever may be said in criticism of coöperation, it has accomplished much in the citrus industry. This is not the place to discuss the question as to whether oranges have been overproduced. But we do all know that by advertising and other means the coöperative association has enormously stimulated consumption. It has taught the public to use oranges as part of the national diet rather than to regard them as luxuries.

Coöperation does not work miracles or provide an economic panacea. The growing of oranges is so closely tied up with coöperation, however, that it is hard to separate the two. But coöperation is such a big subject that it constitutes quite another story.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

APPLIED GERMICIDE

(Continued from Page 17)

stubbornness and sometimes of downright pugilism. In the first place, no member ever is satisfied with the events as run off by the committee. When the tournament is match play, that is the day the members want medal play; if you run always to straight stuff, then the membership demands novelties such as the tombstone and the cross country. But if, succumbing to popular clamor, you announce a woof tournament, then one and all arise to curse you and demand whether this is a golf course or a circus ring, and to announce that they pay their dues for the use of the course and what the blankety-boom do you mean by cluttering things up with nonsense.

But this is simple as compared with the matter of arriving at handicaps. No golfer ever had a fair handicap. There isn't a ninety-nine player in the world who doesn't think he is entitled to a handicap of twelve or under; then there are the betting members with low handicaps who demand weekly to see the books and require to have the mathematics of it explained to them, and why their handicap was cut a stroke. To these fellows a stroke may mean the difference between a pleasant profit of fifty or a hundred dollars over the week-end, or a deficit of like amount. Everybody loves the handicap committee.

And as for disqualifications! Maybe some of you have kidnaped the pretty six-year daughter of a friend and held her for ransom. The rage of the father is as nothing to his state of mind if, on complaint of a meticulous member, you disqualify him from a medal-play event for practicing toward a green on the day of play; or if, instead of carrying a match play along through a whole summer, you disqualify him and award the match to his opponent after the member has failed to show up for play three weeks hand running. The only joy in the life of the chairman of the handicap and tournament committee comes when he locks himself in the coal cellar away from the telephone to read in peace an article by Walter Hagen on how to stop a slice.

But McWhinney was hardened. He was calloused. Years had made him adamant, and vituperation rolled off him like water off a duckling's feathers.

The event of a certain Friday was the qualifying round of the Women's June Cup. He stood before the door of the Ladies' Locker House, wearing his rattlesnake stockings and his waterlogged canvas bag, but his manners were courtly. He was waiting for Miss Dadds to emerge. Presently she did so and he addressed her.

"Miss Dadds," he said, "I hope you will enter in this event today. We're particularly anxious to have a good entry list."

She sniffed.

"Play with a lot of women!" she said. "Huh!" She spoke audibly, and there were women who overheard.

"But why? I don't think I understand."

"I play golf," said Miss Dadds. "I have to dress with them, but I don't have to play with them. . . . Unless a woman can break ninety, she ought to be barred. Huh! Come in and brag about a hundred and twelve! Just heard one do it. They put me off my game. Rather take a couple of balls and play alone."

"Then you don't care to enter for the Women's June Cup?"

"I should say not. I'll go into the men's tournaments any day, and I don't see why I can't. I play as good a game as 90 per cent of them. They know it too."

"I'm sorry," said McWhinney mildly. "But we'll try to get up a tournament that'll interest you."

"Huh!" grunted Miss Dadds, and Mac was content to let it stand so.

He walked through the professional's room and into the men's lounge, where the regulars were dressing and holding the usual debate.

"Well?" Wills asked.

"She scorns to play with wimmin," said McWhinney. "She scorns it audibly."

"Then what?"

"Then," said Mac, "the Invitation Tournament. Two weeks from today. Postals in the mail this afternoon."

"Make it clearer," said Martin Tombes.

"Women's Invitation Tournament—members of clubs in the district invited. One day. Medal play."

"Huh!" This was Absalom Parker. "Clutterin' up the course again. Diggin' divots all over. Makes me sick. Ever hear of a guest replacin' a divot?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

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With MACMILLAN *in the* ARCTIC

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Each item of equipment on such an expedition is chosen with utmost care, for life or death hangs in the balance. On previous voyages to the Arctic with MacMillan, Exide Batteries have been through shipwreck, blizzard and incredible cold and never once have failed.

On this latest adventure all the storage batteries were Exide—for radio sending and receiving, for electric light aboard ship and on shore, for operating the sensitive scientific instruments. The three U. S. Navy airplanes that accompanied MacMillan's two vessels were also equipped with Exide Batteries.

Exide 6-volt "A" battery in one-piece case

There are also Exide "A" batteries for 2-volt and 4-volt tubes and "B" batteries, 24 and 48 volts, of 6000 milliampere capacity. The Exide line includes a most economical "B" battery rectifier.

Wherever radio *must* not fail, you will almost always find Exide Batteries have been installed—in government and commercial plants—on the giant ship Leviathan, on the Navy dirigible Shenandoah, on the new British airship R33; on every continent and the seven seas, speeding up communication throughout the modern world.

The same qualities that make Exide the choice where lives are at stake are built into the Exide Batteries that you can have with your own receiving set. Staunch and dependable, the Exide gives uniform current through a long period of discharge and assures the clearest reception of which your set is capable. There is a type for every tube and a size for every set, obtainable at radio dealers' and all Exide Dealers'.

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PHILADELPHIA

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited
153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Exide
RADIO
BATTERIES

FOR BETTER RADIO RECEPTION USE STORAGE BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 82)

"Hence the green fees," said Mac.

"But all to what purpose?" asked President Olney.

"Did you turn this thing over to the strategy committee, or didn't you?" Weevil demanded. "And if so, run along and play little golf shots out of the rough. . . . But be on hand two weeks from today."

"I trust you birds," said Olney, "but it grinds me to do it. . . . And, as I was saying, I sliced my drive back of the tree and then I took out my niblick and I whaled into it ——"

"The way," interrupted Atterbury Goodhue, the betting pest, "to stop hitting behind the ball is to quit looking there. Look at the top of it for a while. Works every time."

"What I want," Orson Green could be heard arguing in a corner, "is four bisques—bisques, not strokes."

"Four dingleberries," responded Peter Hyde. "Why don't you try to win my money playing golf? Of all the dog-gone shoppers I ever saw —— Listen, fellows, this guy wins more matches shopping for strokes right here ——"

And so on until the lounge was cleared and the regulars had kicked and complained and explained themselves to the first tee.

IV

FRIDAY, the day of the Women's Invitation Tournament, presented the general and distracting aspects of a social event at the Appletree Golf Club. Mr. McWhinney had advertised it well—in a public manner among the membership generally, and in a private but even more efficient way among the regulars, who presented themselves dressed as for an occasion to cull out a holiday, as Mr. Shakspere has it. The players would not be without an interested gallery.

Miss Dadds was to play. It had required diplomacy, but McWhinney was well supplied with that article and spread it thickly as strained honey. Miss Dadds was to uphold the honor of the club against this invasion of strangers. That, with variations and amplifications, did the business. So, shortly after nine o'clock, she presented herself grimly and went out behind the barn to swing her club. Satisfaction flooded her soul, for never had she flicked dandelion heads with such artistry, such wrist snap, such timing, such follow through.

"I only hope," she said, "I'll get a decent match out of it. Who am I paired with?" She walked to the bulletin board and sniffed. "Miss Marthe Leroy," she said. "Who's she?" It was apparent Miss Dadds was dissatisfied; that she had hoped to be bracketed with some illustrious name such as Stirling or Collett or Wethered.

"I don't know the lady," said McWhinney, "but it doesn't matter. It's medal play, you know."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Dadds, "I would like a little competition for once."

Ladies and parasols and silk stockings and awesome sweaters were collecting about the tee; numerous gentlemen, licking anticipatory chops, were there, too, watching the start-off. . . . And then came Miss Leroy. To call her miss was to be going rather strong; she should have been called honey or cuddles or sweetheart or some such cunning name, and without doubt she should have brought a nursemaid instead of a caddie. If she was twelve years old, then observation was at fault. She was a trifle taller than her golf bag and flaxen hair towsled about her shoulders. Also she wore a ribbon in it. She owned lovely blue eyes that were big and wide, and cunning little short dresses suited to her age. She was, as Old Man Arkwright asserted, a cunnin' trick.

Duly she was presented to the bristling Miss Dadds, who mislaid utterly her good manners.

"Am I," she demanded, "expected to play with this child?"

"That," said McWhinney, "seems to be the arrangement. You're away next, following those ladies."

Miss Dadds observed the two ladies in question, being of half a mind to send her caddie back with her bag and to refuse to play at all. But the two ladies fascinated her until it was too late. As golfers, they were unique; purely as women, they were remarkable. Between them they weighed in at something more than five hundred pounds.

"They will play—those Mullins sisters," someone in the gallery said. "Poor old dears! It isn't so much their displacement, but they're a little deaf."

Later Miss Dadds was to discover this was understatement.

They—the poor dears—drove off. It was well worth seeing, and proved fallacious the theory that to play golf one must keep his eye on the ball. Nature had so constructed them that neither could see the ball at all unless it were teed up at least twenty feet away.

Their plan, apparently, was to tee the ball, walk off to look at it, walk back again and swat it from memory. Sometimes this worked, but more often it did not.

After their fourth shot it became safe for Miss Dadds and Little Sweetheart to drive. Miss Dadds sneered.

"Take the honor, little one," she said, "and for goodness' sake don't chatter. I'm not interested in dolls. . . . Huh! Just to make this of some interest I'll give you a stroke a hole."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Marthe sweetly, "and really I'll be awfully quiet. Papa told me not to bother anybody."

She took her stance, looking more like a fairy out of a nursery tale than a golfer, and swung daintily and gracefully. The ball went away from there. Miss Dadds blinked, charitably set it down to accident, and made her own drive.

"And just think," somebody said, "the dear child is only twelve!"

Whereupon Miss Dadds bit her nether lip, for she had to make her second shot before her companion, being outdriven by yards. The gallery followed, men, women and children; Miss Dadds properly conceived this to be a tribute to herself. She made ready to play her second, but the poor old dears were still in range. One of them had lost her ball, while the other stood amiably in the middle of the course, quite blocking it with her bulk.

"Fore!" shouted Miss Dadds in exasperation. The old dear never so much as turned her head.

"She's a little deaf," said Miss Leroy. "She doesn't hear very well."

"Why," demanded Miss Dadds elegantly, "do they permit deaf hippopotamuses on a course?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Wills from the safety of the gallery, "divine Providence has some mysterious purpose in view."

Miss Dadds' second was short of the green.

Little Miss Leroy was hole high and sank a par four to Miss Dadds' irritating six.

"Oh," said the child, "I didn't need the stroke there, did I? May I save it for some other hole, please?"

On the second hole one of the Mullins old dears lost a ball just short of the green. Again Miss Dadds had to wait before making her second. Then from the tee behind them came roaring a tremendous bass voice in a bellow of "Fore!" Miss Dadds jumped and turned to scowl. That voice was familiar. It belonged to Mrs. Woodehouse, a charming and burly lady who walked through the world in a straight line, trampling down obstacles which opposed her passage. She continued to shout "Fore!" She shouted her tenth or eleventh "Fore!" just as Miss Dadds was putting for a five. The result was that Little Darling was down in five to Miss Dadds' six again.

"Oh," said the child, it being her first word since she had made an identical observation on the first green, "I didn't need the stroke there, did I? May I save it up for some other hole, please?"

Miss Dadds turned.

"If you say that to me again," she snapped, "I'll box your ears."

On the third fairway one of the Misses Mullins lost her ball; as before, the other erected herself as a dumpling bulwark in the middle, stopping all play. Nobody could drive through. Shouts of "Fore!" were futile—and Mrs. Woodehouse lifted her masculine voice behind. Also the gallery, increasing in size momentarily, made remarks, sotto voce but audible to Miss Dadds:

"Think of it! A mere baby! And this Dadds woman wouldn't play with any of us because we weren't good enough!"

Miss Dadds gritted her teeth and determined to do or die—and to commit wholesale mayhem at the end of the round.

Little Precious, shaking her flaxen curls, took a three on this short hole to Miss Dadds' four. Miss Dadds glowered at her, daring her to repeat the remark about the stroke, but the child kept perfectly silent.

Miss Dadds laid into her next drive with the inevitable result that she sliced it into an adjoining fairway.

"I can do as well as that," said a lady member to her friend. "Almost anybody can. . . . But Miss Dadds will only play with men!"

"And babies," returned the friend.

Miss Dadds' second found the trees and dropped in the road; her third was just out on the fairway, her brassy was in the pond for a penalty of stroke and distance, she was on the green in six and took three putts for a soul-destroying nine. The child dropped a five, and was four up.

"Ma'am," she said diffidently, "I—maybe—you wanted it interesting—and papa told me to be always polite and all. Wouldn't it be more fun if I was to give you a stroke a hole than for you to give it to me?"

There was a sound from the gallery which was not cheering; it was not a sound of grief; but it was loud, though strangled. Miss Dadds walked off the green after turning to hurl her ball into the water.

So they continued for five more holes. The Mullinses, poor old dears, plugging the course ahead, ambling along a short step at a time and stopping every now and then to pant and puff and talk about calories. Their deafness did not improve. Such a dose of her own medicine Miss Dadds never had experienced. Behind came the stentorian-voiced Mrs. Woodehouse, bellowing "Fore!" as it was Miss Dadds' custom to do at anybody who impeded her Marathon progress. As for the gallery, it was enjoying itself.

"Is there any way we can get through that herd of hippopotamuses?" Miss Dadds demanded of McWhinney.

"I'm afraid not. You see, they are guests, and they're a little hard of hearing. You'll have to grin and bear it today. Everybody should have put up with it once. Sort of shows 'em how it feels."

"I don't want to know how it feels," said Miss Dadds.

"A sentiment shared by the whole membership of this club," said Mr. McWhinney suavely. "By the way, what is your medal?"

"That," said Miss Dadds, "is none of your business."

They arrived at the ninth. Miss Dadds had not won a hole; had halved three, and her medal was a dreadful fifty-four to a neat forty-two by her little playmate. No human being there could see into Miss Dadds' soul, and it was, perhaps, as well.

She became grimmer and grimmer. Her black eyes burned and rage consumed her, rage and something worse than rage—that bitter humiliation which only arrogant people may experience. Here she—the Miss Dadds who could play golf, who demanded the privileges of a man and disdained to play with women—was being beaten ignominiously by a twelve-year-old who looked like a wax doll playing truant from a toyshop window!

And nine more holes to go, with that infernal, smirking, backbiting gallery of cats following her! Give her credit for this—she stuck it out. She even improved her game, which was a miracle, because the Mullins dears were tiring and slowing up a pace which, in the beginning, had been almost no motion at all. And Mrs. Woodehouse's irritation had been increasing with her hoarseness. It was a marvel that any woman in Miss Dadds' state of mind could tell whether she was playing golf or being boiled in oil.

They finished the round. Miss Dadds had halved five holes and lost thirteen. Not a hole won. Her medal was one hundred and two, while the child brought in an admirable eighty-three.

On the eighteenth green the Mullins sisters waited, sitting on a guarding bunker and panting. Just as Miss Dadds was about to make her final putt, one of them addressed her in complimentary terms.

"You were so nice," said the piping soprano. "My sister and I spoke of it every now and then. Sometimes folks get impatient behind us and wave their arms about and call things. But we never heard a word. Sometime we should love to play ahead of you again."

"Yes, indeed," agreed the sister. "We're a bit deaf ——"

It was fortunate they were, for Miss Dadds' rejoinder was one which even a reconciled stout lady could not listen to with equanimity. And then ——

"Fore!" shouted Mrs. Woodehouse from behind.

Miss Dadds' fortitude dissipated itself. She glared; she executed a little dance upon the green; she snatched her bag of clubs from her caddie and walked to a near-by locust tree; and then, deliberately, one by one, she wrapped every implement from putter to driver around the bole. Following this, she emptied her bag of balls and hurled them into the woods. Next she swung her bag around her head by the strap and sent it hurtling into the road. As a finale, she shouldered her way through the gallery to the gate of the course, and down the road in the direction of the village, forgetting her car parked before the clubhouse. She was so mad that nothing would save her life but to walk home. Some people are that way.

"And now what?" asked Wills.

"Either," said McWhinney, "she's cured or she resigns."

"Huh!" This from President Olney. "Say, who's Little Goldilocks? Where'd that kid learn golf at her age?"

"Wait till she puts up her hair," said McWhinney.

"Hair! Huh! But, b'jing, she's a sweet child. Kind you'd like to hold on your lap and tell stories to."

"You might try it," said McWhinney, "but you better censor the stories, because they say her husband's jealous."

"Husband!"

"And her two boys might think it was funny," said McWhinney.

"Say, man, what's your line? Come through! Draw a map!"

"Why, that child," said McWhinney, "is Mrs. Estey, of Chicago, woman's champion of the Pacific Coast and of the Mississippi Valley, runner up in the British and ——"

Olney puffed. It was a bit too much for him.

"You and Weevil and Wills," he said, "are a set of skunks. . . . Say, was it accident or design, putting the fat ladies ahead?"

"A previous little thought," said McWhinney. "Belongs to Wills. He did it with his little hatchet."

"And Mrs. Woodehouse behind?"

"Weevil thought that up."

"Then," said Olney, "the good Lord preserve me from your attentions. . . . Either kill or cure."

"Preferably kill," said the unfeeling McWhinney. "Golf's a game that's got to be kept uplifted. There's folks that don't belong in it, just like there's microbe critters that don't belong in the human body. Ain't but one way to get rid of 'em, and that's with germicide."

"Well," said Olney, "you boys apply it with a fire hose, not with a hypodermic."

"But," said McWhinney with a cat-that-ate-the-canary expression, "it works."

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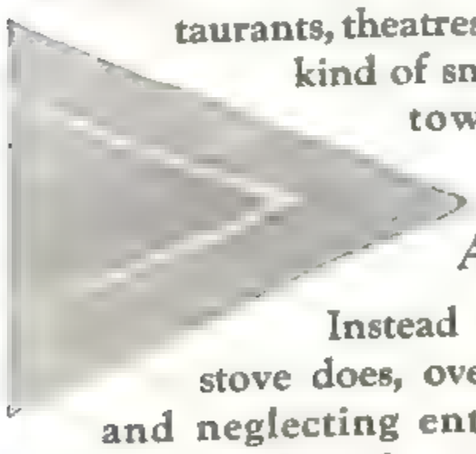

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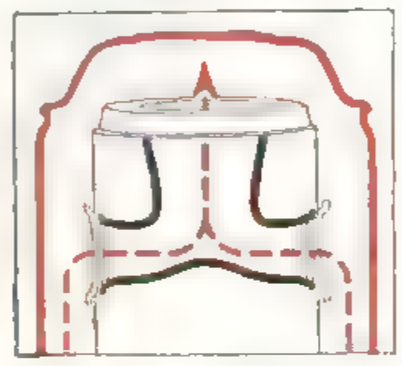

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BOLTS IN THE BRAIN

(Continued from Page 48

There are a few diseases which seem to have a rather special affinity for the brain substance, such as syphilis and the new sleeping sickness, or encephalitis lethargica. The spirochætes of the former produce the two only great forms of general paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and paresis, or general paralysis of the insane, the latter ending ultimately in insanity and death. But even so, only about 5 or 10 per cent of those who develop a severe form of the great social disease ever have a touch of either locomotor ataxia or paresis.

In short, the brain has remarkably high powers of resistance against all forms of the archenemy, infectious disease, and this is in keeping with its behavior in other respects. It resists even such a sheer brute physical strain as starvation better than any other tissue or organ of the body. In times of famine, for instance, our fat loses 80 per cent of its weight, the liver 40 per cent, the muscles 30 per cent, while the delicate brain loses less than 5 per cent. This of course is on account of its enormous value, if the body is to survive. It and the heart muscle get the very last scraps of food that the body can spare, and its soft jelly-like substance is one of the most nearly fool-proof structures in the entire body. The only other structure that stands ahead of it in this regard is muscle, which has only two original diseases to its credit, two little human frailties to confess—one, myositis ossificans, a rare museum curiosity, in which it deliberately turns itself into bone, the other, trichinosis, in which it is merely the unwilling host of a parasitic worm.

So the brain comes nearer to ending by simply wearing out, dying of old age, than any other organ in the body. If we live till we die of brain fag or brain failure, we'll have had a good sixty years' run for our money in the race of life anyhow and, in the vernacular, have no kick coming.

Suppose, then, that the stomach and lungs and heart have played up to the brain and it has safely run the gantlet of the spear thrusts of famine and of fever, beating down one, side-stepping another, bluffing the next, for sixty-odd years, where does it first begin to show that it has borne the burden and the heat of the day? Not in the intellectual belfry of its upper frontal convolutions, where the mind is supposed to dream aloft, like the gods on Olympus, "careless of mankind." Nor in the great temporal areas of the cortex, which control sight, hearing and smell; but in the tiny twiglike artery which plays traffic cop to a worse message jam than that on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

The Strike of the Arteries

It isn't the big dangers, or the hairbreadth escapes and adventures that wear out a brain, but the everlasting monotony and ceaseless repetition, world without end, of the little trivial jars and strains of everyday life. *Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed saepe cadendo.* "Dropping water wears away the stone, not by force but by everlastingly falling," in life as well as in Latin. One of Mr. Sam Hellman's characters speaking of his home life, remarks: "Couldn't ever have been a happier and friendlier couple than the missus and me. Never a cross word between us from one week's end to another, exceptin' of course the ordinary everyday insults of married life."

And "insults" is precisely the word now used by nerve specialists and physiologists to express the endless succession of tiny jolts and jars which finally hammer the temper and life out of the nerve cells and their connecting wires, just as in railroad engineering the incessant roll and rumble and jar of thundering freight trains over a steel bridge steadily sicken its massive girders, till one day they snap like so many carrots and crash down in tragic wreck. The nerve cells and their wires may be still going strong, but the caterer who supplies them with gas can no longer stand the strain, breaks down and goes into bankruptcy.

Here we strike an eternal problem, a universal vital tragedy. Why do our arteries break down earlier than the organs which they supply with blood? Everywhere we go in the realm of disease and degeneration, all over the body, we find this tragic strike of the arteries, a hunger strike in a slightly different form because it cuts off the food supply, the pipe-line blood stream of the region involved. We look wise and call it arteriosclerosis, "hardening, or brittling, of the arteries," but we really know very little about it, save that any time after forty years of age it may start up in any organ, region or corner of our bodies.

Probably the incessant strain, the chug-chug-chug of the heart pump driving the swelling wave of the pulse down the arteries, seventy to eighty times every minute, day and night, is at the bottom of it. But there's no known way of stopping that except by stopping ourselves. Always, all over the body, in the mesentery or network of arteries supplying the stomach and bowels, under the skin, when the arteries stand out like cords in the temples, in the brain, but commonest and heaviest in the kidney, the liver, the heart wall, rises the puzzle, "Who began it?" Did the arteries, by clogging and cutting off the food supply, or the muscle cells, nerve cells, gland cells, by dying and poisoning the arteries with their corpses? It's still an open question.

Apoplectic Strokes

The change is a curious one and can be studied to perfection in these little apoplexy arteries. The tiny tubes first lose their elasticity; their spongy coat of muscle rings turns into leather or fibrous tissue. This tries to make up for its deadness by becoming thicker. In the wrist, for instance, the artery rolls like a piece of whipcord under the finger. This lessens the caliber of the little tube, cuts off its own blood supply, and the thick leathery coat, as a last resort to hold in the blood, fills itself with lime, turns to chalk or limestone flakes. One day under some trivial strain the now almost solid vessel suddenly snaps across like a clay pipestem, out spurts the blood into the soft threads of the nerve cable, and down goes the patient as if shot.

Or the decay may take a somewhat different path, especially in the brain. When the muscular coat of the artery has lost its elasticity and vital resistance, a prowling streptococcus comes drifting along in the blood, anchors itself to the half-dead lining of the wall, starts a tiny ulcer. Others follow their leader, the ulcer eats its way through the wall, the thin weak floor of the ulcer bulges out into what we call an aneurysm or blood blister—a tiny, tiny pouch filled with blood—and again one day, without warning, the little blood balloon bursts into the brain.

The nature and severity of the stroke depend upon the number of nerve threads broken in the cable. If only a few of the strands going to the part of the cortex controlling the hand and arm, for instance, are broken or injured, then we have merely a light paralysis, or loss of power in the muscles of the hand and arm. If the line leading to the cortex center for the mouth and lips is damaged, aphasia, or loss of speech, will follow. If the larger and longer strands connecting the brain surface with the muscles of the leg and foot are cut off, then the leg will be paralyzed.

If you could imagine a spiteful little gnome sitting astride of the great brain-spinal-cord cable at the base and with a pair of wire forceps snipping one wire here, another there, half of one somewhere else, just out of pure deviltry, it would give a rough idea of the tragedy.

Contrary to popular impression, it does not require any special strain of body or excitement of mind or violent emotion, such as a fit of anger, to touch off the explosion, precipitate the blood burst.

As John Hunter, one of the greatest Fathers of Medicine, who had arteriosclerosis for twenty years and finally died of it, used to say pathetically, "My life is at the mercy of any rascal who chooses to anger me." But happily even rascals must have had some conscience, for he lived ten years after that, and he was no white-robed angel when it came to temper. Most strokes of apoplexy come while the patient is sitting quietly at his desk or is engaged in some purely routine occupation, and nearly one-third of them occur during sleep. The typical red-faced, thick-necked, heavy-set, port-drinking, irascible old gentleman who is said to be of apoplectic build is no more liable to stroke than anybody else.

The degree and chances of recovery after a stroke depend upon the amount of blood that has burst into the soft brain tissue and the number of "wires" broken.

"Wires" is in one way a misleading word, because the whole substance of the brain is of the consistency of moderately firm jelly, or of ice cream, and the spurting blood tears through its delicate fibrils like a jet from a hose through wet paper. In some cases the blood will not clot properly and the ruptured artery still keeps leaking, which is a very serious condition and may call for a last-resort surgical operation to remove the clotted blood. If the burst is very large and the brain damage great, the patient may never rally from the shock, but sink painlessly and unconsciously into oblivion.

Roughly speaking, if only one arm or one leg is involved and the power begins quickly to come back into the palsied muscles, there will probably be a good recovery, with fair use of the arm or limb for most purposes. The muscles most likely to remain weakened are those which lift the toes and bend the knee, which accounts for the shuffling gait of the recovered paralytic.

The aphasia, or speechlessness, which follows stroke is usually pretty well recovered from. Here again, however, it is chiefly a question of the number of silver threads that are broken and the particular wires cut by the blood burst. Nowhere else in the body, or world, is there such a marvelous complexity of structure and wiring and such close and delicate articulation and interlocking.

Four Forms of Aphasia

There are no less than four different kinds of aphasia, or grave disturbance of speech.

First comes the speechlessness most common in stroke, due to paralysis of the muscles of the lips and throat, which form the sounds we call words. The patient can hear and understand what is said to him, read what is shown him, knows perfectly the word he wants to say in reply, but is utterly unable to speak it. He is either entirely dumb or keeps pathetically repeating the same word or sound over and over again in desperate attempts to speak. This strange and ghastly sudden dumbness is simply due to the cutting off of the blood supply of a tiny patch of the brain surface, no bigger than a dime, just above the tip of the ear, known as the speech center, or Broca's convolution, after the brilliant French investigator who first discovered it. Or to the breaking of the delicate nerve wires which connect this center with the base of the brain, and through that with the muscles of the lips, tongue and throat. This is known as motor aphasia, because it is due to loss of motive or muscular power, and it is a weird and heartbreaking thing to see and listen to.

The next commonest type of aphasia is even more curious and complex. The patient can utter sounds, but he cannot speak, because he has totally forgotten the

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sound of the words he wants to use! He cannot understand what is said to him, though he can still read—that is, recognize, understand and pronounce the printed word. In the first few days he talks eagerly, constantly, trying to reëstablish his connections, to get back into touch with his world; but he cannot understand a word of what is said to him in reply. He cannot even be sure that the words he speaks are those he has in mind, and he soon relapses into bewildered moody silence until improvement sets in. This form of aphasia is called auditory, or, more accurately, "word deafness," because it depends on inability to recall the sound of words.

The third type is due to failure of memory in another sense, that of sight. Here words can be spoken, conversation heard and replied to, but the moment the paralytic looks at the printed page he sees only a jumble of marks, just as he did when he began to learn his alphabet! This is graphically known as "word-blindness," and is usually soon recovered from, unless accompanied by motor or auditory aphasia.

Finally comes another special loss of memory, this time of touch. The patient can speak, hear, answer, read, but when he takes his pen in hand he cannot even make pothooks!

And to cap the climax of tragic weirdness, there is also a fifth, though very rare, form of optical aphasia, in which the patient will gaze blankly at the most familiar objects about him, absolutely incapable of recognizing or naming them. But if he is permitted to touch and handle them, back comes his missing memory and he recognizes them and speaks their names at once!

Each and every one of these "dumbnesses" is due to disease of a corresponding center, or small area, on the sides—temporal and parietal lobes—of the brain surface, or to breaks in their wiring. When the brain gets its wires crossed the wildest and weirdest things are liable to happen. But just think of the astonishing ingenuity and precision of organization when a tiny clot landing in one small center on the "bark" cortex of the brain destroys the power to speak the word. Landing an inch away, the power to hear the word is gone; two inches above, the printed page becomes a maze of hen tracks, and four inches below, the hard-won accomplishment of writing breaks down into scrawls and scratches - leaving all the other memories—the sight, hearing, movement, touch—unhurt! What price the steam engine, the telephone, the dynamo by comparison!

Fair walking and working conditions after a stroke may be maintained for months or years, until, in fact, some other malady closes the scene. But there are usually other brittle arteries in the base of the brain, and the chances are that sooner or later another of these may rupture, leaving the patient weaker and more helpless than before, and so on until a third or fourth shock mercifully closes the scene.

Fortunately, in the nature of the process, there is comparatively little pain during the illness, for the brain, though keenly affected by the pangs of other parts of the body, is itself almost insensitive. It has nothing whatever to do with headaches, for instance, and 99 per cent of us go through life without feeling one single pain or pang due to troubles in the brain. Indeed, the whole tendency of the malady is toward numbness rather than pain.

Obviously treatment, to be of any curative value, must begin as soon as possible after our first vote. The predisposing causes are fifty years, ably seconded by that gang of devil's advocates, the infectious diseases. The one sequence that we actually know is a rapid development of arteriosclerosis just after a severe general infection, especially typhoid, pneumonia or rheumatism.

The suddenness and speed of this sclerosis are most striking, turning thirty-year-old arteries into sixty-year-old ones inside of a few months. Evidently infections are a good thing to stay away from, and if you have had the luck to be well protected against the diseases of childhood and have escaped typhoid, pneumonia and venereal adventures, you have escaped half your risks of stroke.

Alcohol and overeating, high living, have been widely and generally blamed for the brittle arteries of apoplexy, but on rather vague and doubtful grounds. We must, in the light of our present knowledge, or rather, ignorance, return a Scotch verdict, "Not proved."

Some of the very worst forms of brittle arteries are found in Trappist monks, who eat no meat, live almost entirely upon pulses—that is, peas, beans and lentils and frequently and systematically fast. And the half-starved, rice-and-vegetables-crammed Hindus are extremely subject to arteriosclerosis and stroke.

Plenty of good food, especially butter, cream, meat, milk and eggs, salads and fresh fruits, abundance of water inside and out, life in the open air, ten hours' sleep—and sound-arteried, long-lived ancestors—are the best protections against stroke.

By one of the paradoxes of statistics apoplexy appears to be rapidly increasing as a cause of death. Indeed, in England it now ranks third in the list of rest bringers. But this is due largely to the fact that more people every decade are escaping bowel breakdown, lung crash, heart failure and kidney smash and living on into the apoplexy age, which ranges from fifty to seventy-five years. The average length of life has risen within the memory of many of us from thirty-five years to fifty-eight, and three times as many people reach threescore and ten as did so thirty-five years ago—to be precise, 20 per cent of those born as against 7 per cent.

And as we must one day somehow "shuffle off this mortal coil," if we were given our choice the two happiest and most nearly ideal honorable discharges from the battle of life which we could ask for are pneumonia of the aged and stroke.

Rest after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Death after life, doth greatly please.

CHLORIDE JACK

(Continued from Page 50)

sudden Come a Noise like a Wildcat struck by Lightning or an Explosion in a Sawmill—a Real Noise that jarred Rocks loose from the side of the Cañon and turned me so Cold I didn't get warm again all that day.

I jumped out from in Under my Load so quick that it hung there in the air a minute before it fell, and when I turned around to see what had Busted Loose, I saw Chloride jump up in the air about ten or fifteen feet and let loose another Ear Splitter. He jumped clean out of his shoes and grabbed his Shirt with one hand and his overalls with the other and give a yank and when he hit the Ground he was as bare of Clothes as a Mexican Dog.

When he went up he was dressed fit for Company or Work and when he come down he didn't have on enough Clothes to make a Bustle for an Ant.

Running Wild

I saw a Lightning-Change Artist Back East once that made himself into different people by changing his Clothes while you was watching him, but Chloride Jack would have made him ashamed of himself when it come to fast work giving an extemporaneous undress rehearsal. He belonged in the kindygarden, alongside of Jack. One more jump like that and Jack would have been inside Out and demonstrating the Fifth Dimension.

He hit the ground jumping like a Kangaroo doing a Marathon with the Blood Hounds after him, and come down the river towards me raising more dust than a Sand Storm. Did you ever see a Prospector that hadn't shaved for a Month in the All Together—without any Clothes on, you know? I'll bet that if Adam looked anything like Chloride Jack did that afternoon, the apple Eve eat must have been loaded with Hard Cider or else she was nearsighted and Awful Lonesome.

Dooley scared a Street Car off the track once when he was young and Foolish, and he wasn't supposed to be Afraid of anything; but when he heard the Big Noise and looked back and saw It coming a-Jumping towards him, which he didn't recognize as Chloride Jack a-tall, he acted just like he heard somebody down at Camp a-calling him. He never had run from Nothing before, but what he saw was so different from anything that he had ever saw before, that he got started to going before he knew it, in fact he fell down two or three times trying to make his Feet catch up with the Idea he had in his Head; and When Dooley got the Idea of Running that afternoon, it wasn't with any notion of Throwing the Race. He Run to Win.

When I had got up and rubbed the sand out of my eyes, where Chloride Jack had run into me and run over me, they was both gone and all I could see was a big cloud of dust down the river bed. I couldn't figure it out What had happened to Jack, except maybe he had gone locoed with the Heat and was running wild, so I picked up the Remnants of his clothes and started towards Camp after him and Dooley.

When I got down around the Big Bend in the river, I come onto a couple of miners from the Monte Cristo mine on their way to Town, and they was all excited and said a Mad Dog had just gone down the river chasing a Crazy Man running naked. Jack must have been a-running Some, to have caught up with and passed Dooley that way and from the way Dooley was going when I saw him start. I couldn't tell the boys what was the matter, because I didn't know myself, so we all took the trail to camp.

We found Jack at camp, where he had crawled into the Spring, and you couldn't blame him for hollering and running and acting like a Crazy Man, when you see his Back. It looked like someone had mistook him for a Telegraph Pole and used Climbing Irons on him; but as soon as we see it we knew what it was—Scorpion's Stings. When Jack had piled up the brush a big Scorpion had crawled into it, and when he put it on his back and started down the river the Scorpion had fell down his Neck and had left his brand all the way from Chloride Jack's head to his heels. He sure burned his name in Letters of Fire, and when he started to tattooing the alphabet on Jack's Back and using hell fire for ink, all that Jack could think of was the quickest way to get to some Water and put the Fire out, and the race he made would have done credit to any Fire Department.

Applying a Counter Irritant

Well, we pulled him out of the spring so as not to spoil the water, because you never can tell about these poison bugs etc., and he sure had a bad Back, from the looks of which that Scorpion must have been as big as a young Lobster. There wasn't much we could do, because there wasn't any whisky in camp, or lemon extract or tabasco sauce, to give him inside, or any ammonia to put on the outside. Poor old Jack was suffering and groaning something awful, and one of the Monte Cristo boys said maybe we might use a Counter Irritant on his stomach, like they use a Mustard Plaster on your Back, only vice versus. This sounded like a Good Idea, but we didn't have any mustard in camp, so we gathered up a bunch of jumping-ball cactus, which is about the Most Irritating thing I know of, and laid Jack down on his belly on the pile of cactus.

I don't know what Jumping-Ball Cactus would do on a counter, as an irritant, but I'll tell the World—and Chloride Jack will back me up in it—that they are Some Stomach Irritator. It made Jack Forget all about his Back, for the time being anyway, and he rared and bucked like a Bronco, but we all got on top of him and rode him and held him down until he pitched one of the Monte Cristo boys off backwards right on to the pile of cactus; and then for a little while it looked like we was going to have a Free for All Fight, so we quit using the counter irritant and I got the Handy Atlas and Book of Useful Information to see what was Good for Scorpion Stings.

It didn't say nothing about Scorpions, but it said one place where a chew of Tobacco was good for Bee Stings and Ant Bites, so we tried that. A Scorpion is so much Bigger and Worse than an Ant or a Bee, and this one had stung Jack in so Many Places, that we had to use up pretty near a Whole Caddy of Good Tobacco on Chloride Jack; but we set up all night doctoring him, and by morning he was resting easier and the swelling gone down a lot so as he could get his clothes on again; but I've lost all my Appetite for tobacco.

We had forgot all about Dooley in the excitement and couldn't find him nowhere the next day, but along towards evening Hi Jenkins come leading him home on a rope from Wickenburg. Dooley never has been the same since and he always lays around and sleeps with One Eye Open now, wondering What It Was he saw and Where it Went, and maybe will it Come Back Again sometime and try to catch him when he ain't Looking—which it won't, I'll bet.

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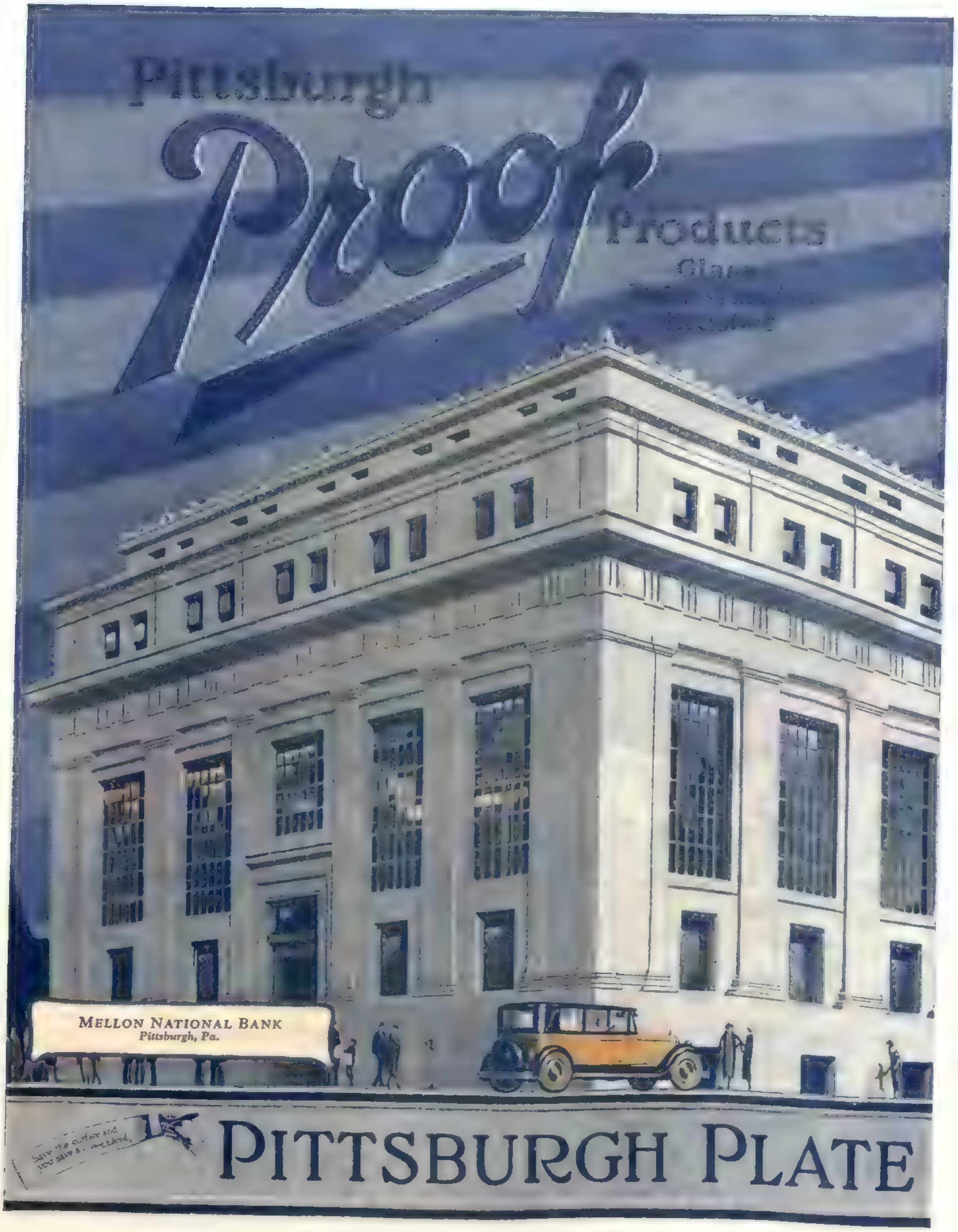
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TESSIE MATES THEM UP

(Continued from Page 42)

at the swell lady guests as they came down to dinner or sailed out to the theater, with a hungry look in her eyes.

"I'm gonna wear things like that some day, believe me," she'd say.

"You!" I'd tell her. "Fat chance!"

"Well, I am, all the same," she'd insist. "You wait!"

Then I'd chuckle and tell her to forget it. For I happened to know where Ella came from and something about her. Drifted down from some wide place in the road up in Vermont and began her metropolitan career as clean-up waitress in a one-arm quick-lunch joint where she had a cousin who was cashier. Then she tried the five-and-ten business, shifted to a department-store basement, and finally got taken on here. Why, when I first knew her a silk slip was something she'd only read about, and I had to listen to her moans the day she made her debut in French heels. Back home she's had a wardrobe consisting of two changes—a work dress, and a made-over foulard for Sundays. Up there she'd helped milk the cows, carry sap buckets, weed the turnip bed, grind the cream separator and do any other chores the men folks could wish on her. But after a little over a year in the city she was coaxing the delivery boys to lift the bundles of afternoon extras over the counter for her, and getting green in the eye when some young miss went by wearing an ermine-trimmed opera cape.

Some of 'em you can't talk any sense into either. Ella was one I couldn't head off. Next thing I knew she'd quit and taken a starvation job as apprentice in one of those ritzy joints where they handle nothing but Paris importations made right in their own workrooms on the third floor. How she jumped from that to the dress-model line I don't know, but she finally got there.

"Well, I'm wearin' 'em," she reports once when I met her on Fifty-seventh Street. "You shoulda seen me today in a beaded dinner gown that was marked four-seventy-five."

"Well, who did see you?" I asks.

"Why, the lady that bought it," says she. "But say, Tess, she'll never be the knock-out I was in it."

"Maybe not," says I. "But she'll wear it oftener."

"Let her," says Ella. "I'll be puttin' on others. Honest, Tess, it's great just to feel 'em."

"But it must be a jolt to have to peel 'em," says I.

Ella only hunches her shoulders, though, and passes on. I hadn't seen her for months, either, when she sidles draggy up to the stand.

"Well, if it isn't Ella!" says I. "Still getting a thrill out of displaying the latest modes?"

"Ah, don't rub it in, Tess," says she.

"You don't mean you're fed up on the manikin stuff?" I asks.

"Ain't I, just?" says she. "Say, how'd you like to be paraded five or six hours a day before a lot of frozen-faced old dames that looked you over like you was so much dirt? Do you know, Tess, I got so I wondered if I really was a real person or only some kind of a walkin' doll that had to be wound up every mornin'? How I hated some of them women that stared at what I had on, and either bought it or turned it down! Maybe that's why I got the chuck."

"Fired, eh?" says I. "But there are other firms that use live models."

"None that will ever use me again," says she. "I'm through. The only clothes I'm gonna wear from now on will be those I own, if it's no more'n what I'm standin' in this minute. Not that there wasn't ways of gettin' glad rags. You know. But I ain't that kind."

"I didn't think you were, Ella," says I. "But what now?"

"Real work, I expect," says she. "I been drillin' around the stores, but it's a poor time of year. They're turnin' 'em off, like they do every summer. I gotta live though. And the lunch joints are runnin' short-handed. I—I wish I was back on the farm, Tess, where I could see the mountains once more instead of skyscrapers."

"The farm's still there, isn't it?" I asks.

"So's that stepmother of mine," says she. "No, I couldn't stand it with her. She'd work me to death and jaw me from mornin' until night. She's some stepmother, I'll tell the microphone. Anybody that thinks she's a joke is welcome to try her. Ours ain't much of a farm, anyway; but if it was as big as the state of Texas, it would be too small for the two of us. So that's that. How about a hat-checkin' job or a place at the information window?"

"I don't know of any opening," says I. "I might ask the manager."

"Will you, Tess?" says she. "That's a good pal. I'll drop around tomorrow and see if anything's doing."

"About 2:30," says I. "But I have my doubts."

It was just as I thought. The manager said they were letting 'em out instead of taking 'em on. Kind of too bad, too, for it sure looked like Ella was up against it. Not exactly her fault, either, unless you might say she'd picked the wrong season to discover that the dress-model act wasn't what she thought it would be. We all make our mistakes, and those that straggle in from the movies-every-Saturday-night districts are apt to stub their toes hardest.

Nice enough girl, Ella, even if she did have those spells when she went mooning about, dreaming of the time when she'd have half a dozen party dresses to choose from, with stockings and slippers to match. But my guess was that she was cured of that now. She never was any great beauty, you know; but she has fairly good lines, and after she got the right kind of bob and learned not to use too vivid a make-up, she looked rather neat and snappy. I always said she had a good heart. You could tell that by her kind, sensible eyes. But at that, you can be a washout in New York.

I might have spilled quite a lot of sympathy for her if we hadn't had such a rush that afternoon. As it was, the first I knew it was 5:30 and I had to hustle home for dinner. I'd changed and was waiting at the corner when Orman Yates comes with the taxi. I hardly knew him, though, for he's gone and got himself all gussied up for the occasion—new navy-blue suit that he's bought somewhere in a hurry, shelf wrinkles and all; a close shave and a coal heaver's haircut, and one of those wide-brimmed straw kellys with a Princeton band on it. Say, he looks more like a rube than ever.

"Is it Easter, or something?" I asks.

"Oh, I been fixin' to get me a new outfit," says he, blushing, "and this seemed to be the time to let go. Is—is it all right?"

"Couldn't be newer," says I. "Do you mind if I pull this size tag off the sleeve?"

He pinks up clear back to his shaved neck.

"Shows I need somebody to look after me, don't it?" says he.

"Most of 'em do," I agrees. . . . "Could you get good seats?"

"Fourth row," says he. "Bought 'em in a cigar store, and at the rate they stung me I figure that if I take in this show often I'll soon own the theater."

"Girl glorifying comes high on Broadway," says I. "This is one sample I haven't seen."

I hadn't missed much, at that. You know the sort of burlesque they keep on for a summer run. They had a comedian who was starred as a second Lew Fields, but his big act was to chew celery and spray it on whoever was handy. The tenor took his high notes through his nose and the so-called mezzo-soprano had a voice that must have been trained calling the janitor down the dumb-waiter. But the chorus sure was a whiz. I never saw so many different-shaped calves in one collection. No two pair of 'em bulged in the same places. It was that way in other spots, too; but the quantity was there if the quality wasn't, so I expect you got your money's worth.

"That's her!" whispers Orman, nudging me. "Second from the right end in front. That's Stella."

"Not really!" says I, almost gasping.

For while she had about the only good figure in the lot, that face of hers had me staring. Must have been one of these simple baby-doll faces at the start, with big, stary blue eyes and probably coppery hair. But she'd shed the baby stare somewhere along the line; she'd had a Paris bob and a henna dip done on the golden locks; and she had worked up as brassy a face as you'll often see across the footlights. Oh, yes, she'd learned how to roll her lamps, Stella had. No sooner had the chorus wheeled into line while the tenor did his stuff than Stella began scouting through the boxes and front rows for possible admirers. Of course it doesn't take a willing hand long to pick up those chorus-girl tricks; but after sizing her up a while it was hard to believe she was only a few months off an apple farm. She was taking Broadway in high, Stella was, with her foot on the gas.

And beside me sits honest Orman, a puzzled look in his wide-set eyes, and across his knees a bunch of long-stemmed roses. He waits until the end of the first act before he says a word.

"Well, what about her, miss?" he asks.

I shakes my head.

"I wouldn't say," says I, "that the chances of her leaving the front row for a back-road fruit ranch was good."

"You—you think she likes this sort of thing?" he goes on.

"Likes!" says I. "She's eating it up!"

"I expect she is—now," he admits. "But maybe after a while, if I should come back in a month or two ——"

"No, Orman," I breaks in. "It's only in fool movie plays that the wandering chorus girl finds a picture of her old sweetie in the bottom of her trunk and rushes back to the farm. My guess is that Stella isn't due for any return trip."

He lets loose of an idea, though, just as easy as a bull pup does a bone.

"Still, she might," he insists. "There can't be so much fun in doing this night after night."

"And you think you've seen it all, do you?" says I. "Well, I can't very well tell you any more; but perhaps I can show you. Suppose you could lure your Stella out to the farm, where she could watch the sun on the cherry blossoms every morning and the color change on the mountain all the afternoon. How about evenings?"

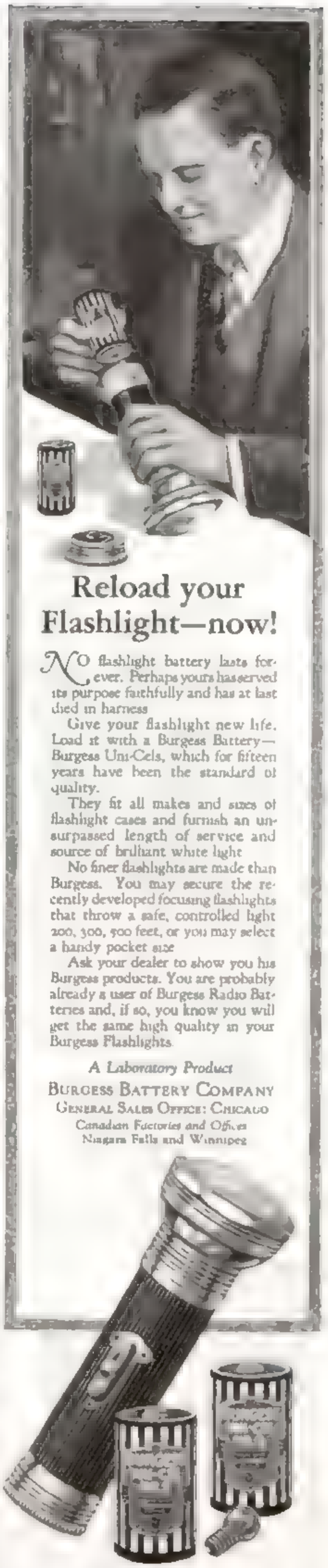
"Why," says he, "once or twice a week we could drive in to a picture show."

"Exactly," says I. "And the other five nights you'd hit the hay about 9:30? Well, I'm not sure about Stella; but my guess is that here her evening begins about midnight. Like to do a little sleuthing and see if I'm right?"

He says he's game, so we leaves before the last curtain and I gets a taxi driver to jockey us into position near the stage entrance, where the usual gang of old and young sports are waiting for their lady friends from the chorus. And about 11:45 the girls begun to come straggling out in twos and threes. Some trailed off toward the Subway alone, but others were hailed with "Here you are, cutie," and stepped into waiting cabs. And Stella was one of a party of six that piled merry into one taxi.

"Follow that crowd," I tells our driver.

It wasn't a long chase, for up in the Fifties the party ahead stops in the middle of a side-street block and unloads in front of a green door. Mostly there were garages along there, and the green door opened on a stairway leading to a loft over one of 'em.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Didn't look like much of a place, but there's a bright light in front, and from the second floor you could hear the squeal of saxophones and the rattle of a trap drum. One of these mushroom night clubs that's here this month and somewhere else the next. And after one of the young sports has whispered the password through the peephole, they're all let in one by one and the door bangs shut.

"Somebody havin' a private dance?" asks Orman.

"Strictly private," says I, "unless this happens to be the night when the prohibition agents pull the place."

"Oh, they sell stuff, do they?" says he.

"'Stuff' is right," says I. "Mostly synthetic. But these gay parties don't care so much what kind of gin they get with their jazz so long as it has the kick. Listen! Some of 'em have started in."

Orman stretches an ear and nods.

"Sounds like they was carryin' on some," says he.

"You haven't heard anything yet," says I. "If you want to know just how merry this particular bunch can get, you want to drift back here between five and six A.M., when they're being loaded into taxis. We had one across from the flat where I live and I used to get an earful every morning. They generally come out awfully scrappy or awfully loving, and sometimes both at once. How does liquor work with your Stella?"

"With Stella?" says he. "Why, I never knew her to take anything more'n ice-cream soda. Do—do you think ——"

"I think she'd get a big laugh asking for soda up there," says I. "Oh, come, Orman! You don't really believe she's the same sort of girl she was when they picked her as the Cherry Blossom Queen, do you?"

"You're right," says he, giving in slow and reluctant. "And I expect there ain't much use tryin' to get her back."

I stares at him curious.

"You mean you would if you could—now?"

"Yes," says he, quiet. "I—I figure it's no more'n I ought to do for her after what I did to get her started in on this. Yes, I'd take her, no matter what she is—if she'd come."

And I could see by those solemn eyes of his that he meant it.

"Orman," says I, "I'm beginning to think there's more to you than shows on the outside. Maybe men are men out your way, as I've heard. Anyway, I'd say that Stella was passing up something worth keeping."

"Aw, shucks!" says he, ducking his chin. "I ain't much good, except as a fruit raiser. I'd have been as nice to Stella, though, as I knew how. I—I'd treat any girl that would put up with me the same way."

"Yes, I believe you would," says I.

"Do you?" he asks. "And you like mountains and bungalows with flowers around? Say, Miss Tessie, would—would you ——"

He's leaning toward me in the cab seat and there's no mistaking the look on that honest face. He's asking me to sub in for Stella.

"No, Orman, I wouldn't," says I. "Not that there's anything the matter with you, but I know Tessie too well. This hunch of mine about wanting to live in the great open spaces is going to last about twenty-four hours. I get it every summer, and then I get over it. No; I was brought up on Eighth Avenue, and I expect that's where I'll stay—unless some day I'm promoted to an apartment in the Bronx. Thanks for the bid, just the same, even if you did make a quick shift."

It doesn't break his heart or anything like that. He looks disappointed, but he soons chirks up.

"I told the boys I was goin' East to bring back a wife to the bungalow," says he. "I generally aim to do what I say too. But I expect this is once when I'm beat. I—I wisht I knew another girl here—one that wouldn't mind livin' out where ——"

And somehow just then I thought of Ella McGill. Of course, nothing would come of it most likely, but it was something they'd both asked for.

"Orman," says I, "I think you're going to get your wish."

"You know of one like that, do you?" he asks.

"Absolutely," says I. "She's from the country, too, and is used to mountains. Says she wants to get back to 'em. I don't know whether she means it or not."

"I bet she does," says Orman. "'Course I wouldn't say she'd be one I'd want to ——"

"Oh, sure!" says I. "And you might not look good to her. But if you want to see what she's like be at the stand about 2:30 tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll be on hand," says he.

"And listen, Orman," I adds. "My advice would be to wear your regular costume, the one you had on this noon. It suits you better, if you want to know."

"I expect it does," says he. "I feel more like myself in it, anyway. Hang these stiff straw hats! And say, Miss Tessie, I wisht you'd take these blamed roses. I don't know what else to do with 'em."

Which indicates that he's crossed Stella off for keeps. Then he drops me at the flat, and as I fits my ear into the pillow I has that comforting Boy Scout feeling of having turned at least one good trick during the day. And maybe tomorrow I could put over another.

When Ella shows up, though, I has to tell her there's no job in sight. She takes it with a weak little laugh, but there's a tremble in her upper lip.

"Things are breaking bad for me, Tessie," says she. "I've got three choices left though. They want a scrubwoman at 1320, there's the farm and stepmother, and then there's Witzky."

"Who's Witzky?" I asks.

Ella bites her lip.

"He—he's a fitter where I worked last," says she. "I had to hand him a slap in the face once. But he's an easy forgetter. I met him again this morning. He—he wants to take care of me."

"Ye-e-es?" says I, and out of the tail of my eye I saw Orman edging up to the counter.

Ella had her fingers clenched and was breathing hard.

"Tess," she whispers husky. "I wisht I was out of it all!"

"Do you?" says I. "In that case, meet Mr. Orman Yates, who feels a good deal the same way. Orman, step up and meet Miss McGill."

He sidles in and lifts the Bill Hart lid.

Ella takes a quick look at him and then stares at me.

"What's the big idea, Tess?" she demands.

"Nothing much," says I; "only Mr. Yates is starting tomorrow for his cherry ranch, somewhere out on the edge of the big sticks, and he's got a whole day to drill around New York in."

"I don't get the plot yet," says Ella. "Does he need a guide or sumpin?"

"If he did," says I, "he could find worse, couldn't he? But perhaps you're dated up for the afternoon?"

"Me?" says she. "Don't make me laugh! We'd make a hot sketch, though, we would."

"Any warmer than you and Witzky, or you and stepmother?" I suggests.

"That's so," says she. "Well, I'm on, Mr. Yates. What sights ain't you seen?"

"Why," says Orman, scraping his foot bashful, "I've heard a lot about this Coney Island place."

Ella gives me a comic look, then turns to Orman.

"Coney's my favorite seaside resort," says she, "and I ain't been there this summer yet. Come along, mister. I'll show you where to shoot the chutes and get hot dogs and everything."

As they were leaving the lobby I calls after him.

"Oh, Orman, you might tell her about the mountain-view bungalow."

He grins and nods. If it hadn't been for Mame's crashing in with one of her offhand remarks I might have grinned myself and forgot 'em both.

"Ain't you kind of reckless, pairin' 'em up that way?" she asks.

"Eh?" says I. "Reckless?"

"That's what I call it," says Mame. "You don't know so much about her, and less about him; but you just toss 'em together casual, without figurin' what may come of it."

"Why," says I, "I don't see any crime in that. I had 'em both on my hands and it struck me as an easy way of getting rid of 'em."

"Easy enough for you," says she. "But what about them? How do you know you ain't makin' a sad mess out of it? Anyhow, I wouldn't want to take a chance like that."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," says I. "Besides, everything is up to them."

All the same, that got me wondering if I hadn't loaded up my soul with something. Not that I'm superstitious as a rule, but the way Mame put it had me thinking maybe I'd interfered too much. First off it had seemed kind of funny to shunt these two up against each other, him on a wife hunt and Ella McGill ready for almost anything. But after all, human beings are human beings, and it isn't for such as us to shuffle their lives reckless when once in a while we get the chance. Suppose Ella should grab him. And in the mood she was in just then, who could say she wouldn't? What if it turned out bad—very bad for 'em both?

Wouldn't be anything you'd like to think about when you woke up in the middle of the night, would it?

"Oh, well," I finally tells Mame, "I'll probably see him again tomorrow and I'll find out if he's planning anything too hasty."

But I didn't see Orman next day, nor ever again. At noon, when I asks at the desk, they tells me he checked out early. Nor Ella didn't show up again. And I didn't hear a word from either of 'em until three days later, when I got a note written on the train somewhere beyond Chicago. It's from Orman.

"That's a great spot, Coney Island," it says. "We got married there."

I didn't show it to Mame, or tell her. And I'll admit I didn't get to sleep as easy as usual for a few nights after that.

Then a couple of weeks later comes a post card from Ella. It has a picture of the mountain on it and she has written across the bottom:

"We can see this from our bungalow. Perfectly swell out here. And say, Tess, Orm is a reg'lar feller."

And that I did spring on Mame.

"Exhibit A," says I. "You see, Mame, I didn't make such a sad mess of things when I sent those two to the Island together."

"Maybe not," says she. "But you took a chance, just the same. Next time it might turn out different."

"Next time!" says I. "Say, do you think this is a habit of mine? Hardly! And between you and me, Mame, I'm all through, no matter how many lonesome bungalows there are out where the hat brims are wider, or how many Ellas find the discard. The others can roll their own."

Crowsfeet and . . . . Eyestrain

WHERE do those crowsfeet come from?

Don't look in a mirror to find out. When you look there, you flatter yourself. You avoid the truth. Instead of screwing up your eyes or puckering up your brows, you see yourself at your best.

When your eye muscles become overworked, they call on your facial muscles for help. The results are obvious—crowsfeet. Unconsciously you may be using these muscles a thousand times a day in your effort to overcome defective eyesight.

Stop cheating yourself! Face the truth now, before it's too late, that nothing can be more ageing to your appearance than crowsfeet, the wrinkles so frequently caused by eyestrain.

You may be straining your eyes now, as you read this message. You can't judge for yourself. Unknown to you, your eyes may be defective.

An eyesight examination is the only sure method of detecting defective eyes—the source of so many crowsfeet and wrinkles. Have your eyes examined.

Write us today for informative and interesting booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

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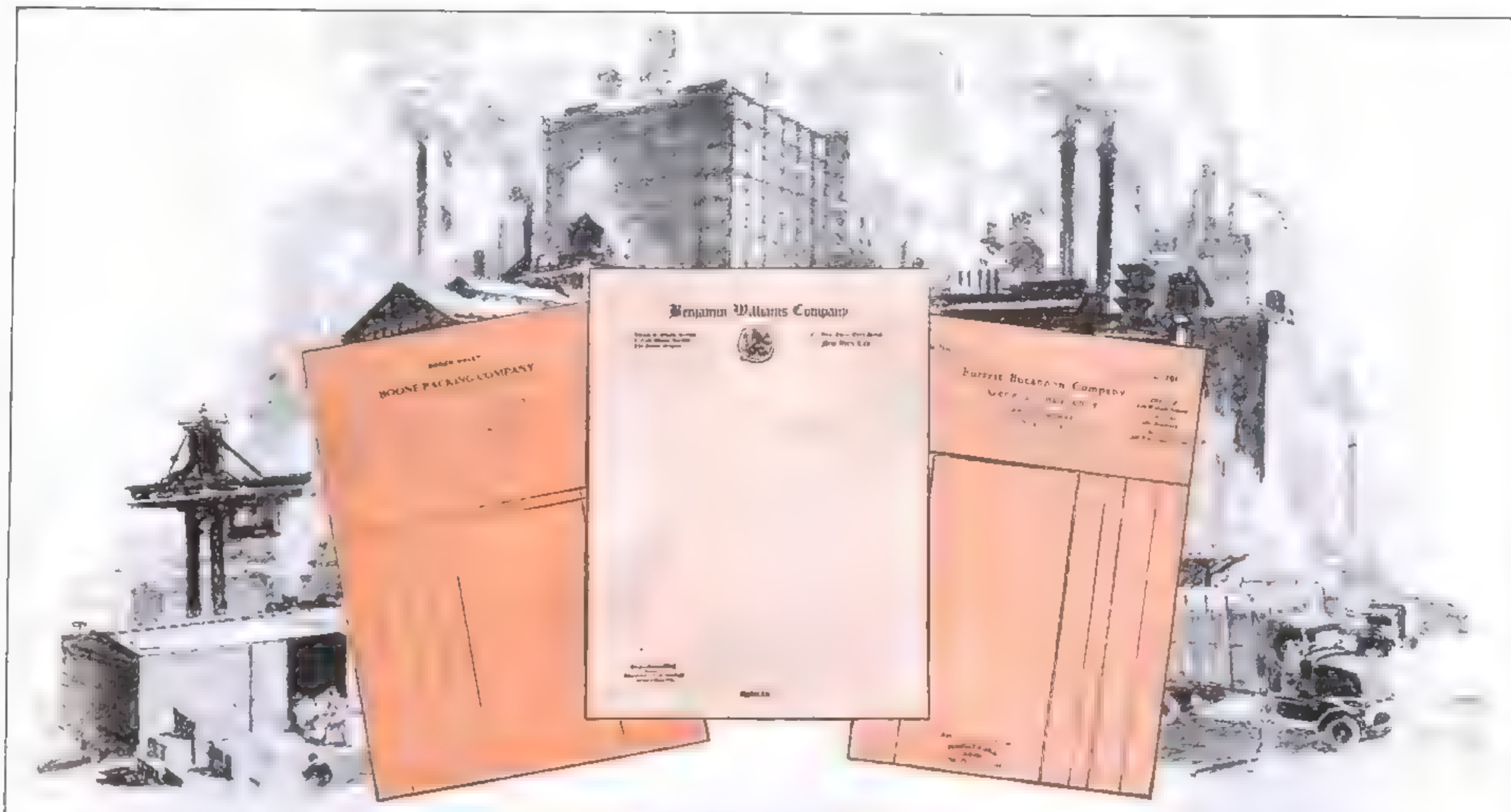

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Write us on your business letterhead so we can tell the nature of your business and we shall be glad to send you, without charge or obligation, the Hammermill Bond Working Kit—a portfolio of forms, letterheads and sample sheets.

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Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond, and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

NEW TRAILS TO OLD THINGS

(Continued from Page 46

The age of a book doesn't mean much. I myself have a book printed in 1694, Mercury, or the Secret Messenger, by the Rev. John Wilkins, Lord Bishop of Chester, and it is practically worthless; while at a recent sale in London a copy of Alice in Wonderland, first edition, brought more than $1500. At the same sale one copy of the Kilmarnock edition of poems by Robert Burns brought more than $6000. It is a matter of history that the whole edition brought the poet originally only $100.

And now that President Coolidge has approved of the organization of a commission to refurnish in the historic periods many of the public buildings in Washington, we would call his attention to the fact that his newly appointed Attorney-General is well qualified to serve on that commission. John G. Sargent is entitled to an honorary membership in the Junk Snuppers' Union. The quest of the beautiful runs in the family. Mrs. Sargent collects Oriental rugs and is a lover of æstheticism, but Mr. Sargent goes in for restoration work and adores mechanism. He enjoys nothing better than getting into his workshop and tinkering with some old wooden-wheel clock or banjo clock or clocks by Terry or Willard or Harrison or Dan Burnap.

They used to say of Terry that many of the tall clocks that we now call grandfather clocks he made himself with no machinery, making the works entirely with jackknife and file; and up to 1807 he sold them through peddlers, who traveled with them on their backs from door to door and got precious little money for them too. But probably the most famous of all the old American clocks were those made by the Willard brothers of Grafton in the middle of the eighteenth century; and the new Attorney-General loves to putter with these clocks; and while making up the slate for this commission, permit me to refer also to our friend Henry Ford, the generalissimo of junk snuppers. The New England Society for the Preservation of Antiquities has just made him vice president, doubtless in recognition of his activities in restoring the Wayside Inn. I suggest his name, for there are many who accuse him of being the greatest human factor in the country-wide canvass for antiques.

Buying Family Portraits

A hundred years ago every little out-of-the-way village and hamlet in the country was visited regularly by the famous but long-departed peddlers' wagons; and these brightly painted traveling shops, with their sleek, stout horses and their shrewd-eyed drivers, laden inside and outside, filled to overflowing with chintzes and lamps and candlesticks, old glassware, copper kettles, blue china and tins, were warmly welcomed by the housewife, and it was from this source of distribution that the average farm got its supplies. But now the farmer's wife sees from her window the approach of the buzz wagons, taking the fences, coming across the fields, riding the cow paths, and she views with alarm her pewter and china and old furniture, and even the quilts on her beds, because she knows what the fiends are after.

And up in Dearborn the master mind, when not engaged in recruiting his army of roughriders, is calmly specializing in the collection of farm implements. I am told he has a wonderful collection.

Not so many years ago, when the family disintegrated and its furnishings were distributed, the great problem was what to do with the portraits. To be sure, there might have been some members of the family who felt a certain responsibility for the future of Uncle Bill's likeness; possibly they remembered with affection Aunt Maria and grandfather on mother's side; but the most of them had a callous conscience which wasn't at all disturbed when the auctioneer said, "You couldn't sell them portraits and you couldn't give them away"; but today these same portraits are an asset. Of course, there are some that are really beautiful—portraits by Stuart, Copley or Trumbull have unquestionable art value—but the family portraits turned out in the 40's and 50's were frequently done by itinerant painters who literally went from door to door, just as a generation afterward the crayon artists followed a similar vocation.

Last winter there was held in New York an exhibition of old portraits. Some of them were awful-looking freaks, but people seemed to admire them. As one woman put it, they were portrait primitives. The exhibition lasted for a week and attracted a great deal of attention. I was talking to a dealer about it, expressing surprise.

"My dear sir," said he, "we're doing quite a business in old portraits. If a house is being done in the Colonial style, and the right furniture, furnishings and wall paper are used, folks seem to feel that the atmosphere is lacking unless there is a portrait in it; and if they don't happen to have any family pieces, they buy them."

The Hooked Rug Artists

To the layman, some of these pieces appear decidedly crude and unfinished.

"It's this honest crudity," said a well-known art critic, "that I like about them. I like the directness of their method, the simplicity of the drawing; and I feel that it is a pity that education and the influences of European art should have altered the natural talent of our early artists and made them all quite conventional, because, alone and untutored, they certainly expressed themselves most quaintly."

It is something of this same appeal that accounts for the interest in hooked rugs. I went to an auction recently, and the gentleman with the gavel got a lot of fun ridiculing the cruder specimens; with the result that the unsophisticated of his audience bought only the more artistic patterns while the collectors picked up dirt-cheap the real good examples of the craft.

Hooked rugs were a strictly cottage industry. When needing rugs, people either copied the admirable quilt patterns or the homespun bedspreads, or somebody in the family was delegated to do something different; and this somebody, in most cases with no knowledge of drawing, went ahead; and the Prancing Horse, the Pet Dog and the Parrot were the result.

These pieces were the earlier and the characteristic pieces. They were the untutored efforts of people who put design into utility as best they knew. I accept this class of work as authentic, while I know the greater percentage of the more conventional pieces to be strictly commercial.

In buying a hooked rug, look out for quality. If the back is not thoroughly covered it is probably modern; for the old rugs were closely and conscientiously woven, and usually of rags, not yarn.

People often say, "How can you tell whether a thing is faked or not?"

The subject has to be studied. You or I may not be able to tell the difference between a genuine and a counterfeit five-dollar bill; but you can't fool the bank.

When a man shows you a bottle with Washington's face on it and says it is 150 years old, and was found in his great-grandfather's barn, and he knows it is as old as that, you have only to glance at it to see that he is wrong, because it has no rough pontil mark on the bottom, the characteristic of the free-blown bottle; on the contrary, it has all the indications of being produced in a bottle mold, and these molds were not adopted until about 1859. They used to make these old bottles five or six in an hour. Today, on what they call a fifteen-arm machine, they can turn out 2500 an hour.

People sometimes show me rooms that they declare were papered in Revolutionary times. Impossible! The paper was in such lengths that it was evidently made in the roll, and wall paper in the roll was not produced until 1790, and was not in common use until around 1830.

Up to that time wall paper was made in small sections and sold by the sheet and quire. Joseph Dickinson, 1784, had a wall-paper factory in Philadelphia, Vine and Second Streets, and advertised that his papers were just as good as the French or English; furthermore that some of his papers had dotted backgrounds, so flyspecks would never be noticed.

To be sure, the historian will tell you that wall paper in the roll was used as early as 1750, but the roll at that time consisted of wall paper sold by the quire and pasted together in strips of five or six yards.

Old wall paper, like old furniture, is worth money, provided it is good and is of the earlier type, either painted in scenic or panoramic subjects or printed in the late eighteenth-century spirit.

I visited a Vermont house recently to see a paper I had heard about. It was a beautiful pastoral scene in eight strips, twenty inches wide, and they ought to have been joined with some consideration for the sentiment of the subject. It told a story of rural simplicity and kindliness. On the right-hand side of one strip was a sweet-faced old lady, a basket on her arm and her hand holding a large red apple extended toward a good little girl who stood on the left-hand side of the next strip; but the paper hanger, who hung the panels with the mechanical exigencies of his job in mind, found it easier to match up by pasting the hillside section of the scene over the mantelpiece, letting the old lady with the apple stand on the left of it and the child on the right; and so for 100 years the child has held out her hand and never been rewarded. Think of the heartlessness! But now a lady decorator has bought that paper and she's applying it in a cozy room on Long Island, and she's positively bubbling with the joy of bringing together at last the old lady with her apple, and the dear, patient child with her outstretched hand.

Salvaging Old Wall Paper

But how to get these papers off the wall and replace them elsewhere without injury has been always a mystery. Very few people know how. If the paper is pasted or glued direct to the wall instead of against a cloth interlining, it requires skill and patience to remove it and the amateur had better go slow. Sometimes it comes off by the persistent sopping of hot water; sometimes the room is steamed; sometimes the paper is peeled off a little way, then steam from a nozzle is directed behind it and the paste is thus softened and the paper peeled off. But these operations are not always possible in a country house; so one has to resort to the use of a putty knife, and inch by inch the knife wedges in between the paper and the plaster, and with considerable expense and a great deal of time it is lifted. The very old papers were made in squares, and of tough stock; and the operation of removing them is easier than with paper of longer lengths and cheaper quality.

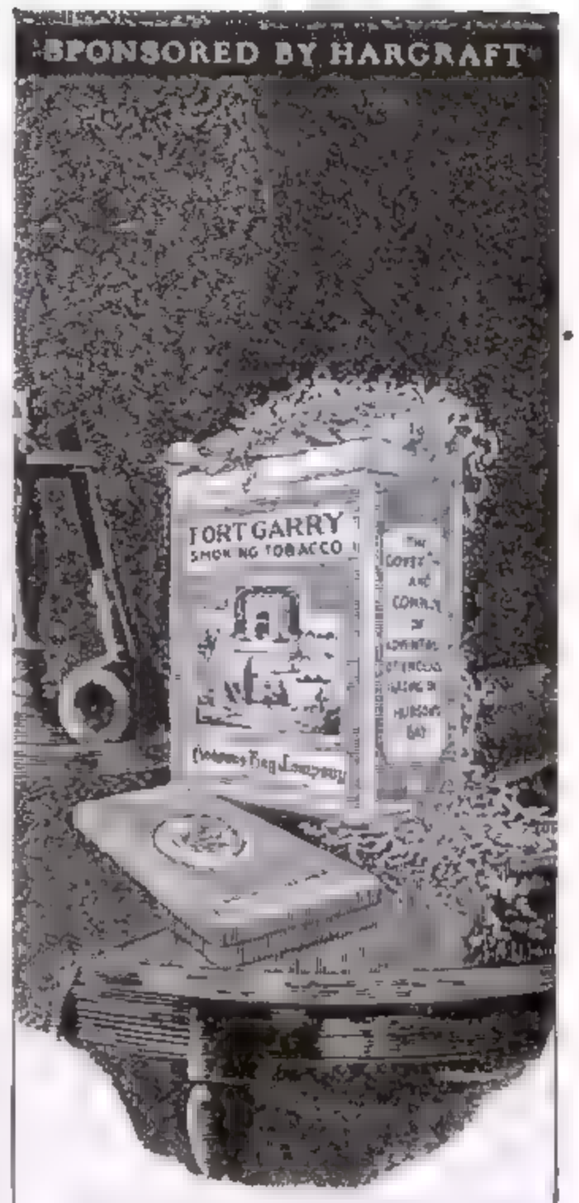
And, oh, the don'ts in collecting!

Don't convert your old spinet desk into a writing desk. The new value is not comparable to the antiquarian value.

Don't paint your old furniture. Get the wood down to the raw; you can't improve upon the grain.

Don't try to do any repairing. The older and weaker the patient, the greater the need for expert attention.

Don't get the old Sandwich-glass habit. Antique dealers seem to know only two kinds of glass—Stiegel glass and Sandwich glass. I don't think that 1 per cent of the Stiegel glass on the market was ever made by Stiegel. As for Sandwich glass, most of the stuff that is really Sandwich was made



Tamp it Tight and to the Top

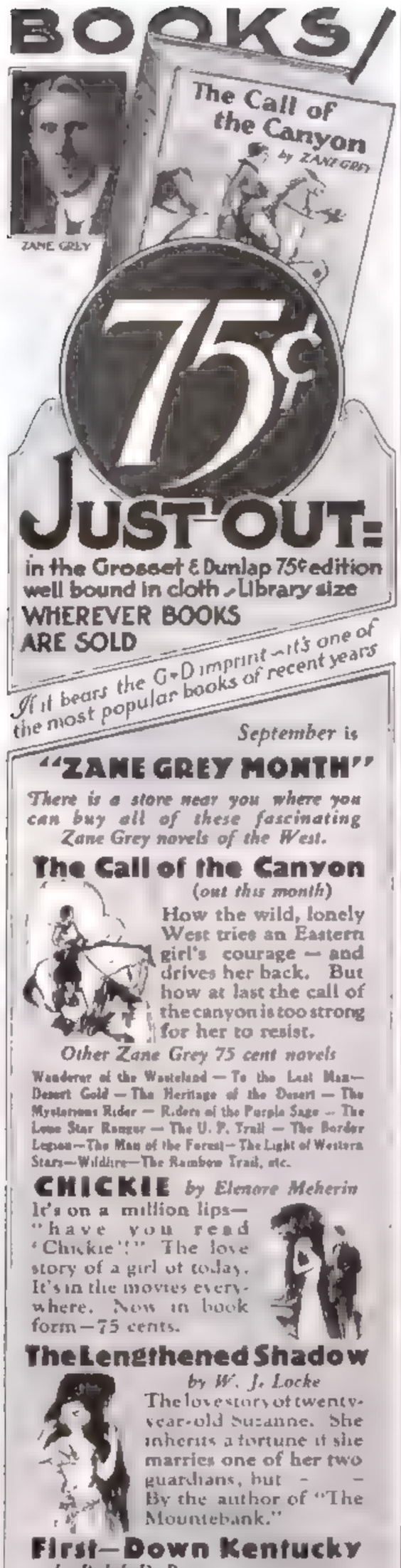
—and still the world's finest tobacco costs you less than 2 cents per pipeful

USUALLY such luxuries as the smoking of Hudson's Bay Tobacco are prohibitively priced. Here is a tobacco for your pipe of such rare fineness that it belongs in the same class with such delightful indulgences as Astrakhan Caviar, the rarest of vintages, terrapin, first editions, and custom-made golf clubs. Yet you can enjoy each mellow, soothing pipeful for less than 2 cents . . . less than the price of a postage stamp . . . less than a twelfth of the cost of a cigar comparably good. So much pleasure for so little cost . . . don't wait longer to try it. Ask your best tobacconist for Hudson's Bay. If he can't supply you just communicate with Hargraft & Sons.

TOBACCOS

Cut Plug—sweet and mild
Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow
Fort Garry Tobacco—cool and full-flavored

This sign identifies *all Hargraft dealers*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How the wild, lonely West tries an Eastern girl's courage — and drives her back. But how at last the call of the canyon is too strong for her to resist.
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A football story that will stir your blood! The hero is "Bo" McMillan of the Centre College "praying Colonels" who played Harvard to a standstill.
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as late as 1888 and sold to the tea dealers to give away as premiums.

There is nothing to distinguish old Sandwich glass from that of any of a dozen other factories. Some people think they can distinguish it by the silvery luster of the cold, white material or by the softness of the feel, the firing having eliminated much of the roughness left in the pressing. But there were other successful factories.

No dealer ever refers to the New England Glass Works; and yet in 1850, 500 people were employed there, making lamps, table and fancy glass—even Bohemian glass. In an old magazine of 1851 I saw its products enumerated: "Every description of glassware, from the simplest wineglasses to the most elaborate gilted, silvered and engraved ware," and yet you never hear of this factory.

Way back in 1702 a house was built at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, by one David Howe; and in 1746 it became the Red Horse Tavern and the scene finally of Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Collected within its historic walls we find much that reflects the life and spirit of the age gone by; and women stop at the doors of the kitchen and look in and wonder at the courage and hardihood of the Pilgrim Mothers—no running water, no coal, bare floors that had to be sanded and scrubbed, pewter to clean, and everlastingly the frying of fat for oil and the filling of lamps and spinning and weaving, and candle making, quilting and cooking—all with the most primitive methods.

Near the door on the right, as you look in at this kitchen, is a rush light, the earliest lighting used by the Pilgrims, earlier than the Betty lamp, shaped like a saucer, filled with fish fat with a spout that held a rag for wick.

In 1630 Parson Higginson wrote back to England for candles and tallow, explaining that they had none. In 1670, whales being found on the New England coast, sperm oil was used. The little two-inch pewter lamps that we see on the shelf are the bedroom lamps. They shed a light no bigger than the light of a match, but that was enough to go to bed by.

Along about 1750 Aunt Eunice in a letter to a favorite nephew writes: "John has bought me camphine, a fluid that is made from turpentine. It gives us a wonderful light, even brighter than candles; indeed, we are living in great luxury."

She never lived to see the little single burners or double burners with the round wicks displaced by the large flat wicks, when kerosene came in, in 1820; she was satisfied with the great comforts that the good Lord gave her in her own day.

And the women who look into this kitchen may not be interested in Colonial art or appreciate the old Derby ware, Spode china, Sheffield plate or prints or old furniture; but they can all visualize at a glance the struggles and hardships of the early days; and comparing the push-button luxuries of their own kitchen, they wonder that the life of the colonist was a life so treasured that they fought to preserve it; that from every little farmhouse came men and arms; that even the pewter, their only table furnishings, was melted down for ammunition as a means to perpetuate the comforts and joys of living according to their ideals, a heritage for their children and their children's children.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

her to surrender by reducing her to abject poverty through cowardly rustling of her sheep.

A Pink Glow in the East Has
Heralded the Dawn of One
More Day, and Bo Peep
Bestirs Herself at
Q-Bar Ranch

Little Bo Goes Out to Speak
a Word of Cheer to Her
Four-Footed and Dumb
Friends, But She
Has Lost Them

"I Must be Brave as Daddy
Peep Would Have Me," is
All Little Bo Says on
Learning Her Pets
are Rustled

Bo Remembers That the First,
Second and Third Mortgages
on the Old Farm are Due
the Next Day and No
Money on Hand

Far to the West Appears a
Cloud of Smoke, Small at
First, But Growing as
it Draws Nigh as a
Hurricane

It is Accurate Al, and the
Smoke is From a Homely
But Honest Cigarette,
for Al Always Has
Rolled His Own

Fate Hath Cunning Ways of
Bringing About Her Ends.
Al's Pal, Lightning,
Casts a Shoe at
Peep Farm

The Flying Shoe Grazes the
Soft, Young Cheek of the
Bo, Who Says, "Sir, You
Have Lost a Shoe and
I a Herd of Sheep"

"My Horse's Loss is My Gain,
Little Woman," Says the
Gallant Rider of the
Plains. "As for the
Lost Sheep ——"

The Look in Accurate Al's Eyes
Brooks No Good for the Bad
Rustler Who Spirited Away
Little Bo's Lost
Sheep

"Ere the Setting Sun Sinks in
the West, You Shall Have
Your Dear Sheep Drag-
ging Their Tails
Behind Them."

Little Bo Lends Al a Spare
Horseshoe and Our Hero
Dashes Away, a Cloud
of Dust and Tobacco
Smoke

True to His Promise, He Returns
As the Shadows Lengthen, With
Five Herds of Sheep, Ten
Herds of Buffalo and the
Cowering Wolf

Silhouetted Against the Glow of
Eventide, Al and Little Bo
Walk Arm in Arm Toward
the Setting Sun as
Wolf Curses

"Little Woman, This Sheep Farm Has
Need of an Assistant Shepherd."
Bo Peep, a New Light in Her
Eyes, Says, "You are
Accurate Al."

—*John Forbes.*

Royalties

HARK to the tale of Hilda,
Queen of a bankrupt demesne,
Mother of Princess Mathilda—
Proud, impecunious queen!
Low were the kingdom's coffers,
Sad was Mathilda's lot;
Few were the marriage offers
Princess Mathilda got!

"How can we raise some shekels?"
Princess Mathilda cried.
"All I possess is freckles,
Titles and family pride."
Suitors who came a-riding
Soon turned their horses back.
Meanwhile, the queen, in hiding,
Muttered: "Alas—A Lack!

"Bent is our kingdom's credit,"
Hilda in mis'ry spoke.
Answered the girl: "You said it—
Not only bent—but broke!"
Came then a clever Yankee,
Driving a smart sedan;
Manner and mien quite swanky,
Armed with a master's plan

No more Her Highness winces,
Grieved at the princess' plight;
Now all the proudest princes
Call on her every night.
Well stocked the royal menage is,
Thanks to the Yankee's scheme—
Now all the world massages,
Using Queen Hilda's Kream!

Hilda indorses lotions,
Treatments sent through the mails,
Perfumes and beauty potions,
Polish for finger nails.
Thanks to the enterprising
Yank who proposed her fee,
Hilda is eulogizing—
(Thousands per eulogy!)

No more the queen is cranky,
No more her credit forced;
Daughter is Mrs. Yankee—
(Also by queen indorsed!)
Peace is the aim of nations,
Unity mankind's hopes.
Helped are our foreign relations
Sometimes by salves and soaps.

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

In Explanation

I'M KNOWN for my veracity, and, using my sagacity,
I've built a reputation on the fact.
I've found untruths are perilous, and so I'm never garrulous
Regarding things I might have to retract!
The Truth—some people play with it and neatly get away with it,
Their fairy tales are clever as can be.
They dodge about elusively, but I have learned conclusively
That Honesty's the Policy for me!

A fib has such complexities! The person who directs it is
Compelled to be intensively alert;
To cover up all weaknesses with plausible obliquenesses
And be forever watchful to avert
(With answers smooth though spurious) the questions of the curious
And satisfy the folks who must be shown.
A lie, to be effectual, needs genius intellectual,
Which ordinary mortals seldom own.

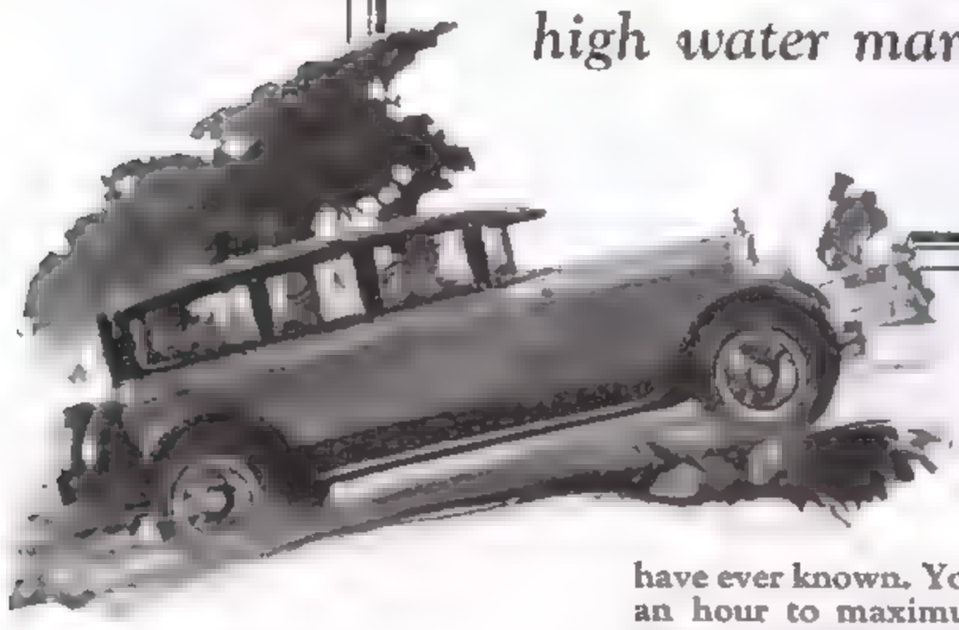
On truthfulness I plume myself and publicly assume myself
To be a man of probity, in sooth,
Because of that high quality of scorning all frivolity
In dealing with the subject of the Truth!
Yet, if I should express to you the facts, I must confess to you
That all my early falsehoods went awry,
And so with pertinacity I cling to strict veracity
Because I am not smart enough to lie!

—*Berton Braley.*

Now THE NEW MARMON becomes an even Greater Automobile

because of these new, important and far-reaching developments *exclusive in Marmon* at no increase in price

Marmon now introduces what we believe to be the foremost and soundest contribution of the year to motor car engineering . . . By a new and ingenious application of proved principles, Marmon engineers have endowed the New Marmon with a magna-power quality, which attains a high water mark in motor car performance and efficiency



In driving this Greater New Marmon you will experience a smoother flow of power and a more pronounced acceleration than you have ever known. You will go from five miles an hour to maximum high speed, quietly, easily and with a swiftness which even Marmon has never before attained. On difficult hills, the car hangs on and pulls in high gear, smoothly, quietly and without apparent effort.

These amazing results are accomplished by a skillful combination of *Double-Fire Ignition* and the efficient New Marmon gas-intake system, in the proved Marmon valve-in-head type of engine.

Even with ordinary grades of gasoline, every atom is vaporized—is exploded between two fires—and the combustion accomplished instantly and completely. Naturally this system is productive of greater fuel economy.

The Three-Way Oil Purifier (exclusively Marmon) increases the life of the engine by preserving the lubricating properties of the oil. It automatically removes *all* forms of extraneous matter from the oil—both solid and liquid. It distills—and passes back to the crankcase, only clean, pure oil. All vapors distilled out of the oil are returned to the combustion chamber and are consumed. It does all of these things automatically, in a simple, fool-proof manner.

New Self-Lubricator Marmon engineers have gone even further to provide a car which mechanically and automatically does things which ordinarily would be sources of annoyance and expense. By means of the *Self-Lubricator* all of the wearing surfaces or bearings of the chassis which require frequent attention are now oiled simply by pushing a conveniently located pedal.

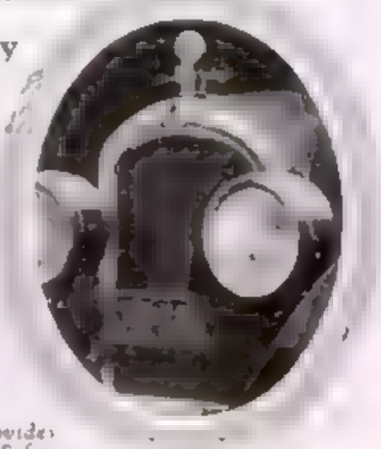
New Body Styles—Greater Values There is a wide range of body styles, including a line of four luxurious Standard Closed Cars—*now at exactly open car price.* These include two new body styles—the Victoria Coupe, for four passengers, and the Two-Passenger Coupe. Also the Standard Seven-Passenger Sedan only $75 more than the open car, and a comprehensive selection of De Luxe models.

All models are extraordinarily roomy, richly upholstered and finished in colors refreshingly new and different.

We strongly suggest to all who surround themselves with the fine things of life that they see the Greater New Marmon, even though it be for purposes of comparison only

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY · *Established 1851* · Indianapolis, Ind.

"It's a Great Automobile"



Only Marmon Provides Maximum Built-in Safety

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

College Men in Industry

THERE are few men in America better qualified to give the inside facts regarding industrial opportunities than Alexander Legge, the farm-born, farm-bred president of the International Harvester Company. There have been a good many steps to climb between his first job as a collector for the old McCormick company and his present job as commander in chief of the world's greatest corporation of its kind. Just before he got that first job he was punching cows out in Nebraska.

"The truth about the present situation in industry," says Mr. Legge, "and its opportunities, is not particularly flattering to the younger generation or to the kind of education which the universities are giving so many young people of today. The college-trained young man who goes in for a business career is not out for any minor position; he considers that the small potatoes in the opportunity field are for those who have not had his educational advantages.

"Where this attitude is a matter of ambition, it is to be applauded. But, too generally, it is merely a matter of assumption, a feeling that his college training should give him a generous score of credits in business which will start him well up in the list, enabling him to jump over a lot of humble jobs which are all right for the uneducated. Business is not run that way; it can't be. It has its own system of credits for experience and performance, but that does not and cannot include a forced advantage in the get-away line at the outset. If a college training enables its possessor to develop greater speed than his uneducated competitors can show, then it will prove its own worth—but the start must be an even break for all.

"I'm frank to admit that I'd rather take my chances on a force recruited from 'back of the yards' or from the country districts, than from the universities and colleges. The smaller the college, the better the average quality of its output, in my opinion. Of course we get many college graduates who have the right stuff in them and ask and expect no favors on account of their education.

"These make superior men who go far and climb high. But I'm convinced that their attitude is not typical of college-trained men as a whole. The rank and file of them expect special consideration from the start on account of their classroom experience; they feel that their educational credits should carry over into industry and give them, arbitrarily, better placement. Today the higher educational institutions are filled with young men who are 'sent'—often at sharp sacrifice on the part of their parents. There is nothing in that to build the kind of sinew that is demanded in the higher places of industry. Real mental muscle is not developed by that sort of training. It doesn't produce men who grasp responsibility and are stayers. While our universities are turning out an unprecedented flood of graduates and higher education is becoming common, the fact remains that it is becoming increasingly difficult to fill the executive places in industry with men who have an adequate sense of responsibility and will stay with the job.

"Of course it is true that the general expansion of business has vastly increased the number of executive positions to be filled, but the supply of good men has not kept pace with the increase in the demand. It has fallen far short, in fact. In particular, it seems to be harder and harder to find young men who have the quality of sticking. Sometimes it almost seems that the race of stayers is pinching out. Of course that is an extreme view; we shall always have men who are stayers—but their ratio to the shifters and quitters will fluctuate from time to time.

"Steady and intense application to business is not easy, but it is the price of even partial success. The belief that material success should be had at a cheaper price than this is in the air everywhere. There is, to my sense, a common and increasing prejudice among young people against steady hard work. I like to see workers able to take a good portion of pleasure as they go along; that is reasonable and right. But the man who doesn't know the joy of the job is missing a large part of life. No man can be a successful executive who doesn't know that feeling.

"Any man who feels that all pleasure is in play and wholly aside from work cannot score any worthwhile success in industry or business. To be sure, there can be little joy in many of the rough-work jobs—but when a man gets along to where his mental as well as his physical faculties are called into action he should get a big kick out of his work—and he will if he has the right stuff in him. The keenest enjoyment possible to any normal and capable man is to exert all of his faculties to the full on a task which is constructive in the best sense of the word. It has any play game beaten to a finish for real pleasure."

"Pretty Soft"

When asked about the number of opportunities open to young men who are beginning business careers today as compared with those available to the preceding generation, Mr. Legge said:

"Can you recall the first electric-light bulb you ever saw? I can—as distinctly as if it were yesterday. And I considered that I was a young man, not a boy, at the time too. It was at a Nebraska fair. I heard two farmers talking about 'a hairpin in a bottle' that gave more light than a gas jet. That interested me and I went to see the little incandescent exhibit. Think how many millions of those lights are now going and the enormous development of the electric-light-and-power industry. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men it employs and the fortunes which have been made from it!

"Then call to mind the other huge industries which have had practically their entire development since that one started. With the impetus which we have acquired in the last few years, does anyone imagine that industrial progress can be slowed down? Why, we're just getting well under way, and the young man who steps in now has a world of opportunities from which to pick and choose. It would be great to be able to start in now! That's the way I feel about it."

FORREST CRISSEY.

Don't Be Afraid to Change Jobs

"YOU take the high road, and I'll take the low ——" Secretly I envy the wise folk who set early in life a goal and climb straight toward it, heedless of rocks and brambles or beating sun overhead. The success books and magazines are full of them.

I took the low road—a pleasant one and varied. And I wouldn't for the world have missed a single digression—not even the interlude of three weeks which I spent as a hired girl on a farm at haying time.

I have held seventeen different jobs in six different lines, have never been fired, and am now advertising manager of the largest store in our city, one of thousands of employes. This is my most interesting stop yet—but the end of the road? Not at all. I'm always interested in what's round the next bend. I'm still under thirty, and still going.

I have been a telephone operator; a stenographer; a salesgirl in three department stores, in an antique shop, a furniture store, and a toyshop at Christmas; a hired girl; a school-teacher four times; a copy writer, and an advertising manager.

These are the things I have learned:

Be interested in your job, and learn as much as you can about it, even if you don't intend to make it your life work. I've had a lot of fun in every job, and now I can see what each has contributed to my success—one a knowledge of human nature; several a knowledge of different lines of merchandise and selling; others scholastic and technical training; others discipline for a too rebellious spirit and a too proud heart; another the ability to work hard and not grouch.

Every job you hold, whether you like the work or not, holds a wealth of experience for you. Make the most of it, and do your best to be a success, for success or failure easily becomes a habit that you will carry through life.

Don't be afraid to change jobs—and don't change just for salary. If you have learned all you can about one job and can't see any chance of your buyer or department head dying for years—get a new job. Don't wait to get into a rut.

If you don't like your line of work, get a new job, even if the salary isn't so big. If you get into work you like and go to it with a vim, there's no fear about your finding your proper place.

Some of my jobs I held only a few weeks or months—many in vacation when I was attending high school or college, some after school and on Saturdays.

When I went forth with my diploma to conquer the teaching world, my anxious relatives felt that at last they had me settled for life and a worry off their minds. Their comment had always been "What will she do next?"—accompanied by a heartfelt sigh.

Among my friends then it was thought that when a girl had achieved a teaching position at $150 a month she had reached the pinnacle of success and could ask for nothing better.

One day in the classroom, and I knew I was the proverbial fish out of water. I knew it for four years—and I kept on teaching because I didn't dare make the break, and, anyway, didn't know what to break into. Of course I learned a great deal. I couldn't speak for my students in that respect.

Then, quite unexpectedly, I did make the break. I turned down an excellent contract for the following year and blossomed out as a stenographer, at less than half the salary I had been receiving.

The important thing was that I had accepted a stenographer's position in the place where I thought I could make good as something higher—in an advertising agency. I worked for three months as a stenographer, and it was the hardest work I ever did, for I studied every minute I could get, day and night—cramming, cramming, cramming. Then when one of the copy writers left, I knew enough advertising to get his job. I had found the work I liked and every minute was joy.

Don't be afraid of your boss—he's human. He wants to be a good scout if you'll let him. Trust him, speak well of him, respect him, but don't be a sweet Alice who "trembles with fear at his frown."

I owe my present position to an amusing incident in connection with my first job. I was working in the chinaware section of a big department store. I had been taken on as an extra for a sale with my sister, and the two of us were kept on afterward.

We had been employed one month, when we felt that for such long and faithful service we should receive a raise in salary. We did not go to the department head or the employment manager. I, the younger, went up to the office of the general manager of the store—a trembling kid of fifteen.

I solemnly and earnestly told him that I would like to have a raise in salary. How I got past the army of stenographers and secretaries guarding him, I do not remember. I was too scared to remember.

He must have been greatly amused, but he did not let me see it. He very courteously promised me to see that I was taken care of with a raise of five dollars per month.

I must have beamed all over—fairly glowed in fact. Then I took a deep breath.

"I would like a raise for my sister too. She's been here a month same as me." And she got her raise too.

Since that time that splendid gentleman for some reason has remembered me and been interested in my work and progress.

Your boss will appreciate your interest in the business if you offer suggestions or make improvements in your sphere. You'll find him human, interesting, likable and kind, if you do your work well, are respectful, and unafraid.

The exhibitor is your representative of the world-wide film industry in your section

The best exhibitors everywhere not only want to show what their patrons want to see, but they want their theatres to assume their rightful place in town, namely, the entire community's meeting place for life at its most enjoyable.

The exhibitor who gives you good pictures and good presentation naturally attracts your support. Patronize his good pictures and let the others go. That's sense and censorship too! If you lack the right theatre or the right pictures in your neighborhood, ask yourself why.

Is it your own fault that thousands of other communities are ahead of you?

Your exhibitor seeks nothing better than your criticism and comment, on programs that he so carefully selects. Encourage him in his work by regular patronage and hints as to your taste. Don't leave him in the cold to guess at your opinions.

Any town's a richer place with the better pictures, Paramount, richer in life, trade and happiness. Nothing finer has ever been contributed to the screen than such Paramount Pictures as "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," "Peter Pan," "The Wanderer" and many others.

And it is the pride of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, producers of Paramount Pictures, to stand squarely behind every exhibitor and community seeking the best.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT

Paramount Pictures

WILLYS-KN

In Every Sense—a dist

For its exquisite color-harmony, for its grace of form a
its comfort, for the quiet elegance of its appointment, the
power-plant, an engine you'll never wear out, the e
one of the three largest automobile builders in Amer
luxury, of engine power-and-efficiency expressed in terms

Six-Cylinder Models from $1750 to $2295
All prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to

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NIGHT SIX

tinguished Motor Car

d line, the artist extols it . . . For its completeness,
smart woman delights in it . . . For its truly remarkable
ngineer endorses it . . . In this master-product of
ica, you, too, will find your concepts of beauty, of
paralleled only by the most costly makes of motor-car.

Four-Cylinder Models from $1195 *to* $1595
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OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

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FINE · MOTOR · CARS

conceal them all

Just shine the shoes. In a twinkling the ugliness of scuffs will disappear.

This double service polish works wonders with the children's shoes — makes it easy to keep them bright, neat and respectable.

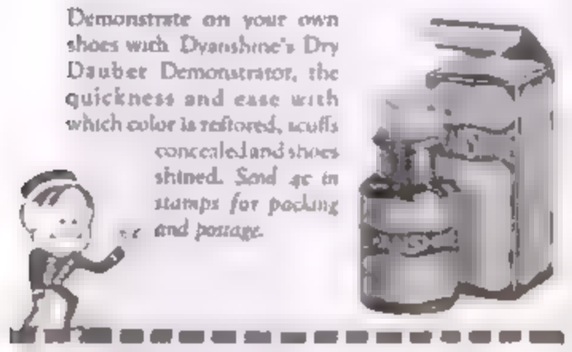
It conceals the scuffs, restores the color, preserves the leather and keeps them shined like new. Fifty shines are in every fifty cent bottle.

Available in the colors listed below. Also white canvas and white kid. Ten popular colors for suede shoes.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Send for This

Demonstrate on your own shoes with Dyanshine's Dry Dauber Demonstrator, the quickness and ease with which color is restored, scuffs concealed and shoes shined. *Send 4c in stamps for packing and postage.*



BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS

Please send me a "Dry Dauber Demonstrator".

I want to see for myself the ease, the economy, the quality of a DYANSHINE shine. 4c in stamps enclosed.

Send me the color checked below:

☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT TAN

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

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NYAMA! NYAMA!

(Continued from Page 11)

We will leave that until later and go back now to nyama—game.

I thought that on my previous trips I had seen some big game. Especially was this true of 1912–13, when, with R. J. Cunninghame, we entered and explored the virgin fields north of where we are now located. I remember describing in The Rediscovered Country that in one day I had actually tallied 4328 head of big game, and saw probably several thousand more which moved off before I had had a chance to count them. Why, that was only a picket, a skirmish line, an outlying fringe of what for the past seven weeks we have had around Nyumbo in a circle whose radius would be perhaps five miles. I am going to try to give you an idea of it, and I am going to lean over backward in my effort to be conservative; and when all is said you will probably have no adequate idea, and you won't fully believe the idea you do have. Nevertheless, here goes:

In one morning's drive, covering pretty fully one-half of the five-mile-radius circle, we saw not less than 125,000 head of big game, and almost certainly as many more.

Those figures sound incredible and should be explained. First of all, we get a good start when I tell you that at the very beginning of the day we came upon a herd of wildebeest traveling—as is their habit—in column. The head of the column was just going into the hills to the west, and we watched the tail of it disappear therein. Therefore, since the rest of our journey swung away from the hills and to the south and east, there was no chance that the lot could break up into smaller bands later to be counted twice. They were kindly simplifying matters for us by betaking themselves elsewhere for the rest of the day.

That column was just three and a half miles long, by speedometer. It was not in single file. Sometimes it was as much as fifty yards wide; at others thinned down to a few animals; but an average of twenty yards was certainly not far off. It was a solid column too; that is to say, there were no openings or gaps. The animals appeared to walk fairly nose to tail.

When the Wildebeest are In

But in each shallow wave trough of the plain there were innumerable more compact herds grazing or loafing. These herds, of course, we could count. The numbers they each contained we estimated. But our estimates were not mere guesses. By counting a few herds we soon got a very fair idea of what a given mass represented. Then we divided our result by two in order to play safe. There were by this calculation some 10,000 more.

There were at least half as many again of the pretty little Thomson's gazelle—the Tommies. Their numbers were incredibly miraculous. Unlike the wildebeest, which held together in fairly compact herds, the Tommies were everywhere. There was no acre in all that vast extent of territory that had not its scores, sometimes its hundreds. On slopes too distant for the distinguishing of separate figures, the shining white of their bellies glittered like a thin fall of snow. Or if we happened to look down upon them, the grass seemed fairly to be crawling with their brown backs.

We counted typical bands of from thirty or forty to several hundred, tried to visualize how many such units were in a definite area.

These two species, by sheer weight of numbers, seemed to fill all the field. Yet if we could by some magic have caused them to vanish, the plains would have been pretty well populated. Here and there the eye could catch the russet of bands of topi aggregating probably a thousand or so all told. The bigger Robert's gazelle also could send an even larger representation to a wild animal congress. Kongoni there were, and eland and zebra; and in the bordering bush giraffe and large bands of the graceful red impalla. Not to speak of such lawless characters as the hyenas, which were here in great numbers in hope of easy pickings; and the lesser fry, such as jackals and foxes and wart hogs—and the lion.

It is only fair to add that this particular morning was one of those in the five weeks during which the wildebeest were "in." The great mass of this game shifts from time to time in accordance with conditions of water and grass. It is also fair, however, to our booster statistics to add that though the wildebeest were "in," the zebra were "out." The latter we saw only in notated bands of a score or a hundred or so. A few weeks before, the plains had been alive with them, the brush full of them. They were somewhat harder to count or to estimate than the less mercurial wildebeest. As we progressed at the magnificent pace of five to ten miles an hour in our trusty flivver the animals nearest us to right and left stared curiously a moment, then kicked up their heels and trotted or galloped alongside a couple of hundred yards distant, occasionally putting on a spurt and crossing our bows, in much the same spirit as a small boy dashing in front of a street car. Those a little farther off saw these running, so they ran too. Those still more distant joined in the game. Thus we swept the country clear for a few miles, until those deboshed zebra got tired of the sport and fell back to grazing again. Often thus we have gathered unto our royal progress not less than 10,000 head, and the dust has risen to heaven like unto the pillar of cloud by day.

Just for the Fun of the Thing

All animals seem to like this cross-ahead-of-us sport. The head of a herd will make it with ease at a trot or at most a dignified gallop. Those behind them, having a little farther to go—since we, naturally, have moved forward—are compelled to get more of a move on them. By the time the rear of the procession catches the idea, its members have to get right down to business, for they have to catch up before they can cross. How they do go, literally belly to earth!

When the going has been good we have speeded up, sometimes to thirty-five miles an hour, just to give them a race. Then the tail-enders had to hustle; but they never failed to make it. It would have been perfectly easy for them to have crossed behind us, had they merely thought the other side was safer. They were already behind us. But not they! That would be equivalent to picking up the ball. Not even the tiniest totos would condescend to such a begging of the question. And when finally they had all got across, they would stop short and stare with a self-satisfied air as though to say, "There, maybe now you think you can run!"

This curious trait was solely a manifestation of the spirit of play. It was certainly no indication of fear. Beasts 1000 yards away would come on over to our immediate proximity just for the fun of licking the pants off us. Some early mornings the whole veldt seemed to be sporting for a run. It reminded me a good deal of dogs that love to take walks and are hysterically delighted when you reach for your hat, but never dream of going out by themselves. These animals love to run, but they need a good excuse. We furnished it. In the heat of noon, when they had no such inclination, they contented themselves at our passing with a more sober withdrawal to a safety-first distance.

But we were talking of when the zebra were "in." Then they were present in numbers almost if not quite equal to those of the wildebeest. At such times the latter are here only in fair representation, while the Tommies also consist of a few thousand local residenters.

Then in some outlying block of our domain we come across a compact black mass, like a corral of cattle, or a long galloping file of traveling wildebeest. This is the advance guard, and seems to be the signal for the zebra to move on. Almost overnight they disappear, leaving behind them a scattering few here and there. Within a few days the place is alive with wildebeest.

The latter know their own minds. When they travel, they travel; on a long easy lope, with rests every few miles. Thus they cover great distances in a night. No other animal I know of shifts its location in this businesslike manner. The others take it in a sober plodding walk. Then about two weeks after this influx come the gazelles in their tens of thousands. I don't know how they do it. Simply one morning they are there. For a period the whole lot, with a few adventurous exceptions, graze in the open plain.

But finally feed begins to get short under persistent grazing of so many. Then they work back daytimes into the thin cover of the hills; returning, however, for greater safety to the plains at night. If one is out by gray of dawn, one can see them standing there in what must be thin defensive formation; a succession of long thin crescents like a series of single parentheses. This probably presents the maximum of front for the instant apprehension of lions and the conveying of that information to all individuals. At any rate, that's the way they stand. Shortly after daylight they file solemnly into the hills. They were doing just that the day we saw that three-and-a-half-mile procession.

But one fine day they, too, have disappeared. They leave more representatives behind them than did the zebra—perhaps 3000 or 4000 all told. But the big mass has followed in its turn and moved on. For sheer rank numbers we must depend on the gazelles. Their huge ranks will remain undiminished for some time yet. They do not need their feed in such gross quantities as do their bigger relatives. Nor when they depart do they pull out all at once. Little by little their numbers diminish, until there comes a day when we record that there is no game. By that we mean that a morning's tour has shown us only 5000 or 6000 gazelle, perhaps 1000 each of wildebeest and zebra, and some hundreds apiece of the other varieties. The cycle is complete. We must dwell in this comparative poverty until it begins again.

Guides and Their Ways

If a visitor, lured by our descriptions, and in some fashion—perhaps from one of our men—should find the route to Nyumbo, he would now get no better shooting and would see only a little more game than in the old hackneyed *safari* grounds of Kenya, the former British East Africa. There he goes forth over established routes, to specified camps, with a standardized outfit. If he stays too long in one place, he hears the rifle shots of his successor, who is impatiently waiting for him to move on. He gets plenty of chance to pick away at the common sorts of game, and returns at night to his camp to live as luxuriously as though he were at home. He gets his lion if he has luck; nine-tenths of the time over a bait out of a boma at night, which is about as exciting and quite as safe as shooting a sheep. When he has made the round of Route Number 1, or 2 or 3, as the case may be, he returns home and is ever after known as a mighty African hunter.

But he can get that much, with certainty, where things are cut and dried. His white hunter or guide knows just where to take him. He knows the camp sites, where food can be had for the men, how to get it in. He even has his bomas all built for those nocturnal sheep. I mean lions. Why, then, should he fash himself to take his

(Continued on Page 108)

Theatre hour in city traffic

Close driving—sudden stops—taxis making unexpected turns. Imagine what would happen in modern night traffic if street lighting had not kept pace with progress.

MAZDA SERVICE explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and works out in the Research Laboratories the scientific developments that have already brought modern lighting to such high efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to incandescent lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The use of inert gas in incandescent lamps was the great development of the Research Laboratories making possible the modern high intensity street lamp. Then through an infinity of details of research came the developments that maintain its brilliance—direct its light—give *even* illumination on a street

(Continued from Page 106

client farther afield? He has not the leisure, nor can he afford to explore out the possibilities and peculiarities of a new country on his own time; he has his living to make. He does not dare do it on his client's time. If, for example, he were to bring his men to Nyumbo at the off season, the trip would be, comparatively speaking, a frost. He cannot afford that; not with a man who is spending months of his time and thousands of his dollars for the one big trip of a lifetime. It would give him a black eye in his profession. Safety first; and I don't blame him.

For knowledge of the route in is not Nyumbo's only safeguarding secret. Knowledge of where the game—and hence the great numbers of lions—goes to in its cycle is another. We know, thanks to Leslie Simson's patient exploration. More of that later.

McCutcheon Among the Wildebeest

Of course, in a game field such as this mere sporting shooting falls into a secondary place. That is not to say you are to get away with the idea that all one has to do is to saunter out in a bored fashion, pot a beast for camp meat and saunter back. Far, far from it. These animals have been educated from early infancy to take care of themselves. They have to be, in a country abounding with hungry lions of an unkind disposition. Dodge first and inquire afterward as to what it is you are dodging is the one copy-book maxim they are required to learn by heart and practice diligently.

As a consequence, no animal when startled, for example, ever runs straight away. He dodges first to one side, then to the other, sunfishes, makes short dashes to right and left, and only after he has gone fifty yards or so in this flashing and erratic fashion does he finally straighten out to direct running. These initial erraticisms are undoubtedly for the purpose of disconcerting if possible the lion's deadly rush and spring. And though he in his thousands may flirt with the motor car in the manner before described, just bring the thing to a stop and descend for a shot and see what happens! Or go forth afoot where you are clearly revealed for what you are. If you can without considerable maneuvering get within a long rifle shot of 300 yards of the larger animals, you are playing in a lot of luck. It has been my experience that, take it as a whole, game here is much wilder than it is in a country where there are many shooters but fewer lions.

To feed ourselves and city we require on the average one beast a day. That animal being shot and carried in, our shooting day, as far as meat animals is concerned, is finished.

Our great pleasure then consists in observing and studying the habits and personalities of the many creatures, little and big, that swarm about us. We've learned a lot that is interesting to us and some that may be interesting to you.

The wildebeest is probably our leading citizen, and we are the more intrigued by him in that elsewhere he neither occurs in such numbers nor in the sweet sophistication that will allow him to be espied upon in his private and domestic affairs. Generally he is to be seen only in small bunches and in the extreme distance as a dark, staid and rather bisonlike creature. Then he catches sight of you while you are yet a long way off, and his dignity breaks up into the most absurd and clownlike caracoles, curvets, gambols and prances. It is astounding, incredible, grotesque; like a Boston dowager breaking into a cancan. Then he departs. Not for nothing was he named wildebeest. John McCutcheon drew a picture of his experience with this animal. It consisted of a diminishing spiral of dust on a very distant sky line, with John himself in the foreground looking wistfully after.

"The only effect of my shot," he says in effect, "was to make him wilder and beestier than ever."

Most writers have commented in this vein.

But a close-up of the performance, such as we get from the car, shows a method in all this apparent idiocy. Old nyumbo is merely practicing. His aimless gambols resolve themselves into a savage kick to the right, another to the left, a sweeping hook of the horns to one side, then the other. All this at the time he is doing his twisting dodge, his high buck, and is getting off from the scratch in sprinting time. Some acrobatics! Then he settles down to his lumbering but swift gallop with an air of satisfaction that plainly says, "You bet your life that fixed him! Bring on your lions!" What price mere dignity when lions are about? Ask the Senate; it knows—since Dawes' accession.

Another thing one notices: The huge herds are in reality composed of a multitude of smaller bands. They are very slenderly divided from the main lot, but the division is there, marked rather by a thinning than an actual segregation. These units run from four or five to twenty or thirty individuals. They are really family groups, consisting of the cows and calves and the younger males belonging to a big fine black bull. When the main herd breaks up for grazing, these families are quite apt to draw apart each by itself. Their size seems to depend on the personal prowess of the bull in winning to himself and holding against cruising love pirates as many fair ladies as he is able.

This is his chief business in life, and fills him full of care and responsibility and snorts. While all the rest are plodding lazily along, or feeding placidly, or resting in a grateful shade, father is right on the job. He is rather a fine taurine sight while he is doing it, galloping back and forth, head high, tail up, nostrils expanded. He tells the rearmost when to wake up and hustle; he rounds up the frail sex inclined to stray to tempting pastures; he gives the come-uppance to any of the younger bulls that try to get fresh. Also, I am sorry to confess, his morals are not above reproach. He is a very gay Lothario. If any of his less vigilant neighbors permits one of his harem to stray too far, he makes every effort to cut her off and force her into his own collection of wildebeest beauties. Once there, she seems to remain tranquilly enough. I'm afraid these wildebeest ladies like the cave-man stuff.

A Battle Without a Clash

But he is at his most magnificent when a possible home breaker appears in the offing, either one of the single old bachelors that cruise about with an eye for flirtation or some other herd bull of piratical bent. Boldly he gallops forth, like a knight of old, to meet the challenge. The two rush at each other headlong; then at the last moment before the impending clash, both simultaneously and with a swirl of dust drop to their knees, facing each other almost within touching distance. Thus they pose for several seconds, then scramble to their feet and back slowly away. Perhaps the performance is repeated several times; perhaps one such encounter suffices, and

(Continued on Page 110)

Wildebeest, Probably the Leading Citizens of Nyumbo

The artistic stand lamp that—
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Adjusts in any direction—shade adjusts, too.

Oh Man!—reading in bed with a Buss Light!

What a grand and glorious feeling to lie a-bed in lazy cushioned comfort and read—with your Buss Light.

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$2 Plain Brass or Bronze finish
Complete with extra cord (9 ft.) and
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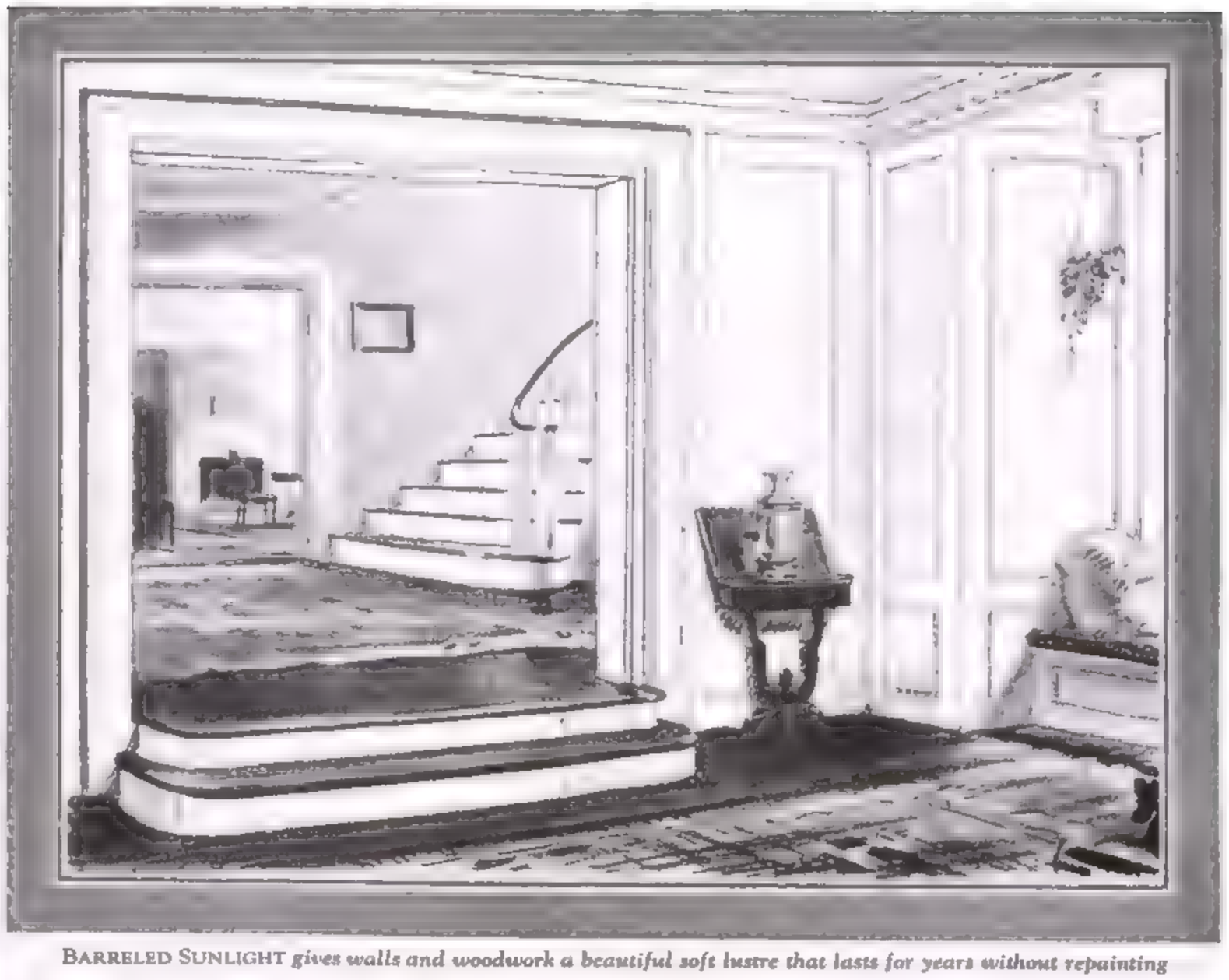
BUSS
The Handiest Light in the World

"WASHING REMOVES
THE DIRT
BUT NOT THE PAINT"



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Washable— this lustrous white paint handsome as the finest enamel • •

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Scores of leading hotels, clubs, hospitals, industrial plants, etc., now use Barreled Sunlight for interior painting. Here are just a few prominent users:

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For large jobs Barreled Sunlight comes in 55 and 30-gallon churn-equipped steel drums, at a very moderate initial cost. The labor cost of application is low because Barreled Sunlight (containing no varnish) flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably. Once on the walls, it can be washed clean at any time, and repeated washings will not wear it away. This saves the annoyance and cost of frequent repainting.

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SMUDGE a white paint surface—then try to wash it. *Does the dirt all come off?*

That is the supreme test. Try it with Barreled Sunlight and you will see why hundreds of thousands insist on this finish for white interior painting.

Barreled Sunlight *can't* hold dirt. Its surface is smooth as satin. It washes like tile.

Think what this means on bathroom and kitchen walls—on white woodwork—wherever lustrous, sanitary cleanliness is essential!

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BARRELED SUNLIGHT

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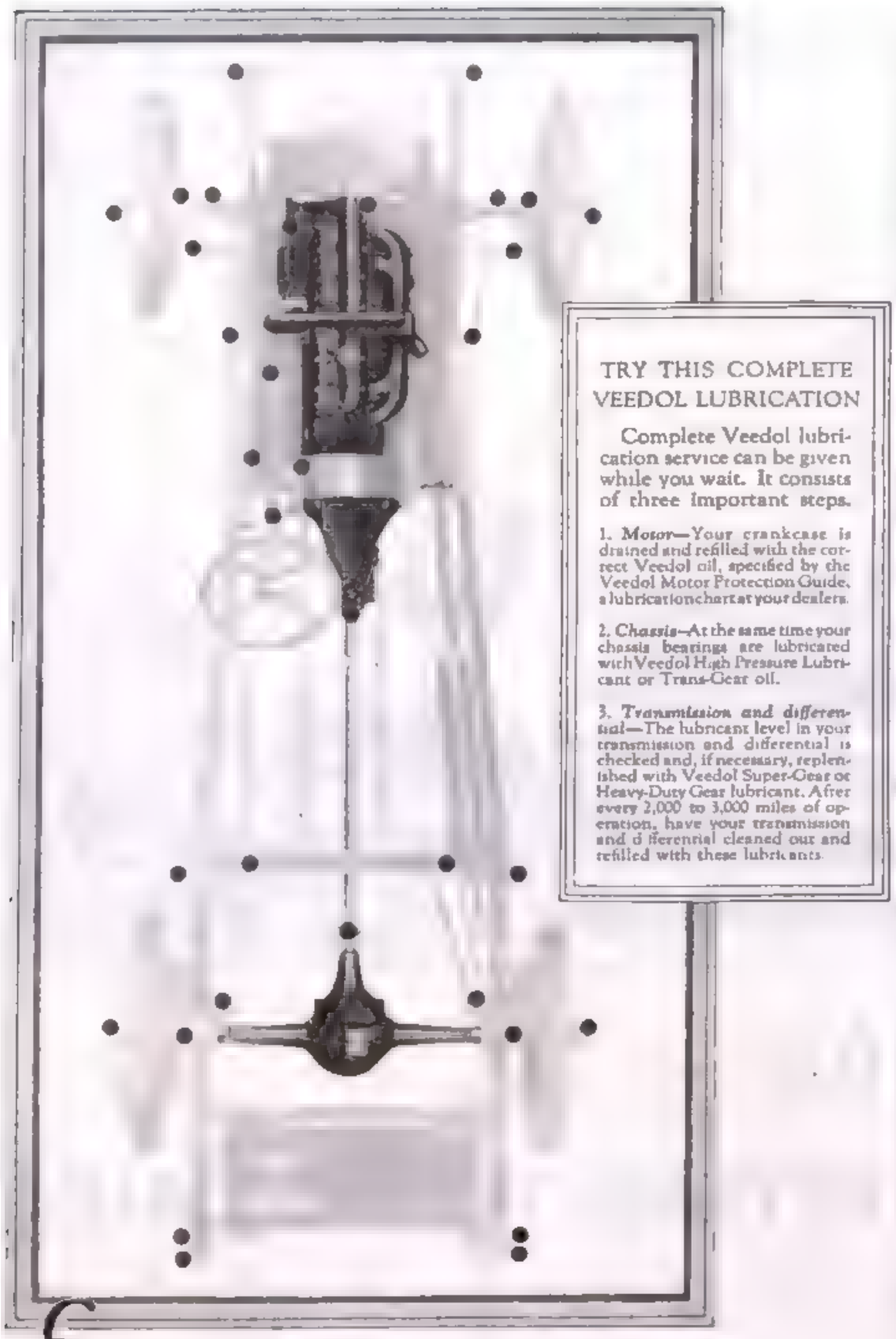
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VEEDOL *New complete* LUBRICATION SERVICE

(Continued from Page 108)

the raider with a rapid leap sidewise trots off, defeated. I have never seen one of these combats come to the actual clash. It is probable that the dropping to the knees is an effective defense against a rip upward from underneath, and that when the action is simultaneous a recognized stalemate results. When the aggressor finds that father is on the job he gives it up.

I think the mysterious signal for the general move comes from the individual enterprise of these heads of families. About forty miles from Nyumbo is a district of short sweet grasses which the wildebeest like above all others, and to which they resort from all points of the compass, so that when they are "in" they are there to be seen in even greater numbers than I have described.

But it is a dry country, dependent on rain-filled water holes. When these are drunk up, the animals must move out until the heavy rains come again.

Once when we had had such rains in our own vicinity, we went out in the car on a scouting trip to see how conditions were out there. From the top of a hill we saw a wildebeest bull doing exactly the same thing. He made a wide circle of four or five miles out into the dry country, galloping rapidly for a mile or so, then lying down to rest before resuming his rapid pace, finally returning to the green country whence he had come. The probability is that if he had found conditions right he would that night have brought out the family. And his next-door neighbor, observing the exodus, would have remarked, "Looks as if old gray whiskers must know something; he always was an enterprising cuss. Come, my various dears, let's up and follow him. Something doing." And so on right through.

The Thomson's Gazelle

If nyumbo is our leading solid citizen, Tommy is our most beloved. I defy anyone to scrape even a passing acquaintance with his bright brave little personality without falling in love with him. His figure is so graceful and beautifully formed; his coat is always so sleek and shiny and well kept; the white of it is so snowy, the brown so warm and glowing; he wears the band of jet black on his side with so rakish and unmathematical an air; and he wags his little black-and-white tail so conscientiously and continuously and faithfully, just as he was told to do in the beginning when it was considered desirable, that he can thus be most certainly distinguished from his larger cousins, the Robert and Grant gazelles, which do not wag their tails at all. Standing, walking, running, even fighting, he keeps it going as a brave little banner of duty and of pride in being a Tommy. Everything about him is so dainty and well kept; his slim little legs and the way he picks up his hoofs and plants them again, the way he looks at you with his wide and intelligent eyes, the manner in which he will reach forward the sharp tip of one hind foot and just flick one little shot on his ears. His run is a poetry of motion, as though he flowed along, touching the ground merely to assure himself it was there. He must have very quick eyes, for he goes sometimes at a most tremendous pace over the roughest sort of country covered with rocks and tufts and pig holes, and he never stumbles and never seems to deviate or hesitate as to where his foot is to fall.

A Model Father

And his family life is so admirable. Tommy is always around and about his little flock, not with the vulgar predatory idea of the wildebeest, but apparently solely to see that all is well. He is the first to give warning and the last to leave when danger threatens. Often I have seen him taking the most solicitous care of one or more youngsters while the mothers fed or gossiped at a distance; and he is very fond of the company of wife and the latest baby.

One day I came upon two babies that were so overcome with curiosity at my strange appearance that they stood side by side in goggle-eyed astonishment, quite heedless of Tommy's frantic efforts to make them come away. He ran back and forth in front of them, giving them the example by dashing off fifty yards or so, but returning promptly when he found the example was not followed. Finally, when I was within twenty yards, and still those babies remained spraddle-legged and dumfounded, he could stand it no longer. He withdrew a short distance, but there stood his ground, and if ever a beast showed agonized anxiety it was that Tommy bark. I'll bet those totos got a good Tommy spanking after I had moved on.

Usually, while mother is feeding, the babies are instructed to lie perfectly flat on the ground, their necks stretched out in front of them, and to stay that way.

We have come upon a number of them in that position, and have amused ourselves stroking their backs, patting their noses, tickling their ears. The little fellows never stirred a hair; merely looked up at

(Continued on Page 113)

Thomson's Gazelles, the Most Beloved Citizens of Nyumbo

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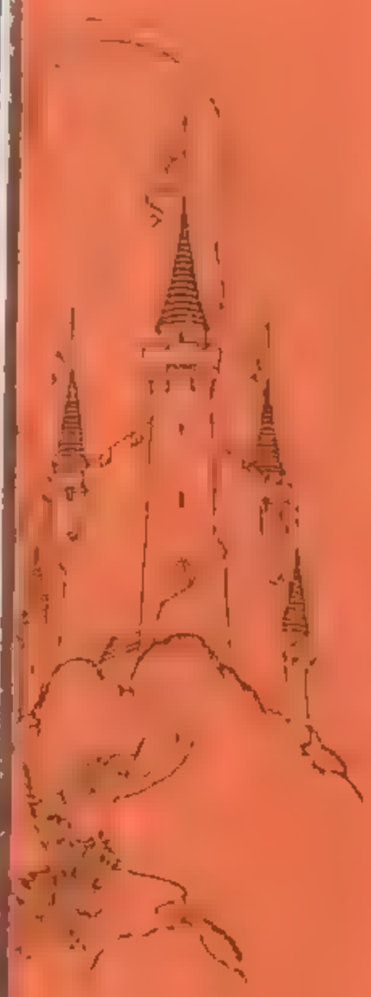

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(Continued from Page 110)

us with their big soft gazelle eyes. One day we had a discussion as to whether in this situation the little beasties withhold their scent; and Doc bent over to take a smell. This was too much. The infant was off and away, proving that he had perfectly good legs and knew well how to use them.

I like Tommy, too, because he has such a sense of humor, especially in the early morning, when most people have no sense of humor at all. Then for the moment he ceases to wag his little tail and to run in his graceful fashion. Instead, he sticks the said tail straight up, stiffens his legs and proceeds by a series of high resilient jumps almost straight up in the air. Barely he seems to touch the ground, so that he gives the comical effect of a sort of toy suspended from above on an invisible spiral spring which some unseen god of Tommies is dandling. And as he goes along he quirks his head first one side, then the other, as though with a deliberate effort to be grotesque. When two of these thus bounce along, side by side and in perfect unison, we have often burst into laughter, although we are serious people bent on serious business.

But if Tommy is all good, the hyena is all bad. Albert Paine, in his Tent Dwellers, expressed complete bewilderment as to why the mosquito had ever been invented. Let me add the hyena. If he has one redeeming point of any sort, we have as yet failed to find it. My own theory is that he is the Hyde to Tommy's Jekyll. All the evil of the animal world was drained away from the other creatures of the open veldt and concentrated in him. Thus you know where to find it.

His appearance is decidedly against him, to start with. He is high in front, slopes off behind, has an inordinately long neck, an ugly, snarly, evil-tempered face, and a dirty and generally mangy-looking coat. He has no atom of self-respect in his demeanor. When he walks he slinks; and when he speeds up he looks exactly like a man trying to run with his trousers coming off. His voice we have already noted unfavorably. Altogether in a classification for pulchritude he would stand about forty.

Nor are his moral qualities out of correspondence. He is a big, powerful, well-muscled brute, with strong teeth and powerful jaws with which he can and does crush the biggest bones. His skull compares very favorably in structure with that of a full-grown lioness. He has the equipment to be very formidable. But he is the most abject coward in the world. Nobody is ever afraid of a hyena in any circumstances. The rest of the animal world holds him in the most utter contempt. We once saw a jackal—a trim and gallant little chap about the size of a fox, and with a quite undeserved reputation for sycophancy—walk right up to one of these great hulking creatures that had possessed itself of a titbit from a recent kill, and snatch it from under the hyena's very jaws. All the latter did was to back off and snarl.

To his other vices he adds gluttony and laziness. He never kills on his own account, but hangs about for leavings—any old leavings, putrid or otherwise. When he gets a chance he makes a hog of himself, so that his distended belly actually almost drags on the ground. The stomach of one we examined contained more than a bucketful! And he is never so full that he is not looking for more.

I said that he never hunted on his own account. I will take that back. He does. If he happens upon one of those poor little baby Tommies lying, as he has been instructed, close to the ground, he gobbles it up. In that manner he destroys a great many of his betters.

Some might argue him as a scavenger and thereby assign him a reason for being. He is not even good at that. The innumerable carrion birds take care of that job completely and promptly and with plenty of hungry ones to spare. I have some respect for a good honest buzzard.

This is not a natural history, but an attempt to show you that the wild citizens of Nyumbo are a very interesting lot indeed. There are plenty of others. Our giraffes alone are worth the price of admission. We have them in great abundance, and they are very amusing; and wild dogs and monkeys and baboons and parrots and secretary birds and ostriches and hyraxes and wart hogs—to mention only a very few of the nongame creatures. They are all amusing. There's never a dull day in Africa!

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

PEOPLE AGAINST JOYNES

(Continued from Page 23)

He knelt on one knee and studied the rifled safe without laying a finger on it; he glanced about the floor and stooped quickly as if to pick an object up. He rose to his feet, turned from the safe and caught in a comprehensive glance a bent iron bar beside a filing cabinet. He had a careful look at this without touching it, and walked from the room, followed by the attentive Harvey.

"Any clews, Mr. Rogan?" asked Harvey.

"Nothing but," said Mr. Rogan. "A clew, boy, is any circumstance rightly understood. Call the police. When Mr. Clymer comes tell him I've had a look about and will be glad to tell him my opinion."

He examined the lock on the street door before the main hall of the building, grunted knowingly and retreated up the stairs to his office.

At eleven o'clock one of the bank's clerks came to him and requested him to step down and see Mr. Clymer.

"Mr. Rogan, isn't it?" said Mr. Clymer, the sole surviving brother of Clymer Brothers, when the figure of the detective loomed in the doorway. "You are a detective, I believe." He was a thin and stooped man of sixty-six years, wearing the side whiskers that were emblematic of his trade in his youth.

"And a tenant and depositor of the bank," bowed Mr. Rogan.

"Quite an interested party," said Mr. Clymer.

"Personally and professionally," said Mr. Rogan, bowing again.

"Do I understand that you have formed an opinion on this business, Mr. Rogan?"

"I have a dozen opinions," said the detective, shrugging his shoulders. "You've had the police in? What do they think?"

"They had very little to say; two detectives were here. They came and looked and went away, telling us that we'd hear from them."

"Did they say it was an inside job?"

"I don't remember that."

"They will say it," said Mr. Rogan with a genial grin. "It is what they always say when nobody goes to them and tells them who done the job. They'll sit tight in their coop now until somebody slides in and slips them the tip, and then they'll go out and make the collar.

"As to the job," he said, turning in his chair to regard the ruined safe. "Look at your box; it was opened like a can of sardines. They didn't even have to blow the dust off it. Well, a wise pete never blows a box when he can help it, because explosives play the old Harry with the insides, and a blackened bond or bill is a dead give-away. All the same, the United States Government gives out lots of nice new money for paper money that accidentally fell in the fire. Let's read the story."

He knelt before the safe.

"Here are the holes in the floor that were made by the screws securing the foot of the jack. The holes are less than a foot apart; that means the jack had only one leg. Two-legged jacks are generally of the extension kind that can be let out or pulled in to reach locks higher up or lower down; the one-legged jack has to be stronger, and it is mostly made in one piece, but the trouble is a one-piece jack will only reach a lock of its own height. What does that indicate? That this jack was made for this job. Where is the jimmy was here this morning?"

"The police took it with them," said Mr. Clymer, who was leaning forward attentively.

"Gone to the museum," nodded Mr. Rogan. "Well, if you noticed it, the jimmy was new, and that tallies. Now my guess is that this job was not done by a mob of safe blowers, but maybe by a mob of sneaks or masked burglars; they had to have the tools made. On the other hand, this is good work; not with the latest improvements, but a clean professional job; and my guess there is that the mob brought in a good box man who had just done his bit, or was somehow on the nut and took a piece of this while looking for a job of his own. Those doors were opened with keys, and that means sneaks. But they brought this pete in to open the box. Let's see how he done it.

"He set up his jack here at these screw holes; there behind them is a cut in the floor that was made by the back brace. The brace is just a jimmy with a sharp turn at one end so it will dig into the floor when the feed screw on the crank is turned; the other end is in a notch in the head of the jack. The jack is standing about a foot or so from the safe, and with the brace behind it, it got enough support to push over a brick house. See this slot chewed out of the safe door where the crossband joins the front band? That was made by drilling two holes in the door and breaking them into one with the jimmy, similar to how a carpenter cuts a slot in a wooden door to fit a lock in. The bolt case, as you see, is just above the hole, so they had only to pull those bands away to get at it. He done that with a hook; he put a hook through the hole and under the plate over the bolt case, and pinned the other end of the hook to the jack. He got his leverage by setting a screw against the outerside of the safe; see that scratch? The jack was now placed horizontally against the door, and the pete sat down for a smoke while two of his helpers put their backs into turning the screw with the jimmy. The plate came out and let him into the bolts."

"You impress me," said Mr. Clymer. "That is surely how it was done. And now as to the identity of these rascals—have you any inkling, Mr. Rogan? By George, you seem to understand your business!"

Mr. Rogan sat down and cut a good cigar.

"Do you want me to take hold? I think I've got a line on the mob that did the job."

"I don't want any interference with the police, Mr. Rogan. The matter is in their hands."

"I never interfere with the police when I'm on a job, if I can help it. And I most generally can, Mr. Clymer."

Mr. Clymer reflected. "What are your terms?"

"No results, no fee. What's your loss?"

"Thirteen thousand dollars in currency, for one item. That's irrecoverable, I suppose. Then there were forty-two thousand dollars in bonds of the Minnetaska Transit and Portage Company, and those were payable to bearer and are negotiable. There were nine real-estate mortgages with corresponding bonds of a face value of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars; but they can be of no use to the robbers, though their loss may prove exceedingly troublesome to us."

"You can get those back easy enough. They'll be on the watch for a chance to work back the private papers; offer a reward—say, a thousand or so and no questions asked—and you'll get your mortgages back."

YOU can't feel either smart or comfortable with the raindrops pattering down your back. Then carry an India. You'll enjoy complete protection under India's wider spread. You'll enjoy its distinctive appearance, too. The India Umbrella is well and sturdily built, with windproof tips for safety in a "blow". Say "India" to get the India's exclusive advantages of efficiency with smartness.

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"You think so, Mr. Rogan?"

"Gold dollars to Chinese nickels. And that's where I can help you; these birds would rather deal with a private agency than with the metropolitan police. Not casting reflections, you know. When you make your squeal—I mean when you state your loss—mention these private papers and offer a grand for them and they'll be worked back. Was there anything else?"

"No, that is all."

"Nothing else?"

The banker showed irritation, but it was dissimulated at once. He spoke in a lower tone and with hesitation.

"I'd be pleased to have you pursue your inquiry, Mr. Rogan; and it would perhaps be unfair to conceal from you the fact that there was something more among the papers taken, something that I do not wish to name unnecessarily, for reasons of business policy. Purely for reasons of business policy, Mr. Rogan. To be perfectly candid, I'd rather suffer a considerable loss in silence than incur certain undesirable publicity. And though I am set on principle against compounding an outrage of this kind, there is a bare chance that under the circumstances here I might be willing to—to countenance some manner of settlement. Possibly you are the very man for the purpose. I'm sure you understand."

"Absolutely," said Mr. Rogan, and he tried to look as if he did. This was not difficult to him, since he wore at all times, for reasons of business policy, an air of exceeding discernment.

"You'll hear from me," he said, rising. He clapped the banker on the shoulder—a cordial gesture to which the banker did not respond with gratitude—and said, "I'll keep in touch with you, Clymer, and you keep me in touch with the police if they try to put something over. Tell me this—do you always keep all that boodle in that old tin can?"

"You mean the safe, Mr. Rogan? I do not. The money and securities have been there for the past month only."

"What I thought," said the detective shrewdly. "The job was tipped. Well, all jobs are. If petes went around opening up boxes without knowing what was in them beforehand, they would get for their time and expense a fine collection of yesterday's newspapers and grandpa's letters to grandma. Here I go, Clymer, and you're going to hear something drop."

Mr. Rogan strode back to his office, locked the door and treated himself to another tot of rye whisky. He put his feet on his desk, clasped his hands behind his head and closed his eyes to concentrate. During the better part of an hour he sat so still and breathed so regularly that an onlooker must have been in two minds as to whether Mr. Rogan was sunk in meditation or in slumber. At the end, his feet slipped from the desk and fell to the floor with a clatter and jar that broke his train of thought or his snooze, as the case may have been, and he sprang to action. He smelled something burning and he leaped to the wastebasket and tumbled its contents onto the floor, went to his hands and knees and looked under his desk, felt all his pockets for burning matches, and arrived by this process of trial and error at the conclusion that the cigar, which he had held in his mouth while immobile, had singed his mustache before falling to the floor.

He combed his mustache with a pocket comb, rubbed a dab of pomade into it, set on his black hair a black felt hat with wide and straight brim and left the office, locking the door behind him.

He descended to the street and to the Subway, and rode north to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, changed there to an east-bound surface car and arrived in time at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Cypress Avenue, in the Bronx. He left the car and walked northward between acres of vacant lots until he came to an unpainted frame shack on which was a sign saying American Light Ironworks. This institution was a machine shop. Mr. Rogan entered it, saw a door on which was a placard saying Keep Out, pushed that door open and went into the office.

A dark and bald-headed man was sitting at a desk in the office, talking into a telephone; he held the receiver against his ear with a tilted shoulder so that he might have the use of both hands to gesticulate with and make himself clearly understood at the other end of the wire. A dark young girl was at a typewriter writing a letter and picking the keys with care. Mr. Rogan seated himself beside the desk and waited until the energetic telephoning was done.

"There He is Now," Said Mrs. Loving Later, Ending a Twenty-Minute Silence. A Bell Had Rung in the Flat

Then he said, "Are you Schimmel?"

"What do you want?" asked the bald-headed man.

Mr. Rogan slid a professional card across the desk.

Mr. Schimmel looked at it and saw, staring up at him unwinkingly, the all-seeing eye in miniature. He slid the card back with a snap of a finger.

"Eyeglasses I don't want," he said brusquely. "Go out."

"You sure do want eyeglasses, Schimmel, but I'm not selling them," said Mr. Rogan. "Look again."

Mr. Schimmel looked again.

"Detective!" he intoned, his voice lifting into falsetto on the last syllable.

"That's me," said Mr. Rogan.

"I should care for a detective," said Mr. Schimmel jauntily. "Want to arrest me? Go ahead." He laughed, to indicate that he was not to be taken seriously.

"Maybe I will," said Mr. Rogan. He placed on the desk a long bright screw with a winged head. "What's that, Schimmel?"

"I should tell a detective something," said Mr. Schimmel, blinking at the screw. "What is it, you?"

"That's a fifty millimeter hand screw manufactured in Les Islettes, France, and put out in this country by only one firm of jobbers, and used so far by only one machine shop," said Mr. Rogan like a man who knew his facts. "This is the shop, Schimmel."

"Might be it is," said Mr. Schimmel equably. "A pedigree I don't get with my screws, Mr. Detective."

"I found that screw, Schimmel, on the floor of the president's room in Clymer Brothers' bank on Exchange Place at eight o'clock this morning, and it just fits a hole in the floor."

"A customer?" said Mr. Schimmel. "Schleimer Brothers, Mr. Detective? Look in the book, Rosie."

"Clymer Brothers," said Mr. Rogan. "And I know what it was doing there. It was securing a jack to the floor so some yeggs could rob the safe. And the safe was robbed too. Thirteen thousand dollars in money, forty thousand in good bonds. Look in the paper."

"O-o-oh!" uttered Mr. Schimmel mournfully at this statement.

"O-o-oh!" echoed the dark girl, suspending her search for keys. "Papa, what a liar!"

"Rosie," said Mr. Schimmel sternly, "go out. We are going to talk business. Now, Mr. Detective," he said, when the girl had gone out, "I don't know nothing—may my wife fall down dead."

"The tools were made right here in this shop, Schimmel, and you had a piece of the job," said Mr. Rogan.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Schimmel, lifting a hand, "you're a business man, ain't it? And I'm a business man. I don't want no trouble. Make me a proposition."

"I only want what's right," said Mr. Rogan austerely. "Ten per cent for my bit—five thousand cash—or else I make the grab and take it out in advertising."

"Go jump yourself in the river, you loafer," said Mr. Schimmel.

"After you," said Mr. Rogan.

"I tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Schimmel. "Come around and see me tomorrow."

"At ten o'clock in the morning, and be ready to talk turkey," said Mr. Rogan, rising. "See your people tonight. Cash me out or I go through with it; and then, if you don't play ball with me, you go up the river with your pals."

It would appear that a satisfactory cash adjustment was not made between these straightforward fellows, for, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, they entered Clymer Brothers' bank on Exchange Place. With them were a frightened youth of sixteen or seventeen years and a squarely built and fashionably dressed man in his early thirties. Mr. Rogan exhibited photographs to several of the employes of the bank, and went then with his company into Mr. Clymer's room.

"Meet Mr. Schimmel, president of the American Light Ironworks," he said to Mr. Clymer. "Mr. Jones"—gesturing toward the nervous youth—"and Detective Deegan of the Central Office. Gentlemen, be seated. Now, Mr. Schimmel?"

"Comes to me last month four loafers," said Mr. Schimmel, talking with both hands, "and asks me I should make them burglars' tools. Well, am I a burglar? Do I know burglars' tools?" He awaited a reply, and then answered the question himself. "No! Tools is tools, ain't it? Give me the drawing and I make the tools. That's my business, gentlemen. And not a cent do I get from them loafers of burglars for my work, or may my wife fall down dead. Then comes to me yesterday my friend Mr. Rogan ——"

"This morning, you mean, Mr. Schimmel," interposed Mr. Rogan. "I know Mr. Schimmel for years, and he's as honest as daylight; and when I told him what I thought, he insisted on going right to the district attorney. He's been accepted as a state's witness, and he identified the pictures of the crooks in the Rogues' Gallery."

"Shang Peterson's mob, masked burglars," said the city detective. "We picked up Tappy Havens already, one of the mob, in the hang-out on Manhattan Street. Your people outside think they recognize his picture for that of a bird that was in here the day before the robbery doing a stalling act with an alarm clock. If you let them go up to Center Street this afternoon, boss, we'll stand up Tappy to them."

"And here's something else found in that house on Manhattan Street," said Mr. Rogan, putting several papers on the desk. "Here's some letters of reference of one Henry Jones, and here's a letter from this bank asking him to call."

"We have a young man here named Henry Jones," said Mr. Clymer.

"Then this young fellow makes two of them because his name is Henry Jones," said Mr. Rogan humorously. "I ran these references back and dug up this boy in a jiffy, but he appears to have been only a fall guy. Tell Mr. Clymer how your papers come into that house on Manhattan Street, son."

"All I know," said the boy tremulously, "is that I saw an ad in the paper calling for a bank clerk and offering thirty dollars a week to begin, and asking people answering the ad to inclose their references. I didn't know these men were burglars, Mr. Clymer, honest I didn't. I didn't know who they were; the ad didn't say. It was signed just Box 341, New York Star, and that's where I sent my references. And I never heard another word about it until this gentleman came and said he would arrest me."

"That's how the mob got the references," supplemented Mr. Rogan. "They sent them to you with an application for a position, and you investigated them and found them all right, and sent for the supposed Henry Jones to come in. He came here, and he tipped his pals when the job was ripe. Is he around yet? He wouldn't quit at once, if he kept his nerve, but would stick for a few days and then leave quietly."

"But this is astonishing, gentlemen," said Mr. Clymer. "We seem to have been

(Continued on Page 119)

NATIONAL PHARMACY WEEK

October 11th to 17th, 1925

During the week of October 11th to 17th the drug stores of the country will observe Pharmacy Week. At that time pharmacists throughout the nation will bring to the direct attention of their patrons the professional side of their work and the fact that they are educated and qualified in matters scientific as well as matters commercial.

Pharmacy Week is going to be interesting to you. Through window displays, store displays, public addresses and personal chats, you will learn why "your druggist is more than a merchant." You will see how prescriptions are prepared. You will understand why the State is so insistent that only pharmacists who have had years of specialized education and practical training shall be licensed to compound preparations upon which health and even life depend.

In short, you will better appreciate the professional service your druggist makes available to you the year round. And you will come to realize that the high degree of dependability which exists in drug store service does not just happen, but that such dependability has been trained into habit by thorough and lengthy professional preparation.

Pharmacy Week will further prove to you that you can have the utmost confidence in your druggist. Visit him then, and stay long enough to become conversant with the professional side of his calling. You will find it interesting—and helpful.

Your Druggist is More than a Merchant

This page is contributed to the cause of Pharmacy Week by Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., in appreciation of the invaluable service pharmacy is rendering

The Brandes Speaker—Type H—a simple attractive Tudor horn with a smart antique finish. Adjustable $18.

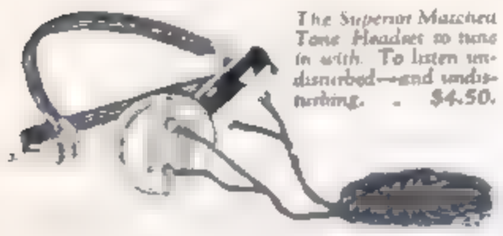
Acoustics

ACOUSTICS is the science of sound. Radio acoustics is the science of transforming electrical impulses into audible sound—the new and absorbing study of *real* reproduction of voice and music. And in this field Brandes have been pioneers since 1908.

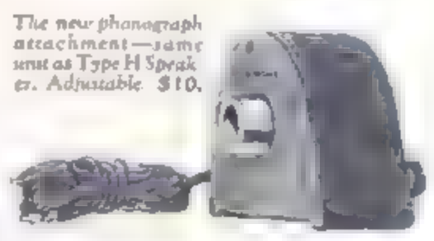
Today, along with an era of remarkable new speakers by Brandes, has dawned an epoch of Brandes acoustics built into better radio sets.

So, whether you buy a set *and* a speaker or a set with a self-contained speaker, insist on "acoustics by Brandes" and be assured of finest tone quality and uniformly good reproduction.

One of the splendid new radio receivers that have acoustics by Brandes.



The Superior Matched Tone Headset to tune in with. To listen undisturbed—and undisturbing. . $4.50.



The new phonograph attachment—same unit as Type H Speaker. Adjustable $10.

Prices slightly more west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Brandes Cabinet Speaker of mahogany in the popular brown finish. Same tone quality and volume as Type H Speaker. Adjustable. $30.

by Brandes

Hear the new Brandes speakers! Tune in on the low round tones of a 'cello. Yes, there are new notes you never before heard through a radio speaker. Listen to a light soprano voice. At last it is a soprano. And every note—even to the highest C—is there in all its beauty.

And, best of all, this supreme quality of tone belongs to each of the new speakers. A graceful horn with an antique finish, or a smart mahogany cabinet. Each will give a full volume of purest tone—resonant and real.

Whatever your requirements—whatever type of reproducer you want—just remember that acoustics by Brandes means better radio.

Brandes—*experts in radio acoustics since* 1908

The new cabinet appeals to women of taste—it suits their homes

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in the world's largest building *and in your own home*

THE doors of the skyscraper and the doors of your own home swing smoothly and easily on Stanley Hinges. The carpenter working on the world's largest building and the carpenter working on your garage both use Stanley Tools. Whatever may be the size, the purpose or the location of a structure, the owner, the architect and the builder can always depend upon Stanley Tools and Stanley Builders Hardware . . . STANLEY, New Britain, Conn., U. S. A.

STANLEY

For use in your Home

Four-Square Household Tools are especially designed for every day use around the house. Basically they are of Stanley quality giving long life. They are made, however, in a finish and with a simplicity of construction which meet the home needs of the family.

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

For Americans in France

Doors of the new American Hospital of Paris, the finest of its kind in Europe, swing smoothly and easily on Stanley Ball Bearing Butts. This is only one of the many notable buildings of the year in which Stanley Builders Hardware is used.

BUILDERS HARDWARE

STANLEY SW

The Carpenters choice

He knows that the design, the balance, the very "feel" of Stanley Tools makes work lighter and that their better quality gives them longer life. Every resource of this company is pledged to maintain the standard of quality upon which our reputation has been built.

CARPENTERS TOOLS

STANLEY TOOLS

(Continued from Page 114)

the victims of a deep-laid plot. This very morning our Mr. Darling mentioned to me that our Henry Jones was leaving. Mr. Darling had had a talk with the fellow that made Mr. Darling suspect something wrong, and shortly afterward this so-called Jones came to Mr. Darling and told him he was going to leave our employ, giving no reason. I'll have him in at once."

"I'd better fetch him," said Mr. Rogan, jumping up. He left the room, returning shortly with his right hand closed on the arm of Harvey.

"Jones," said Mr. Clymer, "I have heard a most extraordinary story about you, and I can't say how it has grieved me. Is your name Jones or what is it?"

"I wanted to tell you, Mr. Clymer," said Harvey, losing color. "No, my name is not Jones, Mr. Clymer; it is Joynes—Harvey Joynes. You see, I live on Manhattan Avenue, and I got a letter addressed to Henry Jones of Manhattan Street. My name is in the directory as H. Jones, Mr. Clymer, and I guess that's how it happened. Well, I tried to find this Henry Jones to give him his letter, it being in the same neighborhood and the letter being opened by me, and—now if you will let me explain to you ——"

"I understand thoroughly," said Mr. Clymer, drawing back from Harvey's extended hands. "Young man, you are a cunning rascal, but you've overreached yourself this time. I shall give you in charge at once, and shall go out of my way to see that you are punished as you deserve."

"Take him along, officer," said Mr. Rogan satisfiedly. "We'll send somebody with you to make the complaint. Not bad so far, hey, Mr. Clymer? You holler when the Rogan agency don't give action."

III

COUNSELOR AMBROSE HINKLE—the formidable little shyster, who was known throughout New York's criminal courts and underworld as Little Amby—scowled at his managing clerk, Cohen. They confronted each other across the great mahogany desk in the counselor's flashily appointed private room in his dark and dirty little house on Center Street.

"You interviewed this Harvey Joynes over in the Tombs?"

"You heard me," said Cohen sullenly.

"And you're convinced he didn't have any part in the robbery?"

"That's what I think. A jury might think different."

"And it wouldn't be the first time a jury thought different from you," sneered Little Amby. "If he didn't have a piece of the robbery, there'll be no fall money. We want a thousand retainer or we'll withdraw from the case."

"The kid hasn't a dime, I told you."

"Then what did you sign him up for?"

"I didn't sign him up. One of the runners grabbed the case and signed him up."

"Then the runner can sign him off. If he had a piece of the job, we'll take the case on spec, but otherwise we want cash. Look here, Cohen, you keep better control of those runners of yours or I'll look around for another managing clerk. Only last month I drew a reprimand from the Appellate Division for withdrawing from cases there was no money in, when, if I had a managing clerk with enough brains to put on his hat and keep a cool head, we wouldn't have taken the cases in the first place."

"If I had any brains, Hinkle," said the fat and sallow Cohen, snarling openly into his master's face, "I wouldn't be working for a hundred a week and taking a hundred and a quarter's worth of nasty abuse. You'd last about a week without me, Hinkle, and if you don't know it, try it on. All the law you know you could write on the back of a postage stamp with a railroad spike."

"Is that so?" sneered Little Amby. "You're worth more than a hundred a week, aren't you, Cohen?"

"I am!"

"Then tell the bookkeeper to pay you a hundred and a quarter after this, and close your trap. That's why I hired you, Cohen, because you know so much law; and you took the job because you don't know anything else! Dry up! What about Tappy Havens? I see you signed him up too."

"That bird has got me guessing," said Cohen, accepting one of his master's gold-tipped and perfumed cigarettes. "He's an old hand and knows better, but he swears his mob didn't do the job."

"He's a liar," said Little Amby, passing a slender and beringed hand over his sleeked black hair. "They got him right. You tell Tappy to take an old friend's advice and dig up two grand, or we won't turn a finger to keep him from doing it all. He isn't nasty, is he, as if he thought we had to take care of him?"

"Oh, no, he speaks very fairly. He says if we can spring him on bail, he's been offered a job in Hackensack that there ought to be ten grand in, and he'll see us with his piece."

"See if you can agree with the district attorney on bail. I really don't like to trust Tappy. He means well, but he packs a rod on his jobs, and he may kill somebody in Hackensack, and then he won't come back to New York and the bail will be forfeit. But see the district attorney. Go ahead."

Cohen left the room. Little Amby strolled to his spotless plate-glass window and stood with sharply creased trousers legs apart, and hands clasped behind the back of his perfectly fitting silk coat, staring at the gray Tombs prison across the way. The buzzing of his telephone turned him again to his desk; Cohen was speaking from the outer office.

"A Mr. Rogan wants to see you—private detective."

"Do I want to see him?"

"I think you do."

"Send him in."

"Afternoon, Hinkle," said Mr. Rogan, entering the private room and dropping into a chair.

Little Amby's prominent eyelids quivered, but he did not bow or speak.

"Smoke?" pursued Mr. Rogan, laying a fat cigar on the desk.

"At times," said Little Amby, letting the cigar lie.

The burden of supporting the atmosphere of familiarity that Mr. Rogan had brought with him was left to Mr. Rogan alone, and he found it a dead weight. He plunged into his business.

"We're investigating that Exchange Place job for the bank people, and I'm told over at the Tombs that you represent two of the mob. Hinkle, we've got those men dead to rights, and don't you kid yourself. If they fight, we're going to send them over the route."

"You'd advise them to take a plea, would you?" said Little Amby.

"I certainly would, if they get to it. Where does Tappy Havens get off to fight? He has half a dozen previous convictions, and he's been identified by the machine-shop proprietor who made the tools, and by the people in the bank. As to the young fellow, who's believing that ghost story about getting a misdirected letter? I was with the police when they raided that house on Manhattan Street, and there was no such misdirected envelope found. Why, he was seen talking to Tappy in the bank that day! Oh, his ticket is written!"

"Much obliged," said Little Amby, knowing that his visitor had not yet delivered his message.

"That's the way things stood this morning," said Mr. Rogan, puffing hard on his cigar as he came to his point. "But something broke this A.M. that will maybe give your two yeggs an out. I received an offer of settlement."

"From whom?"

"From Shang Peterson—under your hat. It didn't come direct from him, but I got the right assurances. You know what the bank squealed for, don't you? Thirteen thousand in real sugar, forty-two thousand in negotiable bonds and a lot of private papers. Well, Shang offers to turn back everything but the thirteen thousand dollars in money, if we'll lay off him and let the matter drop."

"Can you put it over?"

"Well, I will tell you how that is, Hinkle. Ordinarily there wouldn't be a chance, but this is a special case. The bank's squeal, I'm telling you in confidence, wasn't on the strict up-and-up; they lost something else that they wouldn't mention. There was some other stuff taken that the bank don't want any publicity for, because it would be bad for their business. What I gather is, publicity about this stuff would spike a big deal they got under way. What this stuff is, the bank's not saying and I don't know, and I won't know until the settlement is made and the stuff turned over, and maybe not then. The way the bank people say is, if everything is turned back but that thirteen grand, the case will be dropped all around and they'll take their beating. But they want that paper back, whatever it is—some business paper."

"Some papers they can be blackmailed with, you mean," said Little Amby confidently. "Old Clymer has probably been kicking up his heels on the quiet. Those papers in the right hands might make that thirteen thousand look like coffee money."

"I don't think so, Hinkle, from what my friend Clymer tells me. Anyway, there's the proposition."

"What does it show you?" said Little Amby bluntly.

"Well, as man to man, I'll get my fee. And then I get an inside track with the bank. Clymer Brothers are regular people, and what I hear, they've got a couple of million down in the vaults. I want to settle this matter their way."

"And you can't do it without me standing in," nodded Little Amby. "Now that you've jugged Tappy Havens and young Joynes, I can insist that they be brought to trial and upset your deal. Your idea is to let them out quietly after a few weeks, eh? What's in it for me?"

"I'll see that you get a trial fee, just the same. I'll see you for five hundred out of Peterson's end. He'll have to stand for it, since you're taking care of two of his mob."

"Make it five hundred apiece and I'll think about it."

"A thousand then," said Mr. Rogan.

"It's an offer," said Little Amby. "Good day, Mr. Rogan."

Cohen entered the room as soon as the detective had departed.

"Were you listening in?" asked Little Amby.

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"Take it! It's a thousand dollars found money. We don't have to open a book, and we get the credit for beating the cases against Joynes and Tappy Havens."

"Did you get that part about certain papers being taken that the bank is afraid of? On the face of it, he was taking an awful chance in telling us about that. Still, he looks like a foxy citizen. Either he was lying or we can't lay our hands on those papers. And how is it, if Shang Peterson has the stuff, that he doesn't loosen up with fall money for Tappy Havens? You get in touch with Shang Peterson—Tappy will put you onto him—and try to get him to come down here. Tell him we'll drive a better bargain for him than he made for himself. After we've heard his story, we'll make up our minds about taking the thousand dollars. There's a smell of money about this case, Cohen."

IV

FIRST-CLASS Detective Deegan sat in the combination kitchen, living room and dining room of a three-room flat in a tenement house fronting on Sylvan Place, drank bottled beer and talked to the handsome brunette who was his unwilling but unprotesting hostess. The brunette was Mrs. Bat Loving; her husband was unavoidably detained away from home, being in Sing Sing under a ten-to-fifteen-year sentence for robbery in the first degree. Mrs. Loving was making a good but precarious living by acting as a holdout of ill-gotten goods, being given the business by tender-hearted robbers who knew her husband and who sympathized with her in her bereaved state. The telephone rang.

"Answer it," said Detective Deegan.

"It's for you," said Mrs. Loving, putting a slender hand over the mouthpiece.

Little Amby's voice came over the wire.

"Deegan? This is Hinkle. I'm down in Exchange Place at the meeting. All set down here. Somebody will be up there right away to raise the plant; whoever it is—he, she or it—let him have it and get on his tail. Don't grab him so long as he keeps coming this way."

"I'll take care of this end," said Detective Deegan curtly. He hung up. "Now, Mrs. Loving," he said, "you've got your orders. You'll go through with them if you know what's good for you and Bat. Don't do anything for me as a favor."

"For two cents," said Mrs. Loving, "I'd cross this bottle over your head."

"I'm not bidding," said Detective Deegan. "Put the bottle away and the grocer will give you two cents for it. Wash up that glass. Stay in sight all the time."

"There he is now," said Mrs. Loving later, ending a twenty-minute silence. A bell had rung in the flat.

"Open the door," said Detective Deegan. "Open your own door, too, and meet him in here."

Mrs. Loving pressed a button that released the lock on the street door below, and opened the door that gave directly from the chamber into the public hall. Detective Deegan retired into one of the two bedrooms of the flat, locked the door behind him and peeped through a hole in the red baize curtain over the transom.

He saw a man in blue overalls and black cap enter from the hall. Mrs. Loving brought to this man a brown manila envelope, and he dumped its contents onto the table in the center of the room and sorted them. He restored them to the envelope, wrote an address on it, and sealed it with match and sealing wax supplied him by Mrs. Loving. He put the envelope into a capacious pocket in his overalls, made a perfunctory and quickly discouraged attempt to kiss Mrs. Loving, and left the flat. Mrs. Loving shut the door behind him.

Detective Deegan came from the bedroom and went to the window and gestured significantly; a man who was loitering in the doorway of French's public garage near Lexington Avenue lifted an answering hand. Deegan left the flat at once.

He followed the overalled man to a telegraph office on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and stood by, bending a receptive ear while the man engaged a messenger to deliver a package to Clymer Brothers in Exchange Place. When the manila envelope had been transferred to the custody of the telegraph company, the overalled man left the office, signaled a crosstown surface car, and was about to board it when put under arrest by Detective Deegan. The gentleman from the garage then came up and took charge of the depressed man in overalls; the prisoner proved on investigation to be a machinist in the employ of the American Light Ironworks, Cypress Avenue, the Bronx.

Detective Deegan returned immediately to the telegraph office and conferred with the manager, proceeding then to the Subway in the company of the engaged messenger.

While these events were happening in Harlem, four gentlemen were waiting nervously in the president's room of Clymer Brothers' bank, some seven miles to the south. With Mr. Clymer in the room were Mr. Rogan, Counselor Ambrose Hinkle and Tug Gaffney. Mr. Gaffney was a big-shouldered gentleman with a crushed nose, who stood ordinarily in the vestibule of Little Amby's house on Center Street and interviewed callers, welcoming this one and throwing that one back into Center Street.

Mr. Clymer spoke into the telephone.

"Will you be good enough to make my excuses to the company, and tell them that

I shall be with them at the earliest possible moment? Pardon? Yes, yes, I appreciate that keenly, but I am unavoidably detained. Thank you." He put the instrument aside. "What can be keeping them?" he said. "Do you suppose it is that they are afraid?"

"Don't worry," said Mr. Rogan.

"But I must worry," said Mr. Clymer sharply. "I shall have my attorney down in any event, so that there may be no further delay when these fellows arrive. Miss Bateman, please call Mr. Ledyard and ask him to step down here. Have you arranged your affair with Mr. Ledyard, Mr. Hinkle?"

"We've got together on an agreement," said Little Amby.

"I must leave here in fifteen minutes," said Mr. Clymer. "I'd like to be present when this matter is consummated, but my appointment at the office of Mr. Tresidder will not wait."

"Is that Tresidder the same Tresidder whose boy went down with the Lusitania?" asked Little Amby, appearing to make conversation.

"The same, and a very sad thing for the poor man—though, too, a very good thing for the Allies so far as their American banking facilities are concerned. Mr. Tresidder is a financial power, and his tragedy has made him an ardent partisan. He is heading a syndicate to float an Allied loan, and has invited Clymer Brothers to enter and to underwrite ten millions of the issue. It is very good business for us, with promise of much more to come if the war continues, which, certainly, we all pray that it will not. It is not a business enterprise with Mr. Tresidder; his feelings are too deeply engaged."

"I think I read something about the proposed syndicate in the newspaper," said Little Amby casually. "Thielmann & Sonnenschein are going into it, aren't they?"

"Indeed not," said Mr. Clymer. "Nor any other bank with German connections. Mr. Tresidder would not hear of it."

Little Amby rose, plucking Mr. Rogan's sleeve.

Mr. Rogan followed him outside.

"I say, Rogan," said Little Amby, buttonholing him in the public room, "why don't you do the right thing by me? Those papers are mighty important to old Clymer or he wouldn't stick around here and hold up his big deal. A thousand dollars is no money. I ought to have a lot more than that. I'll bet old Clymer would pay something handsome to get those papers back, if they were once in the right hands. I ought to be seen here for something like five thousand dollars."

"Not another red cent," said Mr. Rogan. "I won't even talk to you."

He turned his back flatly on Little Amby, and was moving to reënter the president's room when his name was called. Detective Deegan had come in from the street.

"I want to see you about something important, Rogan," said the city detective, taking his arm and walking with him. He led him into a room that was unoccupied for the moment.

"I've got a new line on the robbery," he said, "and I want to hear what you think of it. Do you really believe that Schimmel didn't have a piece of the job? I don't know what to think about that. There's the fact that he came through with the story; and that means that he didn't have any part of it, or that they didn't give him his bit and he's getting back at them. Anyway, we've been told that somebody else up in that shop has made a lot of easy money lately. A machinist up there named Curley —— What's the matter—do you know him? Oh, you looked like you did —— Well, this Curley has been flashing a big roll and blowing a couple of hundred a night, and we're going to find out where he gets the money. My partner is waiting for him up at his shop now, and when he's brought in he'll answer questions."

"Now listen, Deegan," said Mr. Rogan confidentially. "Don't lose any more time on the matter, because the case has flopped. Keep this under your hat. There's a deal been made, and Shang Peterson turns back the papers and nobody is going to be prosecuted. This is not a matter to be talked about, so there'll be a century in it for you and another for your partner. What we will do is release the civil liability, but there will be a gentlemen's agreement that the matter is closed."

"That's probably the wisest way," said the city detective. "It lets everybody out with something, instead of the lawyers getting it all. But I think they're calling you."

"Mr. Rogan," said the banker, when the detective had returned to the room, "stay here, please, until our matter is finished. I wonder what can be the delay? Did you not say that the stolen papers would be brought here within a half hour after we had given this go-between the required assurances? Miss Bateman, please, has no one called?"

"No one but a messenger, sir; and one of the gentlemen spoke to him. I believe the gentleman is Mr. Hinkle."

"Where is that messenger?"

"And where is Hinkle?" cried Mr. Rogan.

"Coming right in," said Little Amby, entering. He placed the brown manila envelope on the banker's desk. "There are your papers, Mr. Clymer."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said Mr. Clymer, turning his back on the company as he drew the papers forth.

"Who opened that envelope?" The harsh voice, fraught with suspicion, was Mr. Rogan's. "Is everything there, Mr. Clymer?"

"No, everything is not here," said the banker agitatedly, turning in his chair and exposing the returned documents to view. "Here are the real-estate mortgages and their bonds, and here are intact the bonds of the Minnetaska Transit and Portage Company, but the—the very papers we were most concerned to recover are not here. This is not in accord with the agreement, Mr. Rogan. We shall retain possession of these papers, but we shall not halt any prosecution or investigation."

"Very well, sir; I have no further business here," said Little Amby easily. "I can defend my clients. I bid you good day."

With a choked exclamation, Mr. Rogan sprang forward and seized the papers from the banker's hands.

"The German bonds!" he cried hoarsely. "Stand where you are, Hinkle!"

"Quietly, quietly," urged the banker. "Please, Mr. Rogan!"

"What German bonds?" said Little Amby, retreating behind the rising Tug Gaffney. "You're off your chump."

"The six imperial German Government bonds that were in this envelope, and the paper from the German Embassy," gritted Mr. Rogan, advancing. "No, I won't be quiet, Clymer! That little crook snitched them from the package right under our noses, and ——"

"I tell you I didn't take them," snapped Little Amby. "Shang Peterson never sent them."

"Shang Peterson be jugged!" shouted Mr. Rogan, beside himself. "He never laid a finger on them. Deegan, come in here!"

"And how do you come to know what was in that envelope, Rogan?" said Little Amby with a contented grin. "And how are you so sure that Shang Peterson didn't have a finger in the robbery? Didn't you have the goods on him? Weren't you negotiating with him? How come—hold him, Tug!"

Mr. Rogan had launched at Little Amby a blow that would surely have demolished the frail little lawyer if it had reached him. It was intercepted by Tug Gaffney. That retired ringster deflected Mr. Rogan's whizzing fist with an indurated forearm, threw a heavy shoulder into the detective's chest and drove him up against the wall. Detective Deegan jumped to Tug Gaffney's aid and succeeded in snapping a pair of handcuffs on Mr. Rogan's squirming wrists.

"There's your robber, Mr. Clymer," said Little Amby. "All we wanted was to connect him up with that plant in Mrs. Loving's apartment uptown, and I guess he supplied that. Don't fret about those missing papers, Mr. Clymer; Deegan there has them in his pocket. Now we'll go upstairs and look around that inside room in the gentleman's office, and if we don't find a first-class lot of burglar's tools, call me a —— Hold him, boys, hold him!"

Some weeks later, Little Amby came from Mr. Clymer's room, folding away a check with an air of satisfaction. He saw Harvey Joynes beating an adding machine for all he was worth.

"Time out!" called Little Amby, stepping to the side of the wire inclosure. "Come here, son. Do you know that Curley has confessed?"

"The mechanic they arrested?" said Harvey. "No!"

"He surely did. According to Curley, he tipped Rogan to the job that tools were being made for, and Rogan came down here and hired an office in this building. On the night of the robbery, Rogan locked himself in a storeroom he had up there, and the janitor didn't discover him when going through the building. If the janitor found him, he was going to say that he was hiding in there because he had wind of an attempt to rob the bank.

"Curley was outside man, in the street—one rap, stop work; two raps, go ahead again; steady rapping, drop all and make a run for it.

"You heard how we wrung an admission out of Rogan, didn't you?" said Little Amby with vanity. "That was my idea. We had put the officers onto the plant, and they were sitting tight and waiting to see who would come to raise it, but we didn't quite have Rogan connected up with it. I figured that if he suddenly saw somebody walking off with the stuff after he had everything fixed, he would let out a holler worth hearing."

Harvey advanced his lips to the wire that separated them.

"And was Mr. Clymer really lending money to the Germans in this country?" he whispered.

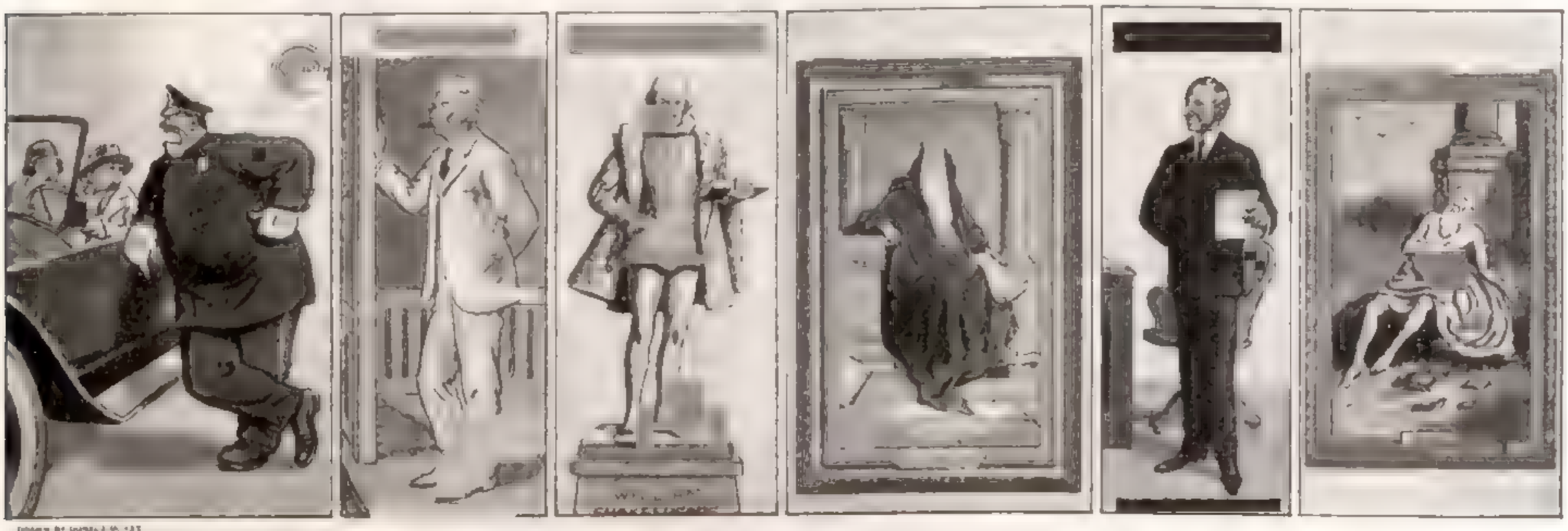
"That I cannot say," said Little Amby. "If he did, he committed no crime. That's his private affair, son. As I understand his attitude, he didn't want certain transactions of his to come to the knowledge of his business associates. To my mind, he was needlessly alarmed."

"I'm not presuming to criticize Mr. Clymer," said Harvey hastily. "It certainly made him a lot of trouble, whatever it was. But how did you learn about Mr. Rogan's part in it?"

"The people who did the work haven't appeared to claim the credit, and won't," chuckled Little Amby. "A gang of professional burglars! They were sore enough at having a job snatched out of their fingers and being blamed for it just the same, but they kicked at having somebody else settle the case for them and take the money. When there was any searching to be done, the people who were after Rogan didn't have to apply for a warrant. He had a tail walking behind him from the hour that Shang Peterson heard of the proposed settlement."

"Joynes, isn't that statement finished yet?"

"At once, sir," called Harvey, leaping at the adding machine like a tiger.



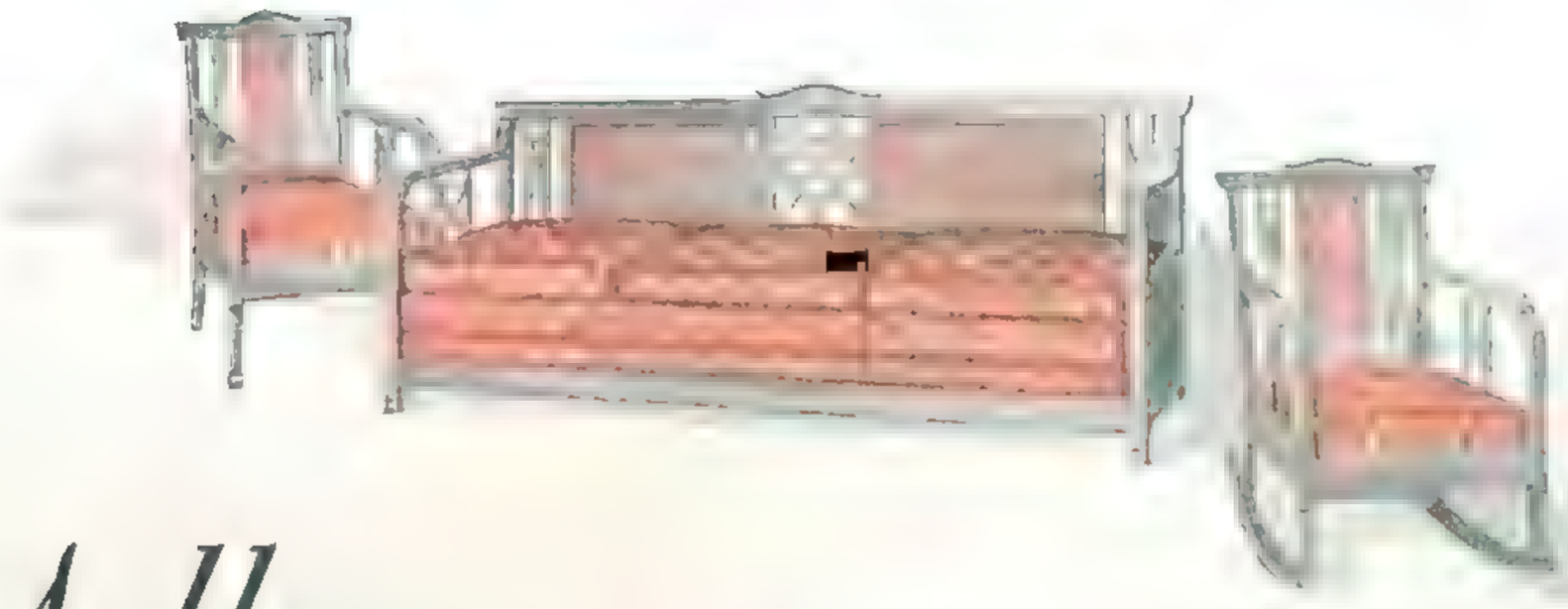
What a Traffic Cop Seems to Think He Has

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

EVERYBODY LIKES IT

Ice-cold for you ~ wherever you go~
Pure~sealed in the bottle that keeps it so

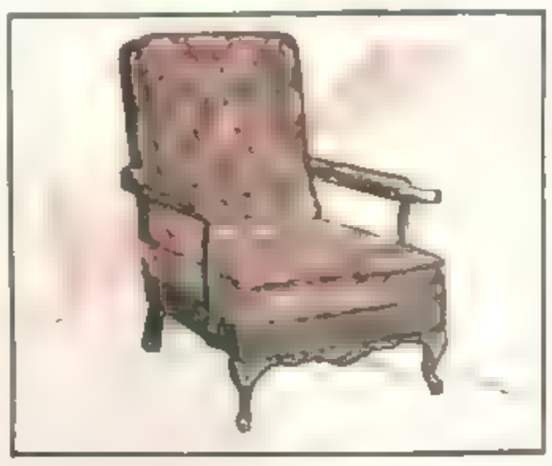
RE~FRESH YOURSELF / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE



Millions of American homes now enjoy this *Quality Furniture*

KROEHLER-MADE Furniture! The national *choice*—not alone because of moderate price—not alone because of comfort and *convenience* so strikingly illustrated by the Kroehler Davenport Bed of "Invisible Bedroom" fame—not alone because of its availability, found in the store of practically every dealer in America handling dependable furniture!

Not for any of these reasons *alone*. But the choice in the great rank and file of American homes because in addition to all it is *quality-built*. It is beautiful, artistic, individual, its finer examples reflecting all the atmosphere of culture and refinement created by the most exquisite custom-built furniture.



And because of the enormous Kroehler production it does this at a price within reach of homes of moderate circumstances.

* * * * * *

When you see Kroehler Living Room Furniture at your dealer's think of this:

Think of eight great modern-equipped factories turning out the largest volume of business in the entire field of overstuffed furniture.

Then think of the almost countless number of economies in production this big volume affords. Think of the better quality it makes *possible* and the lower prices it *assures*.

* * * *

And because of the liberal policy behind the Kroehler organization, all of these benefits are handed to your dealer. And he, because of *his* bigger volume, passes them on to you.

You get them in the comfortable upholstery, the correctly styled designs, the finer workmanship and finish. And you get them in the famous Kroehler *hidden qualities* which add strength and endurance and make the low price worth while.

In short, here is living room furniture which meets every heart's desire. In the beauty, quality, dependability, that everyone *does* want. In the *real economy* that everyone *should!*

So—turn anticipation into reality. Beautify your living room *now*. For yourself, your children, your friends! Do it the easy way—with dependable Kroehler quality.

Kroehler Davenports, with and without concealed beds, come in an endless variety of delightful overstuffed or period designs, with or without chairs to match. A profusion of good-looking, long-wearing coverings in silk damask, tapestries, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo, leather or Chase leatherwove—first choice of the world's best looms. Mohair and wool fabrics given a special moth-proofing treatment.

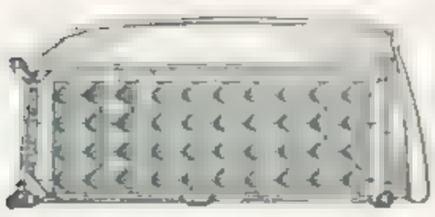
And from this appealing variety, at your dealer's, you can make your selection. Always safeguarded against substitutes—always assured of the *genuine* by the Kroehler *name plate* found on the back of every piece—unobtrusive yet eloquent of the *hidden qualities* underlying it.

See your Kroehler dealer today. If you do not know where to find this finer furniture, write for the nearest dealer's name and "The Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements." The correctly finished interiors and restful color schemes shown within make this book of real value to the home lover.

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. *Factories at* Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Tex.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif. *Canadian Factory*, Stratford, Ontario.

Famous hidden qualities of Kroehler Furniture

GUARANTEED SPRING STEEL UNDERSTRUCTURE



Seat-supporting springs are large wide coils of Premier quality, high tempered steel. They rest upon and are interlocked with a strong, yet flexible, spring steel understructure. This is a permanent construction and will not sag or tear loose from the frame or lose its resiliency.

HARDWOOD FRAMES—Thoroughly seasoned, kiln-dried, strong, braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked.

SPRING EDGES—Double-stuffed and closely stitched. Heavy sheeting over springs.

CUSHIONS—Luxuriously comfortable, spring-filled loose cushions, padded with clean white felted cotton. Closely assembled, interlocking spring construction—holds its shape.

FILLING MATERIALS—Are germ-cured moss, flax and cotton—clean and sanitary.

KROEHLER DAVENPORT BED
The Invisible Bedroom

KROEHLER
Living Room Furniture

Both homes cost the same to build

Consider their value today

It costs real cash not to paint regularly. Just as surely as weather varies, property deteriorates when left unprotected from air, rain, sun and snow

BOTH the homes you see here were built of the same materials. The workmanship in both was of equally high standard. The designs were identical—the costs alike.

Yet the passing years have made quite a change, a change in appearance, a *change in dollars and cents*. One house is ugly, shabby. Rain, wind, sunshine beat down on it. Steps, window sashes, porch pillars are rotting. The entire house is in danger.

The second house still looks like new. It needs no costly repairs. It is worth every cent it originally cost, and more. What makes the difference? From year to year the surface of the second has been saved and kept beautiful by a constantly maintained film of weather-resisting white-lead paint.

Your best weather insurance

Dutch Boy white-lead is nature's true paint pigment. It is made from lead and like the metal possesses extreme durability, toughness and weather-resistance. Mixed with pure linseed oil it makes a paint that neither force nor time's changes can separate from the surface it covers. In resisting the attacks of weather, it wears down gradually—but smoothly, with no cracking, no scaling.

The same qualities of toughness, elasticity and hiding power that have made Dutch Boy white-lead the preferred exterior paint, also recommend it for all interior work. When mixed with Dutch Boy flatting oil, it makes a paint that is smooth and silky. With it rare finishes once found only in homes of wealth can now be produced at the cost of ordinary painting work.

Free booklet tells how

A new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative," tells what paint is, what paint does, and why paint protects the surface. It also contains color plates of exteriors and interiors decorated in correct color tones, and many useful suggestions for interior wall effects that can be obtained with paint. Write for this booklet. It will be sent free. Our Department of Decoration will also submit individual color schemes for painting your home, inside or out. This service is free to all home-planners.

Other Dutch Boy products

Besides Dutch Boy white-lead, the Dutch Boy line includes flatting oil, solder, red-lead, linseed oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life.

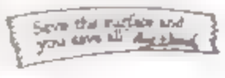
Why not learn more about the many uses of lead, the wonder metal? We shall be glad to answer any questions. Simply address your inquiry to nearest branch.

The Dutch Boy Painter has become the exponent of beauty and protection. He inspires confidence in every one he serves.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

Save the surface and you save all



WHAT HANDSOME PEOPLE!

Continued from Page 25

become, but I notice it now. I am noticing terribly. Sit down, dear, not too near me. Yes, I see you have changed your linen, but you are still so podgy. You don't try to make yourself alluring. It is all your fault if you lose my affection. I am warning you, Charles Hopson!"

Charlie was all dumb and confounded.

"To keep the love of a woman like me," she added, "a man must attain a very high standard himself. Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, and very white and delicate they looked, notwithstanding any tasks that perhaps she still set them, and perhaps not. "Oh, what men there are in the world!"

"What world? Where? Goodwinds?" bellowed Charlie.

"Your voice too!" she shivered. "I like a mellow, cultivated voice in a man. You are estranging me." She rose from what he saw were the new cushions piled about her. "It is all so different now," she said dreamily. "I see clearly; my eyes are open. I have emerged from my chrysalis. It is so nice! Ah, but I married the wrong man!"

"What?" moaned Charlie mellowly.

"So different! So different now!" she kept musing. "I suppose I was a little mouse of a woman; I suppose you were the best I could get. But now —— Oh, you'll have to be very careful—oh, so careful if you would keep me! How can I help knowing that I am the goods? I am a bill topper. I—I—seem to want better things. The sky isn't the limit."

And she went to bed.

The druggist and pharmacist disliked humanity. For two weeks past his drug store had seethed with feminine traffic. He had his feet set on the path of the rich men. He mixed, boiled, baked, crushed and bottled beauty faster than ever. Every woman in Goodwinds was at it, one of the earliest to follow Mrs. Hopson's example being Aunt Budmore, who, having thrown her bonnet over the windmill, bought herself a hat and called on the druggist and pharmacist.

"Give me a skin food, a cream, powders dry and liquid," and so on, and so on, said Aunt Budmore. "I suppose even if I am fifty, there is no reason why I shouldn't make the best of myself. Fifty is no age for a woman nowadays."

Goodwinds in two weeks had become a town of beautiful women. Beautiful women bought beef and mutton, fruits and cereals like goddesses condescending. The main street in the shopping hour was a garden full of flowers, some smelling of attar of roses, some of heliotrope, some of lilies, some of the subtle Orient. Every woman had discovered her type; while Mrs. Hopson was the modern siren, Mrs. Wilmot favored the delicate marquise touch; and Mrs. Butler was a Palm Beach model. Aunt Budmore went in for the Spanish style. That was what the women of Goodwinds were doing, and the husbands were holding their breath, opening their pockets and taking counsel among themselves. And they were being told where they got off.

A New York newspaper and a Chicago newspaper got hold of the idea.

The Town of Beautiful Women, and Where They Have the Very Best Preserved Peaches, headlines ran. Strangers were observed filtering into the town, men who had come for a short vacation or to do business there, having never done business there before. A general liveliness crisped the air. The hotel found a good table d'hôte every day a sound investment. Strangers brought introductions to the leading business men of Goodwinds and then expected to be taken home to meet their lovely wives. Strangers said to the foremost hotel proprietor, "Where is your dancing floor?" and he imported a dancing floor. Strangers gave a dance there; the beautiful women of Goodwinds attended—trailing husbands after them, of course, but a very long way after them. This is the way things began to go.

As for Mrs. Poppet, she was a pebble in a beachful.

On a November evening, as the druggist and pharmacist was sitting silent in his place of meditation, he received a visit from Charlie Hopson. Charlie came in furtively, yet with a strong air of hope and excitement. For a wonder the store was empty.

"Say," whispered Charlie, "do you sell any of those muscle developers?"

The druggist and pharmacist shook his head. "But you can get 'em quick?" said Charlie.

The druggist and pharmacist nodded.

"Get me a set," said Charlie, all keyed up, "and a pair of Indian clubs too; and a pair of dumb-bells and—you don't sell those rubber belts?"

The druggist and pharmacist signified silently that he did, now that the beauty rush was on.

"Give me one," said Charlie; "boneless. I'll wear it. And say—those thinning bath salts? A hair restorer? And listen, I'll change my shaving cream. Isn't there anything that makes a man really nice and smooth and velvety?"

The druggist and pharmacist put a large choice before him.

It was nearly a week before Charlie's friends really gratified him by their suspicions; and then Wilmot stole into the store just as the druggist and pharmacist was closing it.

"Wait!" said Wilmot. "There are some men in this town willing to put a proposition up to you; there are men in this town who think someone ought to start a fine little gymnasium under a qualified instructor and that you're the man to do it."

The druggist and pharmacist bowed himself into his place of meditation and sat there with his head in his hands.

"You have premises here that you could use," said Mr. Wilmot. "There are men in this town who want to get flesh off; they don't suggest putting you to such a big investment as a real Turkish bath, but just those sort of little cabinets that the advertisements say can be used in any home, only they don't want to use 'em at home. There are men in this town who have to put flesh on; what can you do about that? This town is full of men who want to get their looks back; or if they never had 'em, then they want to get some now. We look to you."

Well, it was money. Sigh as he might, loathe all this beastly beauty as he might, the druggist and pharmacist —— In short, there were launched Poppet's Physical Training Course, Poppet's Series of Beauty Preparations for Real He Men, and everything.

The druggist and pharmacist bought himself a very plain dog.

By February Goodwinds was so rampant with beauty that he might have lost his sanity had he not acquired for himself a companion closely resembling him in appearance and general outlook upon life. When he had passed a morning serving out hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of beauty to lovely women, each of whom came into his store as if she owned the earth; when he had crept up to his Physical Training Room and seen handsome men lying in rows on the floor and leaping up at a word from the instructor, without touching said floor with so much as a finger; when he had looked into the Turkish bathroom and seen the heads of handsome men protruding in orderly rows from their bath cabinets; when he had crawled into corners on the stairs to avoid the pretty attendants tripping up to or down from his Ladies' Massage and Manicure Department; when he had satisfied his wife's more and more feverish demands for stranger unguents yet—it was a relief to turn at last to that dumb friend of man so loving and so easily satisfied just with anything that tasted rank and smelled high.

It was all very well for men—now radiant to say, as they passed through the store, "So your pig was not fat enough to kill at Christmas?" Or, "That calf of yours takes a long time growing"; or "That's the best mechanical Teddy bear I've seen; where do they sell them?"

Or, "That little hippo of yours is all right at present, but when he begins to grow his tusks the mayor mayn't care to have him loose about the town, with children round."

It was all very well; but that bow-legged, knot-tailed, pig-nosed, cat-eyed, bear-coated dog had saved the druggist and pharmacist's reason.

And he was able to go on with his work, money flowing in too fast to count; and spring visitors trickled into Goodwinds till it seemed almost as if the town might get itself a social season; and women said to themselves, "The sky isn't the limit!" and Aunt Budmore cried, "Where is the limit?" And businesses flourished and banks were fat. And about April, all the men of Goodwinds having grown strong and quick and handsome, with such gleaming teeth and sparkling eyes and muscle all over them, began to feel their oats and throw their weight about a bit, and said, "We will show the women a thing or two."

However, just about this time, Aunt Budmore also was saying a thing:

"There is just one distinguished man in Goodwinds; there is just one man so strong-natured and subtle and silent that women simply can't help admiring and adoring him. There is just one man proof against all temptation; there is just one splendid man who doesn't care what any woman here thinks of him."

This was uttered among the assembled women at the debating club, and when they heard it put into incontrovertible words that there was a man who didn't care what they thought of him—although they had pondered it in their hearts for some while now—they just girded themselves up.

"What all girls crave—and I may be forty, but I include myself," continued Aunt Budmore—"what all girls crave for is change."

The druggist and pharmacist contrived himself a lair.

On an April morning Aunt Budmore came into the shop dressed like spring and asked if he were happy. The druggist and pharmacist shook his head.

"I am not happy myself," said Aunt Budmore, "and I expect that is why I understand you so well. I am awfully restless and sad and unsatisfied; I know it is no use hiding it from you, because you know everything. That is the wonderful thing about you. No doubt it is weak of me to feel as I do, and condemn me you may; but I am not quite a philosopher yet, though it may surprise you to know that I am just thirty-five today. Would you be surprised at that?"

The druggist and pharmacist nodded.

"I do want you to be happy," said Aunt Budmore. "I want to make you happy."

But just then Mrs. Charlie Hopson came in and said she wished to speak to him alone. And it was the same sort of thing the whole day.

He doubled his prices, of course; but even considering that aspect of the matter, the thing could not go on. He was too raw and sensitive for that. He engaged an assistant and made a lair in a disused lift shaft on the premises, where he spent the hours teaching his adorable dog to destroy anything smelling of heliotrope, lilies or attar of roses. These lessons, however, had not proceeded far or successfully—or there is no telling what might have happened—when events began to take a new turn.

On an afternoon when all the world outside was shudderingly bright and beautiful, and he and his dog were sitting together on their silk cushions – for he grudged the creature nothing—at the bottom of the shaft, his wife appeared.

"Get up," she said to her husband; "I want something. If you have any of that strong soap left get it for me."

The druggist and pharmacist gave the woman the soap.

It was growing dusk when he and his companion ventured forth for their evening stroll.

It was the hour before dinner, when, according to the new régime of Goodwinds, all its smart citizens should be at home dressing for the evening meal that had now become a social rite. But when the druggist and pharmacist with his trusty companion issued forth that day, the street had not emptied of its best and brightest. Charlie Hopson, Butler and several of the Poppet clients were walking up and down, gazing round corners, looking about them generally, while a strong air of hope and excitement—not unmixed with mutual antagonism—pervaded them.

It was Charlie Hopson who hailed the druggist and pharmacist.

"Poppet, do you happen to have seen a lady?"

The druggist and pharmacist shook his head.

"Several of us had a glimpse of her," said Charlie, "and Wilmot says she turned down one way and Butler here thinks she went another. Wilmot is off tracking her and has promised to let us know. She's a stranger in the town and naturally ——"

"The sweetest little thing you ever saw," said Mr. Butler, more softly than he had been heard to speak for months. "The simplest little thing."

"The kind of little woman," said Charlie, "that every man longs for in his sacred heart. The kind of little woman that hasn't been seen in this town for months and months. Domestic. Confiding. Feminine. Soothing kind of little soul. She had a blue dress down to her ankles and a nice sort of quiet hat, and she goes about like a mouse. Wilmot thinks, being mayor, he ought to see if there's anything he can do for her—a stranger, you know—and for my part I should be only too anxious to look after her a bit if she is staying here and friendless; for as I know only too well, she will be subjected to a good many impertinent attentions from some men I could name."

Certain murmurs from Charlie's friends were checked by the behavior of the druggist and pharmacist's dog. A fine cat was walking insouciantly toward them. The dog accosted her, looking at her much as a man may look at a barmaid; he grew taller; his chest swelled; he sighed; yet at the same time he smiled ripely. His expectations ran high. The cat smacked his face and they disappeared at a great pace toward the horizon.

"Why, look!" said Charlie Hopson, gesturing after them with his supremely manicured hand. "That animal of Poppet's has been a dog all the time."

The druggist and pharmacist, being absorbed in retrieving his treasure, lost sight of Charlie and his group, and it was not until twenty minutes later that he and his much-revivified animal turned into their home.

The druggist and pharmacist led his dear dog up into the drawing-room as the warmest and most luxurious place in the house on a chilly spring evening—for he grudged the divine creature nothing—but on the threshold he paused. Busy about the room, putting her gentle womanly touch on things, was a little homely, domestic mouse of a woman in a blue gown down to her ankles; she had laid aside her hat, and there it was on a table, the quietest hat that ever breathed; her hairdressing was positively Old World; she wore no powder, no lip red; and if she smelled of anything, it was of good strong carbolic soap.

Continued on Page 129

The SUNBEAM

803

Owners say it Heats the Whole House

"Two stoves failed to keep two rooms comfortable. The Cabinet Heater gives us whole-house warmth even on the coldest days."

"One stove heated half the rooms. I find that the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater warms the whole house and uses less fuel."

Owners say it Reduces Fuel Costs

"Since operating the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater I have discarded two stoves, am keeping seven rooms at 70° and have reduced fuel bills one-third."

"The Sunbeam Cabinet Heater heats my five rooms better than before when we had two stoves. It uses only one-half as much fuel."

A small down payment will put the SUNBEAM CABINET HEATER *in your home*

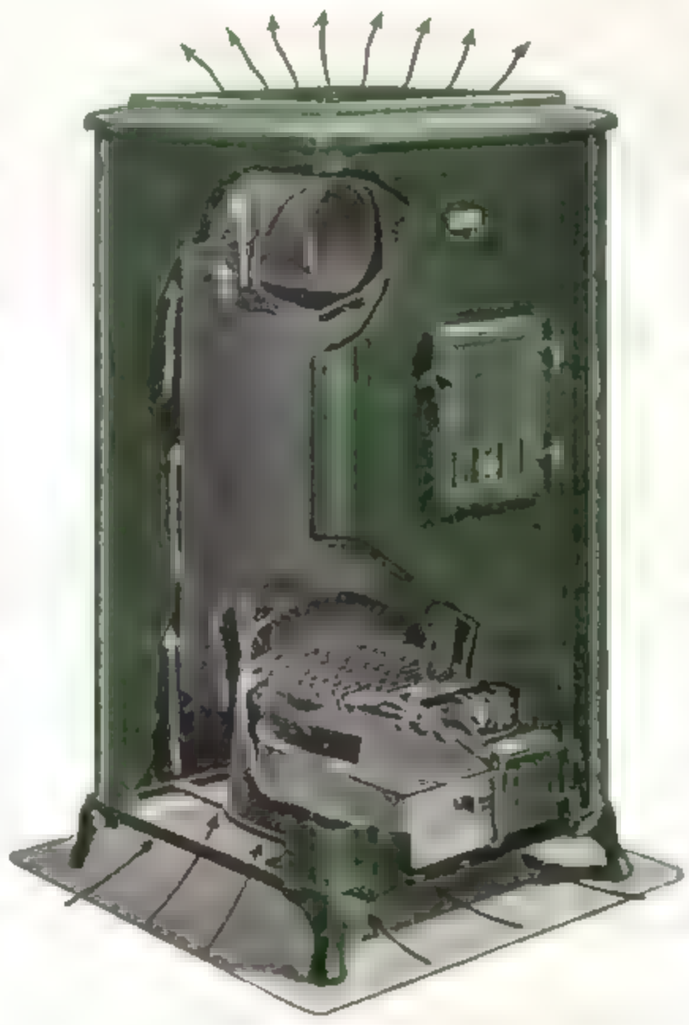
CABINET HEATER

will heat the five to seven room home completely, upstairs and down, with less fuel than it takes to heat two or three rooms with stoves

and this is How *and* Why

It is a distinctly new type of heating device—neither a furnace nor a stove—that requires no basement or cellar, but takes its place in the living or dining room like any other fine piece of furniture. It heats by a new principle, circulating a volume of fresh, warm air throughout your home instead of radiating heat over a limited area like a stove.

The Sunbeam Cabinet Heater is so skillfully designed and constructed that it draws the air in through the openings at the bottom (see detailed drawing), moistens and heats it, sends it out through the grill at the top and by utilizing nature's laws, circulates it *evenly* into *every* part of *every* room in the five to seven-room home.



Because of this efficient method of circulation, the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater saves fuel, wood or coal, requires little attention and takes the place of two or three stoves. It occupies very little space, being only 52 inches high and 24 inches square.

WHY should you feed three fires? Why should you empty ashes from three stoves? Why should you live in one or two rooms when a Sunbeam Cabinet Heater will replace your stoves, and send its glowing, healthful warmth into every part of every room in your home? Why? When this modern heating device will pay for itself with its savings in fuel. Why not then take the first step that will bring you "whole home" comfort next winter and for many winters to come? Send for Sunbeam literature. There is a Sunbeam dealer near you who will make a demonstration without obligation. We'll gladly send you his name upon request.

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All of which are vitally necessary toward maximum operating satisfaction.

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ Lansing, Michigan

Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transport

(Continued from Page 125

"Well, dear," she said brightly, looking up.

It was his wife.

He walked hastily to the window and looked into the street, and there he saw Charlie Hopson, Wilmot, Butler and the rest coming purposefully toward the house, with flowers, candy and what not in their hands.

The druggist and pharmacist was a man, too, just as they were. He liked something different; he craved something new. Well, he had it. He was the husband of the plainest woman in the town. He ran downstairs and barricaded his front door; then returned.

"How divine you look!" he cried.

"Do I?" she said absently, going to the window.

The druggist and pharmacist knew life; he knew why she had done it.

"Listen," he said, drawing her away from the window and pulling the curtains, "you and the dog and I are catching the midnight express. I'm a rich man. I'll put in a manager. We'll go honeymooning, you, the dog and I; and I will buy you everything you want. Where shall we go?"

"Paris," said she without hesitation.

WIDE OPEN ALL THE WAY

Continued from Page 21)

and the scribe kept going right straight ahead and over the outside fence.

But I liked Bozeman, and I knew he would write the story up in good style and the publicity wouldn't hurt me any. So I told him to come out to the Empire City track and I would take him around. What I had made up my mind to do was to give Bozeman the ride of his young life. Here is a part of Bozeman's story:

"'There is only one seat on the car and I have to use that,' Barney further told me. 'You'll have to sit there.' He pointed to a little box about six inches square that held part of the batteries.

"The ground rolled out underneath us like a yellow ribbon. I raised my head a minute, ceased looking down and to one side, and looked straight ahead. The wind tore at my eyes, but that was not all. We were going straight into the fence; rather, the fence was rushing toward us. I shut my eyes. I grew weak all over. I waited for the crash which I knew must come. It didn't. Barney yelled something at me. I couldn't hear him, but his lips read 'Hold on!' I couldn't have been holding much tighter if I had been glued.

"At that he reached for his little lever. I thought we had been going fast before, but the car leaped ahead, almost unseating me. Now there was no fence, no grand stand, no nothing—only a great roaring in my ears. My chest was caving in. We reached the turn. We went through it. I thought we were going as fast as we could, but on the homestretch Barney moved his hand again and we jumped forward. The old Dragon snorted and shrieked and groaned. It was in a death struggle to rid itself of its keeper.

"Suddenly the car slowed up, as if by giant hands it had been grasped. Then we coasted into the turn, came to a slow gait on the back stretch, then stopped.

"'How fast did we go that last mile?' I asked.

"'If we had had an official timer on the job, I would have had a new world's record for a mile to my credit, and the rules don't call for carrying an extra passenger, either,' he said, as he got out of his seat, took off his oily goggles and started to wipe them leisurely."

The Three Epochs of Racing

I might say here for Bozeman's benefit that my manager thought this write-up so good that he had hundreds of copies made of it. Every meet we had from then on, my manager managed to convey to some enterprising young reporter the fact that I would give him a ride if he wanted it. If the reporter wanted it I took him around pretty fast. After which the manager handed him Bozeman's story of his own ride. If the reporter was too scared to take a ride, the manager would hand him the Bulger story anyway, and the reporter would use it, simply signing it The Reporter. If he actually took the ride, of course, he signed his own name to Bulger's masterpiece.

As I mentioned before, I had bought the Blue Streak and the Green Dragon in 1907 in order to finish my racing engagements. I paid just $2000 for these two racing cars and a touring car. Today a good racing car costs from $10,000 to $12,500.

In 1908, early in the spring, I sold the two racing cars for $1500, resolved to quit racing and enter business. But the rumor had got abroad in New York that I was broke and I could not make the proper connection. It didn't help me any to know personally that I was in better financial shape than I had ever been in my life. I couldn't make anyone else believe it. There was only one thing for me to do, and I did it. I went back into racing.

Harlan Whipple, president of the American Automobile Association, asked me to drive in the Briarcliff road race. I had clutch trouble and did not finish. This was my first meeting with Ralph De Palma, afterward to become famous on the speed paths of America. Ralph drove an Allan-Kingston in this, his first race.

Automobile racing in America may be divided into three great epochs. The first epoch is that from the first race in Chicago in 1895 to the first Vanderbilt Cup race in 1904. In this epoch there were few American cars in racing—that is, worthwhile racing. Instead, the foreign cars imported by rich men in New York held the stage in large degree. American cars were not considered fast enough. The real start of American racing began with Winton's and Henry Ford's entry. They did not supersede the foreign cars, at least not immediately; but they gave American-car racing a great impetus.

Today the American race driver is supreme in America. It is hard work to get the foreigner to come over. He feels that he hasn't a chance against American-made cars and drivers. To get any of them to come over it is necessary to give them a guaranty.

The second epoch in American racing runs from the 1904 Vanderbilt Cup contest on through to 1911, the year of the first International Sweepstakes 500-mile race at Indianapolis, on a specially built two-and-a-half-mile speedway. This epoch really continues up to 1916. It was in this second epoch that factory participation in racing rose to its peak. The factory racing cars were in large measure only refined stock models. The European invasion had dropped to almost zero by 1911, but it flared up again in 1913, to run for a few years, then to die away again. In this flare-up participation by European cars was limited to the one big race of the year—the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis.

The third epoch may be said to have begun in 1916, when there began to appear specially built racing cars. That year saw the practical end of American-made stock or near-stock car racing. The third era is still continuing today, when there is not a single racing car built for the great board and brick speedways that can lay claim to a close relationship to any car built for passenger-carrying use, other than that its operation is the same in degree. But in size of motor and design of body the racing car has no bearing on passenger-car construction.

De Palma and I met later in 1908 in a five-mile match race and he won from me decisively. This was at the Readville, Massachusetts, track.

I fell for the foreign cars in 1909. I came into possession of the 120-horse-power Benz with which Victor Hemery had finished second in the 1906 French Grand Prix. The Indianapolis speedway was built in 1909. It was first paved with tar and crushed stone. It was opened with a race meet in August. Much had been made of the course, so that practically every driver of prominence in the country was entered.

I managed to win the kilometer and the mile event, getting besides a cash prize a gold-plated touring car for holding the mile speedway record of America, a mile in forty-three seconds. Walter Christie, with his front-drive racing monster, appeared at this meet also and made some remarkable time, covering a quarter of a mile in 8.38 seconds, or faster than any automobile had ever traveled in America before that time, even for that short distance.

The crowd of 16,000 that witnessed the races was the largest automobile race crowd in America up to that time. Today 140,000 people assemble once a year—May thirtieth—at the same track to see the only 500-mile race held in America.

Louis Chevrolet drove a revamped stock car and broke my ten-mile record of 9.12, which I had made at the Empire City track in 1904. There was a difference in conditions, however, as my time was made on a mile dirt track, while his was made on a speedway two and a half miles around.

My Queerest Record

Bob Burman first came into public notice here. He won a 250-mile race in 4:38:57.4. The last race of the meet was a 300-mile event, but it was stopped at 235 miles. The powerful cars had cut great trenches axle-deep into the soft surface of the track. Billy Bourque and his mechanician, Harry Holcombe, were killed and many others injured. Immediately afterward this track was paved with brick.

I believe it was in 1909 that I took my racer to Lowell, Massachusetts, and made a mile on a straightaway course in thirty-nine seconds flat.

In 1909, so-called stock-car racing had reached its height. It was to run for several years and then fade completely from the picture in 1917, never to return again.

My queerest record was made at Dallas, Texas, on December 9, 1909, with my Hemery Benz. A terrific norther hit the town in the morning. That afternoon I put on my fur coat, covered my face with a woolen hood and put on heavy fur gloves. I put half water and half alcohol in my radiator. The track was frozen in spots, but there was a good turnout of spectators. I was carded to break my own fifty-mile record. I did it, but I had to be lifted out of the car at the finish. My hands were so cramped around the steering wheel that they had to be worked loose. But I reduced my 48.40⅕ time made at Fresno in 1904 to 47.18.

I liked the Benz and got hold of another in 1910. This was the 200-horse-power Blitzen, or Lightning, Benz, which I got by trading my Hemery Benz and $6000 cash for it. Resolved to see how fast the car was, and determined to make some beach records if possible, I shipped down to Daytona. Here on March sixteenth I managed to break all existing speed records. I covered the kilometer at 132.04 miles an hour, the mile at 131.75 miles an hour, two miles at 128.88 miles an hour.

Kaiser Wilhelm must have heard of my performance in the German-made car, for he sent me this wire:

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Trust Bill not to forget Germany!

Things began looking up for me in the racing line directly after my fast miles in the Benz. I got an invitation to race at the Playa del Rey motordrome, a one-mile board saucer track at Los Angeles. With the invitation came a $4000 bonus for signing up. You can bet I signed. To show my appreciation, I managed to circle the course in 36⅛ seconds, which was a speedway record.

There was a race meet at the Minnesota State Fair grounds in 1910 that stands out in my mind, as I look backward. Not because I made some fast time, not because Wild Bob Burman and Louis Chevrolet and a host of other drivers were there, but because of a young unknown driver who came across my path for the first time. He drove a Firestone-Columbus racer. He didn't win a race; the best he could do was finish second to Wild Bob and his Buick Bug. Later on this quiet young man came to be one of the most feared drivers on the speed courses of America, and in 1915 he missed the American Automobile Drivers' Championship by a hairbreadth, finishing second to Dario Resta. But even there was not where his greatest fame was to be.

When America got into the World War he sought to enlist a flying squadron of American racing drivers for the air service. The necessary funds were lacking and the idea went flat. Nothing daunted, he signed up for the infantry to act as chauffeur to General Pershing. Driving a general's car proved a trifle tame, but it was a path to the flying service. He finally achieved his ambition, and before he had been long in the service he developed a fondness for German sausages for breakfast. To satisfy his appetite he used to go out and shoot them down before he ate the morning meal. He became death to boche planes as well as their sausages. He retired from the air service at the end of the war with the rank of commander of the Ninety-fourth Air Squadron and a record of twenty-six German aircraft to his credit. His was that world-famous Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron. Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker—Eddie to the racing boys—got his baptism of courage wheeling snorting racers around the speedways of America. Without the speedways, it is a safe guess that Eddie would never have been America's ace of aces.

Ted Sloan, Internationally Famous Jockey From Kokomo, Ind., Telling Barney Oldfield How to Do It at the Horse Track at Tia Juana, April, 1925

Outlaw Race Meets

The year 1910 was a stormy one in my racing career. Jim Jeffries and I had always been the best of friends. I am not going to bring up the old story that Jim was drugged when he fought Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world at Reno in 1910. But I am going to bring up what happened to me as the result of that defeat.

Johnson had bought a fast Renault car in France and announced that he was just as invincible on the track as he was in the rosined ring. He sent me a challenge to race him at any distance. I never should have accepted the challenge. But I did, and we met at the Sheepshead Bay track on October 25, 1910, in a series of three five-mile match races. I beat him easily, as I knew I could. We ran only two heats of the three.

I hadn't given the Three-A angle of the race much consideration. When I was told that I would be suspended by the Three-A if I went ahead with the race, it was too late to back out. My suspension for racing Johnson was until July 1, 1912—plenty of time for me to meditate. Barred from all sanctioned tracks, I still did not put my cars away in moth balls. My friends on the West Coast rallied around me in my misery. Chief of these friends were Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs and later of the Los Angeles baseball club, Jim Jeffries and a host of others. Chance went so far as to be a starter of the outlaw race meets at Ascot Park, in which I participated. I think he did this simply to show he was my friend. When I asked Eddie Maier, another friend, to officiate at Ascot he said he certainly would. This in spite of the fact that he had officiated at many A. A. A. races on the Coast.

The publicity I got as the outlaw racing king made me a good drawing card, but I can't say now that I should have been proud of it. While I was an outlaw I reduced Ralph De Palma's one-mile track record from 50⅘ seconds to 49⅕ seconds. Jim Jeffries rode as my mechanician during this record mile, and he did a good job too.

The American Automobile Association took the outlaw ban off my cars before it took it off me. Ernie Moross, then Bob Burman's manager, offered to buy my cars for his protégé and I sold him the Blitzen Benz for $13,500. Other cars in my possession at that time were a Darracq, the Prince Henry Benz and the Knox. Burman took all these off my hands. I felt kindlier toward the A. A. A. for lifting the ban on the cars. There was a wild story circulated at the time that the A. A. A. had bought the cars for $50,000 to get me to quit my racing activities. This was bunk.

Putting all my racing behind me, I joined the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company as a salesman. For years I had been investing in Firestone stock, and not putting all my money over the various saloon bars of the country, as some people had intimated. I had met Harvey S. Firestone. We became friends and that friendship has continued to this day.

Burman took my Blitzen Benz down to the Florida beaches a month after I had sold him the cars, and on April 23, 1911, he covered the course faster than I did. His car sped down the beach over a measured course at the rate of 141.73 miles an hour. I wasn't sorry to see Bob do it. He beat my record, but I had been paving the way for automobile racers for eight years. Whatever I did, they all seemed to flock to that particular stunt in an endeavor to do likewise. Bob was a fine fellow. His first race was in 1905 or 1906 and ten years later he was killed at Corona. Wild Bob Burman! That's what they called him. But he wasn't wild—he was like all the winners; he had to drive hard and without too much caution to win races.

I did not touch a hand to a race car again until in the spring of 1912. During the time of my suspension Burman and Ralph De Palma managed to eclipse practically all the records on mile and half-mile dirt tracks I had made. Bob broke them with the Benz he had bought of me and De Palma's success came with a Fiat Cyclone.

The 500-mile races were inaugurated at the Indianapolis motor speedway in May, 1911, and they have continued an annual event to this day. Racing is safer on the Indianapolis track than on any other in the world, to my notion. There is a three-foot cement safety wall around the inside and outside of the corners, and a heavy timber hub rail along the rest of the course. The great danger on a course of this kind is that a car will have mechanical trouble or hit another car, careen off the course, hit the soft earth of the infield or outfield and turn over. This is not possible now on the 500-mile course. The cars in trouble may hit the rail or the cement wall and slide along until they come to a stop. The brick surface of the track, though far from smooth, is smooth enough to permit the cars to slide instead of to turn over.

My suspension was lifted on April 30, 1912, by the A. A. A., but I still was on the black books of the Indianapolis motor speedway, so I did not compete there that year. I went to the West Coast for the May 4, 1912, fourth annual Santa Monica road race.

Walter Christie, maker of the famous Christie front drive, had decided that his racing car was too dangerous to drive longer. He had stored it in a barn on Long Island. Always ready to try something new, I bought the car from Christie for $750, resolved to ride back to fame on this man killer, as it was called. I also bought the Prince Henry Benz, the third Benz I had owned; leased a Cino, and, with Lou Heinemann and Wild Bill Fritz, started on a barnstorming tour of the Northwest.

Joe Dawson, one of the best and most fearless drivers that ever held a wheel, won the Indianapolis 500-mile race in May, 1912, at the wheel of a National, Joe having switched over to that car when the Marmon quit racing. Tetzlaff, in a Fiat, was second; Hughie Hughes, Mercer, third.

I went to Milwaukee on October 2, 1912, to be a spectator at the eighth Vanderbilt Cup race and the fourth Grand Prize on October fifth. With Bruce-Brown killed in practice, I was offered his Fiat, owned by E. J. Hewlett, to drive in the Grand Prize. The car was new to me, but I decided to take it on. I entered the Grand Prize without even driving a practice lap over the dangerous road course, and finished fourth. De Palma, in a Mercedes, won the Vanderbilt Cup. Caleb Bragg, young millionaire driver, won the Grand Prize. De Palma was seriously hurt when he ran into Bragg's Fiat in an endeavor to beat Bragg out for first place. De Palma was laid up for months.

The Indianapolis motor speedway wouldn't lift the bars for me in the 1913 500-mile race, so I had to watch it from the sidelines. It was in that year that the speedway management decided that European entries would be a good thing for American racing, so England, Belgium and France were represented.

Jules Goux, brilliant French driver, finished first in a Peugeot. Spencer Wishart was second in a Mercer. Charley Merz, Stutz, was third. Albert Guyot, driving an English Sunbeam, was fourth; Pilette, in the seat of a Mercedes-Knight, fifth.

I had done a lot of things, but had never been in the movies. Mack Sennett stopped me on the street in Los Angeles one day in 1913 while I was giving exhibitions on the West Coast.

"Barney," he said, "why don't you go in the movies?"

"Nobody ever asked me," I replied

"Well, you're asked now," Mack went on. "I've got a big idea." And he told it to me. So I went into the movies for a few reels.

The high-sounding title of the film was Barney Oldfield's Race for Life. Mabel Normand was the heroine and Ford Sterling was the villain. Mack and I shared the hero rôles. If I remember the story right, Ford had my sweetheart tied or chained to a railroad track. I was miles and miles away when I got the idea that all was not exactly right with Mabel. I jumped into my trusty automobile with Mack and raced to where she was chained, for didn't I know the Los Angeles Express was due at the spot in fifteen minutes? And wasn't I at least fifteen miles away—according to the film? You know what I did; I raced for little Mabel's life. I arrived at the spot after a lot of footage had been expended showing that I was a wonderful driver. Jumping from my car, I worked desperately to file the chains that held Mabel. Just as I got her free and dragged her limp form off the rails, of course, the Express thundered by.

Tire Trouble

There was no Vanderbilt Cup or Grand Prize run in 1913. But one of the greatest road-racing battles I ever had came on August ninth of that year. It was in the Santa Monica road event. There was a young fellow then by the name of Earl Cooper driving a Stutz. He was comparatively new to the game. I was driving a Mercer.

The Santa Monica course was almost entirely over macadam roadways. It was instituted to boost the town. The cars were sent away at ten-second intervals. The distance was 445.258 miles. I was starting on the last lap of the race. I had been driving hard all the way, running neck and neck with Cooper. As I rounded the turn of the 8.4-mile course into the home stretch, I saw Cooper slowing up to go into the pits with a flat tire. I rushed past the pits, resolved to make up the lap he had on me. I shot down toward Dead Man's Curve with my mind made up to win the race or die trying. I went through the curve at the Soldiers' Home on two wheels. At the Palisades I paid for my wild driving through the corners. One of my rear tires let go, and there I was, miles from my pit. George Hill tumbled out of the car and we changed the tire. If I had ever had a chance to beat Cooper, it went blooey right there. He won by more than five minutes.

In the Los Angeles to Phœnix desert road race in November of that year I entered a new ninety-horse Simplex, which I was driving.

This road race across the desert was the classic of the West Coast. It demanded car stamina, driving skill and a never-say-die spirit on the part of the driver. My car was capable of 100 miles an hour on smooth stretches. To make a long story short, I started like a house afire and finished like a truck.

Before we got away from Los Angeles, my employer came around to me.

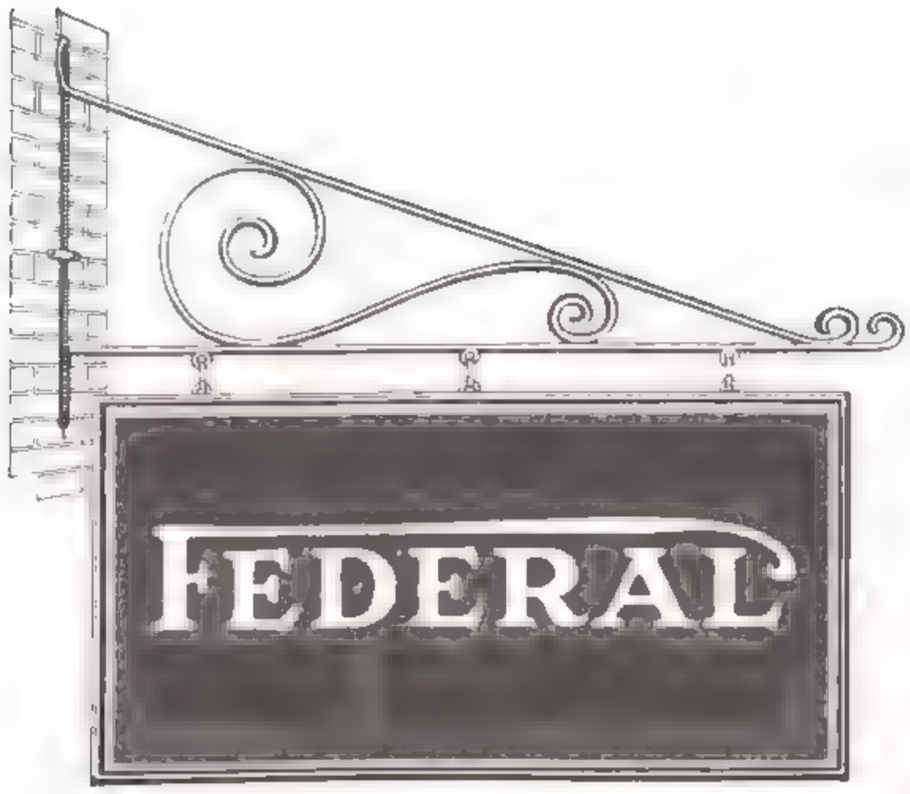
"I've got a big wager that you'll beat the field into San Diego," he said. "That is more important to me than winning the race."

"If that is what you want," I told him, "I can give it to you if the old bus will stay in one piece. But I won't be responsible for how much farther than San Diego she will last. There are some fast wagons and some tough ones in this race, and I'll have to kick her all the way if I get into San Diego first."

"If you get there first, I don't particularly care what happens beyond. See what you can do."

Well, I did see what I could do. I might state here that practically none of the road from Los Angeles to San Diego was paved

(Continued on Page 134)



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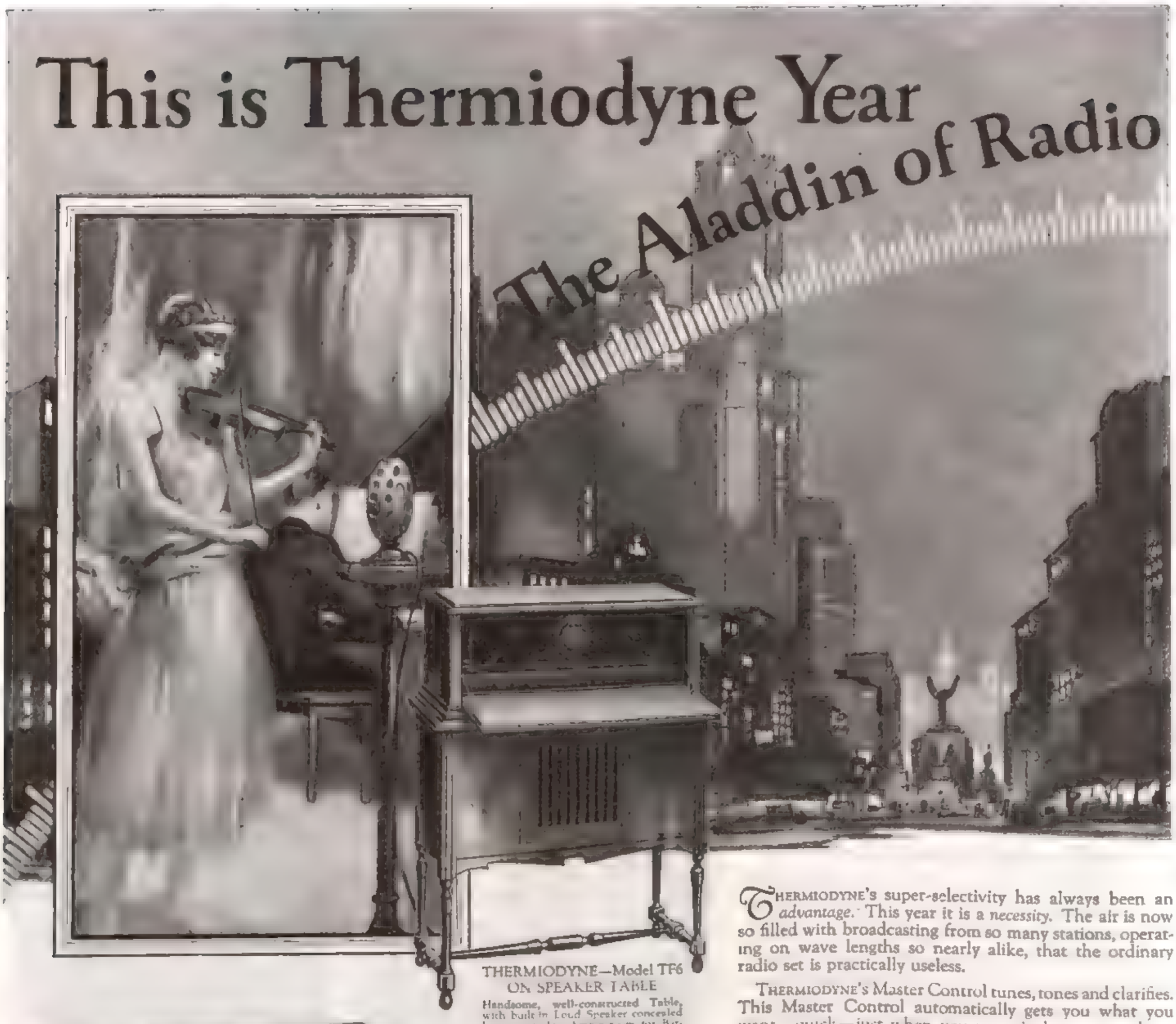

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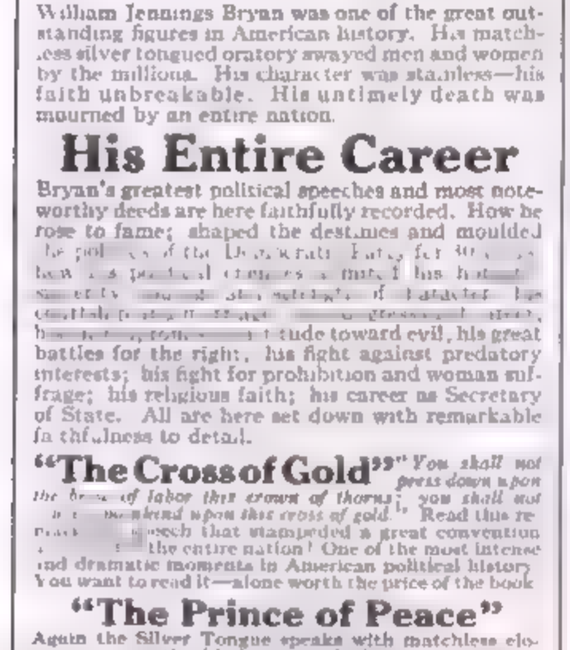

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(Continued from Page 130)

then. Our route lay over rough dirt roads with plenty of nice sharp turns. The distance between the two points is around 130 miles. It is a lot easier to tell it than it is to drive it, but I made San Diego in two hours and thirty minutes, and I was the first one there. That record still stands. I was somewhat surprised a few months ago to read that a factory driver who makes a specialty of road records had "Beaten Barney Oldfield's Los-Angeles-to-San-Diego record, which had stood for twelve years, the intrepid Blank driving the distance in two hours and forty-five minutes!" My time was inadvertently omitted. It had happened a long time ago, anyhow, and folks wouldn't remember the time. I get a bit of comfort out of the fact that the 2:45 was made on paved roads and that my 2:30 was made on dirt roads—and my record time is fifteen minutes shorter.

Luck of the Desert

I paid for my speed to San Diego, however. Outside of Yuma, my much-punished drive shaft broke and I started to walk back over the hot sand. I don't know how long I walked. Jack Rice, a youngster, also driving a Simplex, was running right up with some of the old hands until he got to Dome, which he had reached only five minutes behind me. I was then in third place. Near Dome, Rice's car rolled over a bluff and injured his mechanic. Rice got some Mexican railroad workers to put the car back on its wheels, the mechanic was taken to a hospital at Palomas and Rice went on alone.

I'm glad he did. He met me on my nice cool walk over the sand, with the mercury butting its head against the top of the tube. I got into the vacant seat beside him and rode on with him. His steering wheel was all shot to pieces and when we came to my car we stopped and took mine off to replace his, which was almost useless. Thus through the second and third day I rode with him. It was all the luck of the desert. I retrieved myself some by driving some fast races on the track at Phœnix as part of the Arizona State Fair. The winner in that desert race received $3500; second man, $2250; third, $1500; fourth, which was Rice, $500.

Ralph De Palma and I had a squabble in 1914 that made us enemies for years. Ralph was captain of the Mercer factory racing team, and a good captain he was. The other drivers were Eddie Pulen and Spencer Wishart. I was asked by the factory management to come on the team, but De Palma was not consulted in the matter. I accepted and Ralph said if I was taken on he would get off the team. I was not asked to stay off the team because of De Palma's attitude, so De Palma left. I tell this story in order that so many of the rumors concerning our feud may be laid away on the closet shelf.

This happened in the early spring of 1914. I may as well tell the story to its end. De Palma said several uncomplimentary things about me and I wasn't backward with my tongue either. In 1916 Ralph was a few days late with his entry in the Indianapolis 500-mile race. The story reached me that he had tried to get appearance money from the management, saying he would not enter unless he did. The management didn't come through and he decided to enter anyhow. The speedway, in the regular course of business, wrote all the drivers, asking them if they would permit De Palma to enter two days after the entries closed officially on May first. When the letter came to me I simply wrote back, calling attention to the terms of the entry blank, which specified that the entries must be in by May first. I knew that De Palma would have done as much for me if the conditions had been reversed, so I took pleasure in making him live up to the entry blank. Though Ralph and I may not be bosom friends today, we are older and wiser. We speak like rational human beings when we meet. Besides, that grudge was a mighty fine thing for the press agents to harp on whenever we appeared on the same race program.

But getting back to the Mercer fuss in the spring of 1914; Ralph never wanted for the wheel of a car and he soon had hooked up with H. J. Schroeder, New Jersey millionaire, whose Mercedes he had driven at Indianapolis in 1912 and with which he won the Elgin race in August, 1912, and the Vanderbilt in October of the same year.

The Vanderbilt Cup was scheduled for Santa Monica on February 26, 1914, not long after I had joined the Mercer team. The distance was 294.035 miles, to be exact, around an 8.4 mile course, practically all of it in or near the town of Santa Monica. De Palma came to the coast with his Mercedes and the reporters began to throw fuel on our feud. It was admitted that my Mercer was somewhat faster than De Palma's Mercedes. That one race is a good example of how a race may be won or lost at the pits.

There were fifteen entries—De Palma, Mercedes; Oldfield, Mercer; Carlson, Mason; Cooper, Stutz; Joerimann, Touraine; Janette, Alco; Anderson, Stutz; Ball, Marmon; Pullen, Mercer; Goode, Apperson; Verbeck, Fiat; Marquis, Sunbeam; Wishart, Mercer; Lewis—the same Lewis who finished a front-drive racer second in the 1925 Indianapolis 500-mile race, 53.58 seconds behind the winner—Mason; Harry Grant, Isotta-Fraschini.

Lewis' Mason was the product of two then obscure engineers in Iowa, the Duesenberg brothers, just beginning to get into the automobile manufacturing business. Later on their motors were to win many great races, but at the time of which I write they were building a few passenger cars and making a few race cars to advertise their passenger-car product. They called their cars Masons, after the man who was financing their car making. These early Masons were the progenitors of the specially built racing cars which in the next few years were to eclipse the factory racing cars. I don't mean the Masons were to do the eclipsing, but they paved the way for the racing cars, built for racing pure and simple, that were to relegate factory stock-car racing to the junk heap of competition.

Racing Beachey's Airplane

But getting back to the Santa Monica Vanderbilt; Tom Alley, a good mechanician, was riding with De Palma, and George Hill, the best man I ever had at my right, was riding with me. Wishart led the field at the end of the first lap. Anderson, in his Stutz, was second, Pullen third and I fourth. I should have stated that the drivers were sent away at fifteen-second intervals. De Palma started in eleventh place, while I started in sixth. At the twentieth lap of the thirty-five-lap race, De Palma had passed me and was leading me by a minute and eight seconds. I had lost my time by a pit stop in the eighth lap. In the twenty-third lap I had closed up the gap until only thirty seconds separated me from De Palma.

I had figured that Ralph would have to make one stop in the race and that I would not have to make any more, so I had him whipped right then. It was almost necessary to make one stop for gas and oil, if not for a tire change. I passed De Palma in the twenty-fifth lap. At this point, so fierce had our duel become, that we had left all others a lap behind. In the twenty-seventh lap De Palma was leading me by one second. Then I had some bad luck. I had to stop in the thirty-first lap for a new tire. My stop had cost me seventy seconds.

In the next lap I picked up eleven seconds of my lost time. I knew then that unless De Palma made a stop for fuel or a tire, I was not going to win the race. I knew he was taking a big chance that his forty-gallon gas tank would carry him through and that his tires would stand the grind. But they did. De Palma said afterward that he had put on a new carburetor made for him by Harry Miller and that was why he had got enough gasoline mileage to go all the way. I finished second. Ralph thus got his first revenge. His prize money was $3000 and possession of the Vanderbilt Cup for one year. Second place paid $2000; third, $1500; fourth, $1000.

Eddie Pullen, in a Mercer, had won the Grand Prize, which had been run three days before over the same course, with Ball in a Marmon second and Taylor in an Alco third; so, though I hated to be licked by De Palma, I felt pretty good over the showing of the Mercer team as a whole.

About this time Lincoln Beachey, another good friend of mine, suggested that we do some barnstorming, racing his plane against my car. We spent the summer of 1914 at this highly remunerative entertainment, giving folks the thrill of their lives, for airplanes were not so common then as they are now. Beachey, who was killed when his plane collapsed and he fell into the ocean at San Francisco in 1915 during the World's Fair, was a very nervy young man. When I look at the planes of today, made as strong as a Pullman car, then look at the rickety planes Beachey flew, the wonder is that a man had the courage to get into them, let alone loop the loop, fly upside down and nose-dive.

The 1914 Cactus Derby

To illustrate. Beachey swooped too low in one of our exhibitions. He saw what a fix he had got into. He could come on and kill me and a photographer, who was standing near by. Or he could nose-dive straight into the ground and perhaps kill himself. He nose-dived, missing me and my Fiat Cyclone by a hair, and splintered his plane on the ground. He was badly hurt, but recovered.

The Cactus Derby, the annual November Los Angeles to Phœnix road race, was calling me again and I set my mind on doing considerably better than I had in the year previous. The 1914 race was the sixth annual event. This was easily the premier racing event of the West. The finish of the race was at the State Fair at Phœnix, Arizona. Business all along the line stopped when the road race got under way. Ranchers came from miles around to the night controls or lined the rough roads over which the race was to pass.

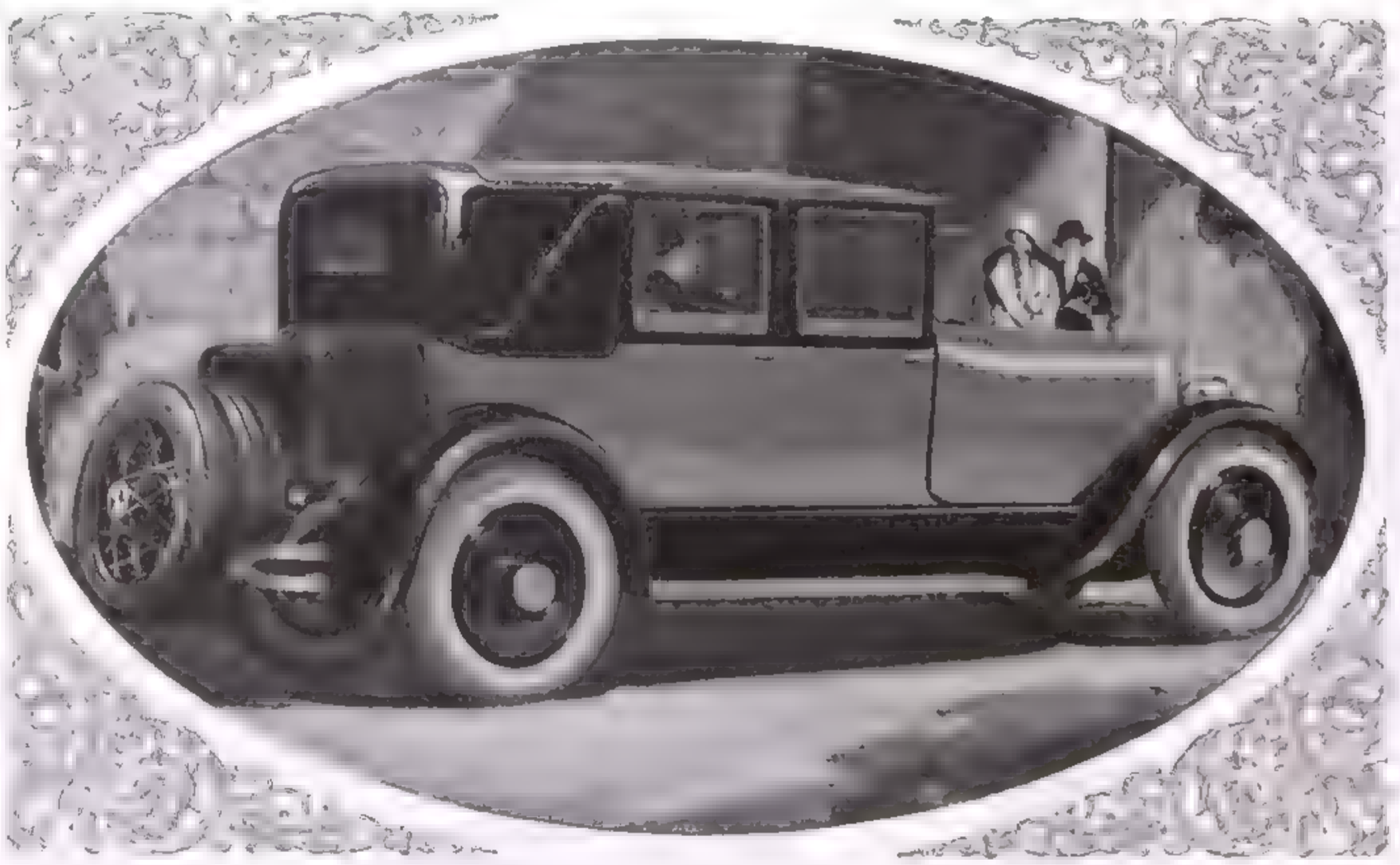
The distance of 671 miles between the two points was divided into three days of racing. The night controls were at Needles, California, and Prescott, Arizona. Between these points were numerous checking stations, so that no driver might skip any part of the course. Always doing things on a big scale, the citizens of Los Angeles made up what they called the Howdy Special, a train that was to run through with the racers and be with them at every checking point or night control, where possible.

Ted Baudet, in a Paige, was sent away from Eastlake Park, Los Angeles, first, at 5:25 A.M.; Louis Chevrolet, in a Chevrolet, was second away. I got away in my Stutz fifth. There was a nasty drizzle at the start, and it was mud, rain or snow all the way into Phœnix. The weather cleared some the last day, but it had rained so hard that the roads were a mess. Cliff Durant, millionaire sportsman, drove another Chevrolet.

Needles, 301 miles away, was our first day's goal. To reach it we had fine cement pavements to start, then a climb up through Cajon Pass, then a drop onto the desert again and a road that was little more than two tracks over the sage and adobe. I had George Hill as my mechanician. We made Needles in eight hours and forty-five minutes. Cliff Durant, in his little Chevrolet, was the second man in, six minutes behind us. That was a wonderful performance for his little car. We rested there that night, with our cars shut up in a corral, or control, so that we could do no work on them. Any work to be done must be done while the race was in progress.

The next leg of the race, Prescott, 236 miles, we made in eight hours eighteen

(Continued on Page 137)



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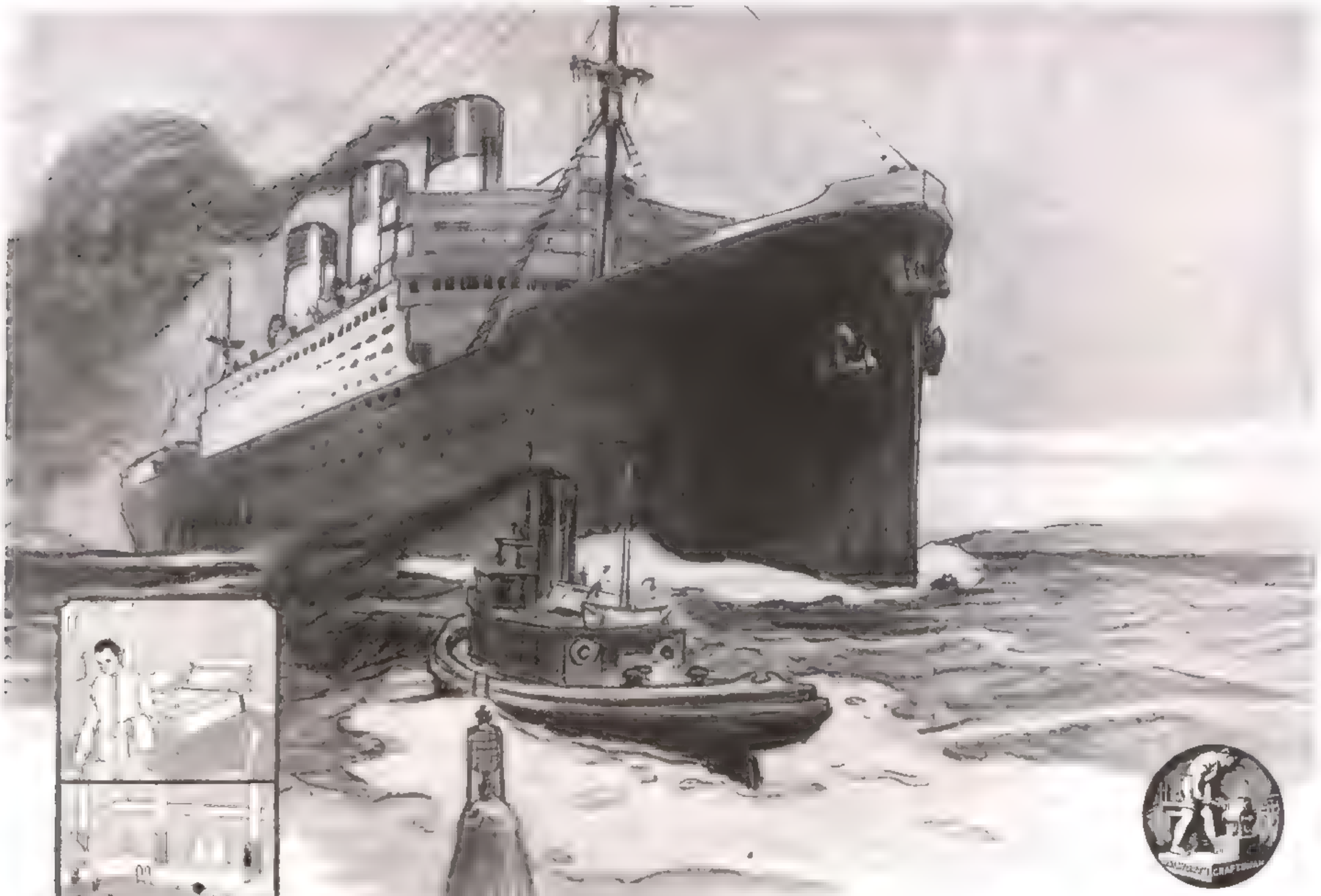

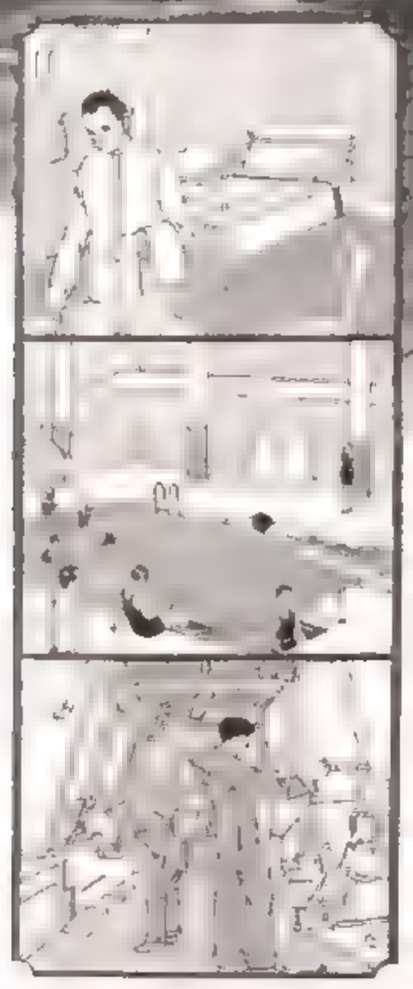

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IT'S *ALL* WORTH—IF WALWORTH

(Continued from Page 134)

minutes. Our total time of seventeen hours three minutes was far ahead of the second man, Olin Davis, the 1913 winner, who was driving a Simplex. His time was 17:52. Getting away from Prescott the next morning, we finished at the Phœnix Fair Grounds in five hours fifty-six minutes. Louis Nikrent, in a Paige, was second, 36 minutes behind us. That is the unvarnished tale of the roughest race that ever took place over the Los Angeles-Phœnix course. But dipping between the lines, the story is filled with incident.

There was Cliff Durant in his tiny Chevrolet roadster, and Louis Chevrolet, his team mate. Durant had kept right on my tail between Los Angeles and Needles. The going was rough and slippery, yet he finished his little car within six minutes of my big Stutz. Away from Needles like a flash the next morning, Cliff missed the planking on the railroad bridge at Topock, sixteen miles out. The pounding of the car on the ties tore his tires to pieces and damaged his wheels. But he didn't quit.

Meanwhile Louis Chevrolet, who had been over the course only once, was forging ahead in a companion car to Durant's. At Seligman an excited helper poured ten gallons of water into Louis' gasoline tank. Louis discovered the mistake when he tried to start. To get rid of the water it was necessary to take his carburetor apart. He was in the midst of this operation when Durant hove in sight, fairly dragging along on his crippled wheel. Louis did some quick thinking. Durant's car was in good shape except for one rear wheel. Louis jerked one of his own rear wheels off, put it on Durant's car, ordered Durant's mechanician out of Durant's car, jumped in himself and together Durant and Chevrolet flew on. Chevrolet's car was left as it stood alongside the road. Later on that day a bad skid shot them into a big stone and tore the hub from Durant's car. They were in third place when the accident happened. The broken hub was plenty of reason why they should quit. Instead, they took a Stillson wrench and fastened it to the axle by cutting notches in the wheel and tying the wrench on with a rope. They drove the last thirty-two miles with this emergency hub, finishing fourth. Their car had the smallest engine of any in the race, even smaller than the Ford.

Steering With Fence Rails

Bill Bramblett, driving a Cadillac, who finished fifth, had more than one thrilling experience. His car dived off a twelve-foot embankment on the last day's run just outside of Prescott. Though it rolled over, it stopped on four wheels. Bill's steering gear was damaged in the accident so that he could no longer steer his car in a straight line; instead, it wabbled all over the road. When within twenty miles of the finish he got stuck in some quicksand and had to be pulled out by a team of horses. Out of the sand, he drove his car recklessly to make up the time he had lost. He skidded near Glendale and broke his steering gear hopelessly, so that he had no control at all through his steering wheel.

Even this didn't stop Bill. He was going to get to Phœnix. He and his mechanician, Mason, ran to a near-by fence, tore two posts off and fastened them to the front axle on the inside of each front wheel. They started the engine and got under way, guiding their car much as a small boy guides a hoop. To keep the car in a straight line, they held their fence posts so that the front wheels could not veer in either direction. When they wished to turn, they forced the wheel in the direction desired by main force. They ground their tires to pieces—but they finished the race in fifth place!

On the first day out, George Hill, my riding mechanician, was slammed against the side of the car so hard in a nasty skid that he injured his arm so that he could work with only one hand afterward. On our last day the mud and water began to get into our carburetor. It had been all over us all the way from Los Angeles. Fording a torrent in a wash on the last day, we got stuck in the middle of it. Imagine my feelings, if you can, when both Nikrent, then in second place, and Bill Bramblett splashed through the wash where I was stalled. They waved as they went on.

After considerable work we finally got out. Then our car refused to run. Some spectators helped us get it up to the top of a grade and then push it down, letting it crank itself as we went. After repeating this operation fifteen or twenty times, the old girl coughed a couple of times, then began to hit once in a while. Once in a while was not enough for us, but it would do in a pinch. She bucked all the way into Phœnix and Hill turned to me every time she threatened to die and squawked "De Palma!"—the reference being to the 1912 race at Indianapolis, when De Palma, with a lead of twenty miles over the nearest man, had engine trouble and lost the race with less than two miles to go.

A Medal That Was Earned

The last ten miles seemed like a hundred to both of us. The mud had so splashed the car that you could hardly tell it was a car. The dirt had got into the oil lines, the gas lines, the steering and everything else. No mother could have recognized her son when he first got into Phœnix. It was not until racing hoods were peeled off with their coating of mud that drivers were recognizable.

The cigar which I carried in the southwest corner of my mouth had long since become a ball of mud, but I made up my mind I wouldn't spit it out if I had to eat all the dirt along the road. I had no more arrived, though, than someone came running up and offered me a box of cigars for my old one. I took the box.

Though I was not the first driver into Phœnix, my elapsed time was such that I had finished in twenty-two hours and fifty-nine minutes for the 671 miles, as against twenty-three hours and thirty-five minutes of Nikrent. That night at the Adams Hotel, Gen. George Purdy Bullard, attorney-general of Arizona, presented me with a diamond medal emblematical of the Master Driver of the World. At that time I was sure I had earned it; in fact, any one of the seven drivers that finished of the twenty that started deserved a medal like that.

Two weeks after the Cactus Derby I took the wheel of a Maxwell in the Corona road race two days before that event was to start. The race was to be of 109 laps around a specially prepared course of 2.76895 miles. The complete distance was 301 miles. Eddie Pullen, in a Mercer, finished first at 86.5 miles an hour. I was second at 85.5 miles an hour. I was almost as much of a hero as Eddie, however, because of my previous reputation on the Coast and because I made a world's record in driving the 301 miles without a stop, and that in a car I had never seen until two days before the race.

I finished sixth in a DeLage at the 1916 Indianapolis 500-mile race on May thirtieth. Dario Resta won the event. During the practice period before the race I had my old front-drive Christie at the track. Always convinced that the front drive was the logical racing design, I decided to see just how fast I could put the car through its paces. The Indianapolis track record then was a lap at the rate of 99.7 miles an hour, made in 1914 by Georges Boillot, the Frenchman, in a Peugeot. My friends tried to get me out of the notion, for they knew, and I knew, that the car was about ready to fall apart. But my knockers never accused me of lacking nerve. I trundled the Christie out, warmed her up for a lap and let her fly. I thought when I hit that first corner that I'd never be able to get through it, but I did. I was sure my time had come at the second corner of the south turn, but I made that too. I knew I was clipping it off too fast to make the third corner, but I put that one behind me and did the same for the last corner. My lap time was 1:27.7, against Boillot's 1:30.13. My average was 102.623 miles an hour.

Later on that summer I took the car to the two-mile speedway at Chicago, resolved to go 120 miles an hour. I got ready for the trial and thought I had the record cinched when I felt the unmistakable tremors that told me the old cylinders were freezing up. All I could do was to cut off the gas and coast in. Instead of the mark of one minute for the two miles, I had to be satisfied with one minute two seconds. I was disgusted. I sold the car to a couple of boys who wanted her. I got $500 and they agreed to get it out of my sight in thirty minutes, which was one of the stipulations of the deal. That was the last time I ever saw the car.

There was a motor builder in my home town, Los Angeles, who was highly touted. So in the spring of 1916 I had gone to him and discussed the building of a motor with several new ideas. Harry Miller had a small machine shop, where he built motors with the exactitude of a watchmaker. He had ridden as a mechanic in the 1906 Vanderbilt Cup and other races, and had been in close contact with racing since that time. He knew me and I knew him. We decided together on an innovation in the racing world.

Instead of having the driver sit out in the open, where he had a good chance to get his neck broken in case of a turnover, we decided to have the driver sit inside the car. We designed the body with a rounded top so that the car looked much like an egg with a hood on one end of it. The motor was a four-cylinder engine that would develop 130 horse power. So strongly built was the car that I felt that if we should turn over neither Stein, my riding mechanic, nor myself could possibly be hurt. The car had small openings in the side, front and rear. There was only one door in the car, and that on the driver's side. We came in for a lot of kidding on our design. Some of the motor editors called it the Golden Submarine, some the Golden Egg, some the Golden Lemon. The car was painted with golden enamel.

Personally, I was sure it wasn't a lemon, and so was Harry Miller. In fact, he hasn't forgiven one or two of the motor editors yet for calling it a lemon. I got a lot of kick out of indulging in match races with Ralph De Palma and his twelve-cylinder Packard, also with Louis Chevrolet in a Frontenac. But I am getting a little ahead of my story.

Hanging Up a Few Records

During the first part of 1917 I took my Golden Submarine to Milwaukee, where I beat De Palma and his Packard in three match races at ten, fifteen and twenty miles. At Detroit he beat me. I beat him at Indianapolis. He beat me at Sheepshead Bay. Some programs I would win two races and he would win one, and vice versa. In seven matches that year I won four programs and Ralph won three. On the mile dirt tracks I beat him four to two. To set at ease the stories that we jockeyed these races, I will say that De Palma would never on earth let me beat him if he could help it, and I have always felt the same way about it. If De Palma licked me, it was because there was no way on earth I could help it.

Resolved to prove that the Golden Sub was not a lemon, I decided to see just what it would do from one to fifty miles. I did this as much out of regard for its maker, Harry Miller, as I did for myself. I had signed to join the aviation corps any time I was called on and I thought I would leave a few records behind, just to convince myself that I was not getting old. I sent to Indianapolis and got the electrical timing machine and a man to operate it. Then we went out to the mile track at St. Louis. I began by breaking the mile record of Louis Disbrow. I took it from 46⅘ seconds to an even 45. I made the five miles in 3:53.6, as against 4:06.6. The ten-mile record I put at 7:56.2, to offset the old record of 8:16.4, twenty miles in 15:52.2, instead of 16:25.6; twenty-five miles in 19:57.6, instead of 20:28.8. My fifty-mile record was 40:17.6, as against the old one of 40:57.8.

I became a victim to the general unrest. I didn't want to drive racing cars while the war was on. So I put them away. Then came the Armistice. I had got out of the racing harness and I didn't have any especial urge to get back. I had enough money, so that I didn't need to throw dice with death on the track to make a living. I decided definitely to finish with racing. I had passed seventeen years in one of the most dangerous sports in the world—seventeen years of dodging death over the race courses of the country. In that seventeen years I had been the first man in the world ever to drive a mile a minute on a circular track. I took part in more than 1000 race meets and drove more than 2000 races. I had driven every kind of car—the old 999, the Winton Bullets, the Green Dragons, the Stearns, National Old Glory, 120-horse-power Benz, Blitzen Benz, Darracq, Knox, Prince Henry Benz, Cino, Christie, Mercer, 120-horse-power Fiat, 70-horse-power Fiat, Fiat Cyclone, Stutz, Maxwell, Peugeot, DeLage, Golden Submarine. These were all racing cars. In addition, I drove scores of stock cars in various road and track events.

Accidents by the Score

I had driven all sorts of tracks—half-mile dirt ovals that were rough even for horses; half-mile dirt tracks with weeds growing all over them; mile dirt tracks, two-mile dirt tracks, straightaway road courses, road races, beach courses, board and brick and cement speedways. I think no one can say that I looked at the track too closely. I was there to furnish the people with a holiday and I tried my best to do it. It would take reams of paper to chronicle half the things that happened over that long seventeen years. I was panned quite a bit at the time because I did not enter the earlier Vanderbilts. As a matter of fact, I did try to enter one or two of them. I recall once when I was entered in a Benz. But the Benz Import manager suggested the course be made a little safer for the boys—and my entry was returned to the Benz Import company! My early cars were track cars pure and simple and not suited to road racing. I refer to the Wintons and the Dragons. Besides, I was in racing as a livelihood. I made a great deal more staying out of the early road races than I would have, had I been in them.

I drove cars at a mile-a-minute clip on rough dirt tracks in those days—and so did the other boys—that the average motorist of today would fear to drive thirty miles an hour on a concrete boulevard.

I never kept count of how many accidents I really had. There were scores of them. I got so I didn't call going through the fence an accident unless I got hurt going through or hurt someone on the other side. I have had cars smashed to splinters under me and have been pretty well ground up myself.

In looking back, it is hard to pick out any one particular spot in that seventeen years that stands out above the rest. At times I think the high spot was when I first drove old 999, and I guess it was. Still, there was the time when I first made a mile a minute—the first man in the world to do it on a circular or oval track. There was the thrill of defeating Alexander Winton, the world's record holder. Then there was that fast trip on the Florida beaches, when I drove the Benz 131.75 miles an hour; or that wild 1914 Cactus Derby. I got an awful kick out of the performance of the Golden Submarine, the car that was dubbed the Golden Lemon by some.

I almost forgot to tell what became of Tom Cooper. He was killed in a peculiar accident in New York. I think it was in 1906; maybe later.

Ben Kirschner, who worked for me when I had the Benz cars, was working in a garage near Seventy-second Street and Central Park, New York City. It was at

(Continued on Page 140)

Magic!

If you went away for several days, and left the house all shut up, SERVEL would welcome you home to fresh and tempting food

Milk, vegetables, fruit, desserts, iced drinks!

"Impossible!"—you say.

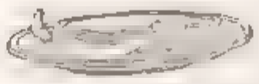
But read—and be convinced!

Model A2, *illustrated, is a complete self-contained* SERVEL *refrigerator. There are other sizes to meet all conditions; even to the smallest home or apartment. Commercial models of different type are made to furnish refrigeration equivalent to from one-third to one-half ton ice capacity.*

After a trip SERVEL *welcomes you*

Fill your SERVEL with perishable food before you leave for a trip, and when you return you will find it still fresh and ready for your first meal at home.

Butter neither too hard nor too soft for immediate table use, but kept just right in the evenly maintained temperature of the SERVEL.



Meat stays fresh for a long time in a SERVEL; not frozen, but kept so cold that flavor is at its best.

Milk and Cream keep sweet at least *two weeks* in a SERVEL refrigerator. SERVEL takes the doubt out of milk and cream, and your bills are lightened because no milk turns sour.

Vegetables. Though usually quick to wilt and spoil under ordinary conditions, are kept firm, fresh and appetizing in SERVEL.

Fresh Fruit, especially cantaloupes, grapefruit, oranges, berries and other

A great stride forward in Electric Refrigeration SERVEL

Refrigeration facts for the man who wants to know

MECHANICAL refrigeration has been in successful use in cold storage plants ever since Civil War days. Cities could scarcely get along without it; there would be summer surpluses and winter shortages of many of our staple foods.

The process of mechanical refrigeration is simple. A vapor is compressed until it becomes a liquid. This liquid, called the refrigerant, is piped to the cooling chamber which is located in the upper part of the refrigerator. There it enters a series of coils, and the pressure is released, allowing the liquid gradually to become again a vapor. The changing of the liquid to vapor abstracts heat from the atmosphere, leaving the refrigerator thoroughly chilled.

After this vapor has taken up a given quantity of heat, a temperature regulator automatically operates to feed to the cooling chamber a fresh supply of liquid refrigerant. The used vapor is then drawn back to the compressor to go through the same process once more. One charge of refrigerant lasts for years. This is the cycle of mechanical refrigeration.

"Electric Refrigeration" simply means that the compressor is driven by a small electric motor. Electric refrigeration is entirely automatic; the motor starts and stops itself at the proper time to keep the temperature of the refrigerator uniform. The motor does not run continuously, but only for a few moments at a time, at intervals of an hour or more.

Domestic electric refrigeration is a combination of three elements:

Mechanical refrigeration, which has been in commercial use for 60 years, the electric motor, a familiar friend for more than 30 years and more recently developed automatic temperature control devices which turn the motor on and off as required.

SERVEL combines these three elements with certain outstanding advantages in the refrigerant and automatic controls that are used, as briefly explained in the column at the right.

The construction of SERVEL is simplified, improved and perfected.

In short, SERVEL has earned its right to leadership by its scientific construction, its mechanical perfection, and its record of performance in thousands of American homes during the past four years.

The SERVEL line is complete, furnishing machines and complete refrigerators to meet the needs of homes, yachts, stores, butcher shops, ice-cream parlors, soda fountains, delicatessen stores, florist shops, country clubs and estates, small hotels—or any other use requiring refrigeration up to one-half ton ice capacity.

SERVEL is now sold and serviced from coast to coast.

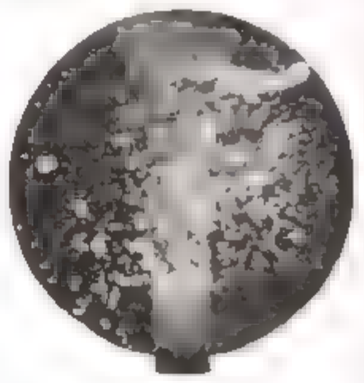
Complete information about SERVEL will be sent upon request

THE SERVEL CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street, New York City

THE two most important elements in a successful refrigeration system are the refrigerant used, and simple, reliable regulating devices.

SERVEL has *exclusive* advantages in both refrigerant and automatic control.

SERVEL uses an intensely cold, harmless refrigerant, with a temperature under normal pressure of 10 degrees below zero, so cold that a little of it poured into water forms ice instantly. The liquid is harmless and has no offensive odor. It is also noncorrosive, and will not attack metal to cause leaks.



This extremely cold refrigerant produces food-preserving temperature quickly and economically.

Simple, sturdy, automatic control devices

SERVEL is entirely automatic and self-regulating. Outside of an occasional oiling, you do not have to go near the mechanism. It uses very little electric current, because the motor is automatically turned on for a few moments when needed, and then shut off. There is no delicate thermostat, and there are no wires inside the refrigerator.

The cooling tank—"ice that never melts"

Placed in the ice compartment of a refrigerator, this tank has compartments where freezing temperature is maintained constantly. In these compartments you place trays filled with pure drinking water, to make ice cubes for table use. And you can also "cook" with the intense cold, preparing many tasty meat and vegetable dishes, as well as frozen desserts.

The compressor equipment

Consists of a small motor of standard make, a *twin-cylinder* pump, and a series of coils in which the vapor is condensed.

In the complete SERVEL refrigerators, this equipment is concealed in the base, and it takes up little room.

SERVEL equipment can also be bought separately with the cooling tank unit, for installation in connection with your present refrigerator. The compressor can be placed in an out-of-the-way corner of the basement, attic, or garage. The cooling tanks are made in a range of nine sizes, to fit various sizes of refrigerator ice compartments.

home to tempting food

perishables, keep a surprisingly long time in the dry, crisp, cold of SERVEL. Chilled and ready to serve at a moment's notice.

Cubes of Ice, from 60 to 100 cubes, frozen from pure drinking water. Plenty for beverages, and for making two quarts of ice cream in a freezer.

Frozen Desserts. The freezing compartment simplifies preparing frappes, mousses, sherbets, etc. No packing in ice and salt. Put them in SERVEL to freeze; take them out ready to serve.

V E L

THE SERVEL CORPORATION
17 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

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"I've learned to play it -so can you"

"Cum'on fellows! Don't be bashful! It's easy to play a Buescher. I learned the scale in an hour and I was playing all the popular tunes in just a week after I got my

BUESCHER True Tone SAXOPHONE

"Talk about fun! Since I learned to play my Sax, life has been one round of pleasure. I'm invited to every party. It's great to be popular."

You Can Do It

Most anyone can learn to play the Buescher Saxophone. 3 lessons free give you a quick easy start. You can pick it up yourself and later get a teacher if you wish to make it your profession.

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Try a Buescher, any instrument you choose, in your own home. Six Days FREE. Surely this is a most liberal offer. It places you under no obligation. We take the risk. If you like the instrument and decide to keep it, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Get the details of this wonderful plan. Clip the coupon below. Send it for the free literature. Send it today.

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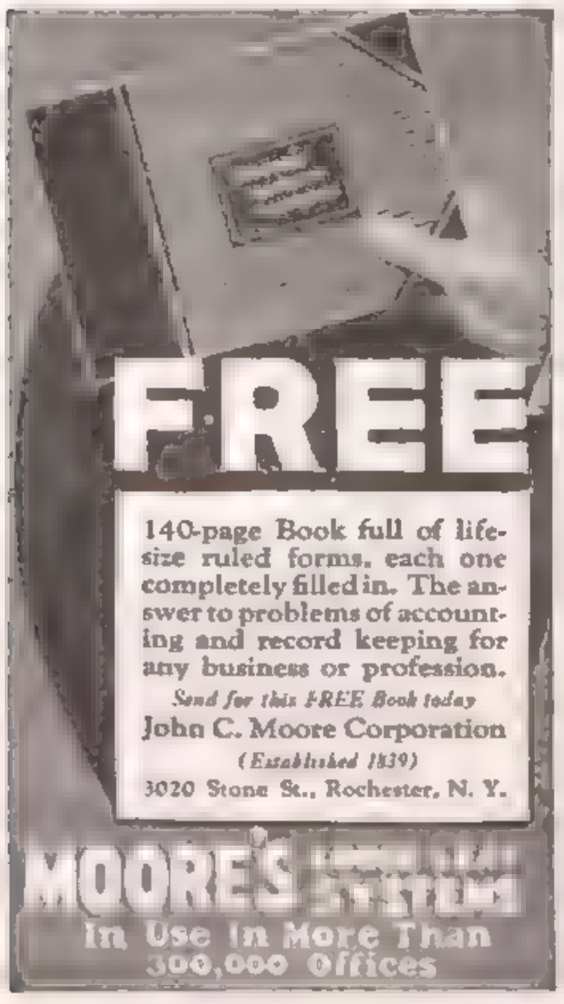
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(Continued from Page 137)

night and a call came in for someone to take five gallons of gas to a stranded car over in the Park. Kirschner started out with the five-gallon can. Rushing out of the garage, he was crossing a street, when he was almost run down by Cooper, who was driving along in a touring car at a fast clip, while racing with another car. Ben didn't notice Cooper until he was right on him. He dropped the five-gallon can and sprang back. Cooper hit the can with a front wheel. The impact jerked the steering wheel out of his hand and the car got away from him and turned over.

I thought I had learned a good deal about tires during my racing career, so I went into the tire-making business in 1919. I am out of that now. I made hundreds of thousands of dollars in the racing game. I invested some of that money as wisely as I knew, with the help of friends. I am not a rich man, as riches go today. But while still on the sunny side of fifty, I have enough so that I don't need to worry about tomorrow. I have plenty of friends and I like to mingle with them. I love the outdoors. I have made fifty or sixty cross-country pleasure trips from coast to coast. There is nothing I like better than to get out in the open behind the steering wheel. There is something in the smell of the sand and the sagebrush of the desert that gets me. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't take a car and beat it for the hills and the desert at any time I take a notion.

I have been talking of speed so much that I suppose I should not fail to mention present-day speed.

This Year's Records

In February, 1919, Ralph De Palma took a Special Packard Model 2 airplane motored car, the 905, with a motor several times the size of that used in a stock car, and covered a measured mile on the Florida beaches at the rate of 149.87 miles an hour. This record was not to stand for long.

In April, 1920, Tommy Milton went down to the Florida beaches and made an officially timed straightaway mile beach record of 156.04 miles an hour, with a specially motored Duesenberg Special car. This motor also was much larger than the standard stock car of the same name.

Big-league racing of today is conducted on mile, mile-and-an-eighth and mile-and-a-quarter steeply banked board tracks at Altoona, Pennsylvania, Culver City, California, Laurel, Maryland, Fresno, California, and Charlotte, North Carolina; also on the two-and-a-half-mile brick speedway at Indianapolis. The board speedways are oval in shape and are banked as much as forty-eight degrees on the ends. This makes them very fast. Races are run on these board speedways up to 250 miles. The record for a 250-mile race was held at the time this article was written by Tommy Milton. In the Washington's Birthday race at the Culver City track in February, 1925, Milton piloted his Miller Special racing car the 250 miles at an average speed of 126.88 miles an hour. For shorter distances on the same track the record has been much higher. Harry Hartz, driving a Miller Special in April, 1925, won a fifty-mile race at an average speed of 135.2 miles an hour. Single laps have been turned on this track in practice at a speed of more than 138 miles an hour.

Conditions at the Indianapolis track are such that they demand driving skill and car stamina, as well as speed. The track was built with this idea in view. Consequently, instead of two great ends with uniform curving, the track is four-cornered, with four short curves and a short straightaway between the two corners that go to make up each end. This cuts down the average speed, but it makes for thrilling racing.

The highest average for the 500 mile race at Indianapolis was made this year, when Pete De Paolo won in a Duesenberg Special at 101.13 miles an hour. Were this race cut to 250 miles to correspond with the others, the average might mount to 105 miles, but hardly more than that. In addition, though the board tracks are comparatively smooth, the Indianapolis track is famous as being the roughest racing course in the world.

All organized racing in America is conducted under the auspices of the American Automobile Association. The plan is something like organized baseball. The A. A. A. has control of all the big tracks and licenses the drivers, mechanics and officials. Under the Three-A direction, each big race must have a total prize money equal to $100 a mile of racing and the money must be in the hands of the Three-A representatives to protect the drivers, though frankly this precaution is more of a safeguard than an actual necessity at present.

Racing cars today cost from $10,000 to $12,500, depending on the number of spare parts bought. These little cars are all engined with eight-cylinder-in-a-row motors. The cars are built with a low center of gravity and a minimum weight of 1400 pounds. The American Automobile Association dictates the piston displacement

Racing cars on the big time no longer carry a riding mechanician. As the piston displacement has been reduced there has been a cry for reduction in the size of the car, for decreased wind resistance and for reduced weight to be carried. Since May 1, 1923, the cars have been single seaters and there probably never will be a return to the two-man cars of other years.

"Big-league racing" is a term used to describe the races sponsored by the A. A. A. In addition to these, there are hundreds of races held yearly on the mile and half-mile dirt tracks of the country. The cars used in these races are largely those that have outlived their usefulness on the big time, or else they are hopped-up small stock cars stripped down to the barest details for racing. There is quite a trade in the United States in the making of racing chassis and motor heads for the small racers, which are in large degree Fords or Ford derivatives. Some of these little cars are very fast—some of them have even participated in the big Indianapolis race, winning as high as fifth place. From the ranks of the brave boys who flirt with death on the half-mile and mile dirt tracks come the big-league drivers of the paved speedways.

Fanless Cars

A famous fiction writer wrote a motor racing story for a monthly magazine a year or so ago. In it he had his hero receive a bonus from the maker of the fan with which his car was equipped. Racing cars do not carry fans. A car going at such speed gets better cooling if the air is permitted to rush through the radiator and on to the motor unrestricted, rather than be delayed in transmission by the blades of a fan. A fan on a racing car would cause the motor to get so hot it would "freeze up" before it had gone fifty miles.

I have promised myself and some friends that I will go with them on a trip around the world next spring. I wonder if I shall. I have never been off the American continent; have never had any big urge to go to foreign parts.

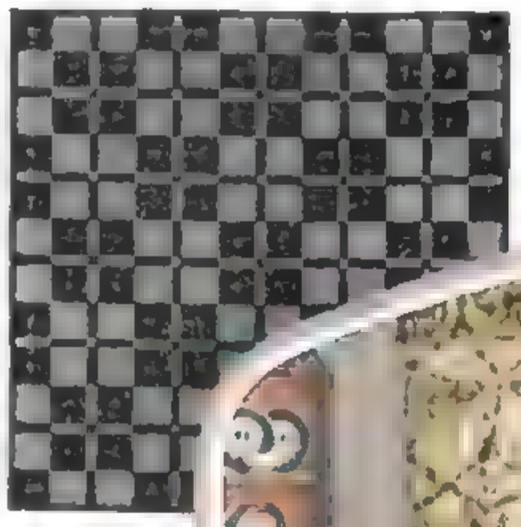
Maybe when the time comes to pack up for a world trip I'll change my mind and just throw some old clothes into the touring car and hike out for the desert and the mountains and the wonderful cañons and painted scenery that are to be found in some of the Western states.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. Oldfield.

Mount Edith Cavell, as Seen From Lac Beauvert, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

A Pattern Floor gives this room a New Personality

Installed quickly—easy to clean—springy to walk on—should last a lifetime



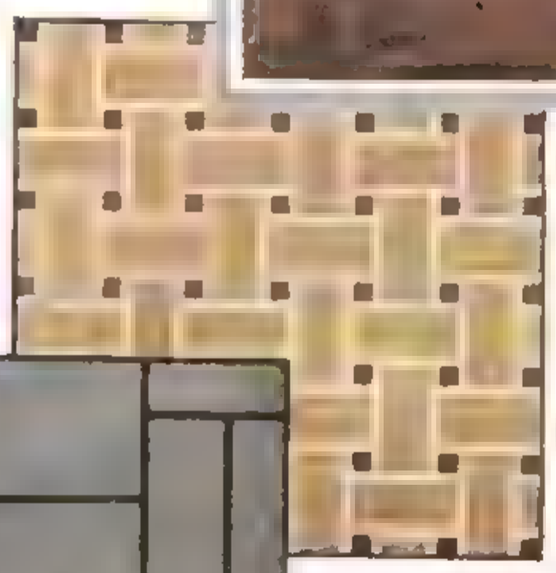
The sunshiny floor in this breakfast room is Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum No. 3147. At the right is Armstrong's Jaspé No. 19. The inlaid pattern at the left is No. 5431.

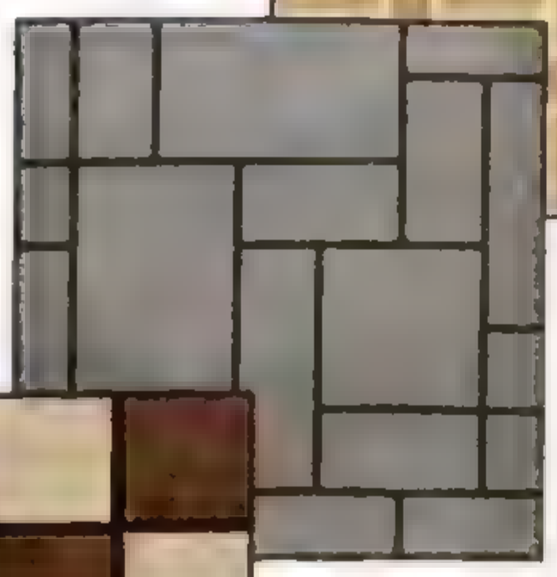
A FLOOR of pattern and color can transform a room. It can make the somber living-room gay. It can add an impressive dignity to the little hall. It can give satisfying beauty to any room in the house that it seemed "simply nothing could be done with."

Decorators say floors must be more than something to place rugs and furniture upon. They must relate to the room as a woman's shoes relate to her costume. And today floors can be chosen to carry out the decorative note of any type of room. For today in the many new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum you can select floors of color and pattern that are formal or gay, subdued or brightly colorful—whatever keynote of color the spirit of a room demands.

This breakfast room, for instance—

Try to imagine the breakfast room pictured at the right without its ruddy, gleaming floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum (Handcraft Tile No. 3147). This room's real personality lies in its floor, in its bright pattern that seems to lure the early-morning sun. And, many years from now, the sunlight will reveal this same floor with its charm undimmed, unchanged by time and constant wear. Why? Because the pattern goes clear through to the tough burlap back. Because when firmly cemented down over a lining of builders' deadening felt, Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum becomes a permanent floor that never needs refinishing.





A few of the many new colorings and designs in Armstrong's Linoleum now on display at local stores are shown here. Above, to the right you see printed pattern No. 5296. In the center is one of the quaint Dutch tile designs, No. 3041.

The tile design at the left (Pattern No. 8085), is only one of many attractive effects now offered in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, inexpensive, yet extremely long-wearing.

If you are planning to redecorate any room in your house, or if you have old floors that you would like to make over into lovely new ones, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. An experienced decorator will answer your letter and suggest color schemes for any room or rooms you describe. This service is free.

A new book for home planners

"Floors, Furniture, and Color" was written by Agnes Foster Wright, an authority on decoration. This valuable book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 856 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 29)

The photographs were all inscribed to Cousin Wiley, and Jane thought his circle of acquaintances most enviable.

"Just a few souvenirs," he called to her.

"Such lovely ladies," said Jane. "This one without a skirt on looks like an actress."

"One of the most charming," he told her, ruffling his golden pendants of beard.

"Oh, and you have a clock that's going!" she exclaimed, making this welcome discovery. "There are such a lot of clocks in the house, and they never go; and here this one is going. How nice!"

"I make Chong wind it," he told her. "I like to know every morning just the moment the board opens."

"Of course," said Jane cordially. "And all those other clocks don't have any boards to open."

He laughed.

"You're such a bully little frisk," he told her. "Come again soon."

As she moved to the door she was pleasantly aware that Chong still regarded her with a fearsome wonder. She had impressed him. And Cousin Wiley, half reclining so splendidly there on his bed—but it wasn't a mere bed; more like a throne, with the sunlight pouring over it. Cousin Wiley was like a king she had read of in a fairy story; a good king that a wicked fairy had put a spell on. She rejoiced to feel ownership in him. At the door she curtsied deeply. Perhaps she would be the one to lift that evil enchantment.

"You've made me feel better than any day since they stopped pumping on the Comstock," he called to her as she went.

At last she had found understandable warm life in that bleak house; it could no longer make her afraid, chill her with hints of ghostly presences wandering its silent halls or skulking furtively in the big still rooms. If the house winked at her again, she would wink back. Remembering Cousin Wiley, she would laugh at it. He was strong and warm; he was giving her a home and pretty soon when he was in the saddle again, when the spell was lifted and he leaped from his bed to put on those splendid clothes and the kingly glittering hat, he would send her back to school. And now she didn't want this to be too soon. School wasn't nearly perfect. She wondered if Cousin Wiley mightn't let her stay there with him for a while, even after he got into the saddle again. She saw him riding gayly over mountain tops on a noble white horse, laughing loudly, his hat shining in the sun like a crown.

She brought this exciting picture along the hall to the door of the room where she had last night seen that queer Sarah dancing. Rather patronizingly now, she stepped inside to find herself in an immense high-ceilinged parlor. She knew it must be a parlor from its size and the stately elegance of its fittings. Its furniture was dark and heavy and forbiddingly arranged. This was not a room to be played in, though there was a relenting hint of festival in the great crystal chandelier that hung from the center of the ceiling and widened above a dark table with carved heavy legs and a top of polished white marble. The multitude of crystals seemed to hold all the light in the room.

In the center of the table beneath was a lovely thing—water lilies under a globe of glass that fitted down around them. Their white petals and green leaves seemed to float in water that reflected them, but Jane knew this to be a mirror cunningly contrived. She would have liked to lift the globe and finger those perfect petals; but did not dare, because she felt that the room was frowning at her. She must behave nicely and pretend that she didn't want to touch the least thing, though she was again under temptation when she found the bowl of fruit on a small table with spindled legs against the wall. It was richly colored fruit—apples, pears, peaches and a bunch of perfect grapes—but none of it real, Jane knew. It was all too perfect, and her fingers hovered itchingly above it; but directly over this fascinating thing, on the wall papered with pink and yellow roses, hung the sharp-eyed portrait of someone who, she was sure, would like to have things not touched. He didn't frown exactly; but his bearded face, staring from the gold frame, was serious and watchful.

At one end of the room was a high mantel of carved white marble, like the top of the center table; and above, reaching almost to the lofty ceiling, a broad expanse of mirror in a gold frame. She was not tall enough to see herself in this, but she could see the lifelike reflection of the beautiful chandelier. A little self-consciously—there were other watchful portraits in gold frames on the walls—she crossed to the mantel and ran a hand over its carving. Here, too, was a clock that didn't go; a clock of the same white marble, darkly veined, and surmounted by a mounted knight all in golden armor, with a lance of gold. The spirited horse was poised for a leap into space, its forelegs daintily curved. Perhaps Cousin Wiley in the saddle would be more like this, with a drawn visor and a threatening gold lance for that San Francisco stock exchange.

The gold hands had stopped side by side on some remote noon or midnight. She reached up to touch the horse respectfully, then noticed beside the clock a three-cornered strip of glass. It seemed to lie carelessly there, not having been placed with intention, so she felt free to pick it up. She saw it was one of the crystals fallen from the big chandelier and held it to her eyes. Instantly the dulled light of the room burst into a blaze of color as she faced the window. It was much better than a rainbow; it was like being exactly inside a rainbow, Jane thought. This thing was too useful to let go. She put it quickly into the pocket of her dress. There were such a lot of them left on the chandelier, and probably someone had meant to throw this one away. By taking it she was really making the parlor neater. But perhaps it was just as well not to stay there any longer just at this time.

She did pause again, however, before what she recognized as the music box to which Sarah had danced. Around the edge of its lifted cover ran a procession of golden cupids dancing as they held up a festoon of flowers. And under the glass top was—machinery, Jane called it; its outstanding feature being a long golden cylinder that bristled with dark spines. She wondered how music could come from that. It didn't look at all as music sounded. She gingerly touched a protruding knob at one end of the box, first noting that she was close to the door; the golden cylinder became alive, and as it slowly revolved the little high ripples of music sharply sounded. Somewhat aghast the portraits now all eyed her sternly and even the heavy chairs and sofas seemed to frown she touched the knob again to quiet the thing. But the sharp little tune ran on, and she quickly stepped into the hall through the doorway so happily at hand.

Then the music stopped itself with a little decisive chord. She wondered if everyone in the house had heard it, but no one came running to reprove her. She would go in there again sometime, she thought—perhaps find out what the fruit and the lilies were made of. But just now she would go quickly out of the house. She opened the big front door, though it protested with squeaks and groans as if disaccustomed to this, and stood under the columned portico to hold the astonishing piece of glass to her eyes. The light blazed through it and she was again standing directly in a beautiful rainbow, one more dazzling of color than the parlor had shown.

When she tired of this enchanting color play, she put the glass at the bottom of her pocket, her handkerchief over it, and walked out into the curve of the graveled driveway that ran among flowering shrubs and the untended flower beds. There were weeds in the driveway itself, and in the ragged beds flowers were being smothered by the rank growth of grass. Jane swept the scene with critical eyes. The gardener wasn't keeping up his work; this wasn't at all like the precise order of the Vrain garden, where not even one weed was allowed. Those shrubs and borders needed trimming to bring them up to the Vrain elegance.

She went thoughtfully down the overgrown drive to where it issued through a gateway to the rutted dirt road. The gate was in two halves that had stood open a long time, sagging limply back among weeds that had overgrown them. They were built of pickets like the fence that flanked them, once painted white, but now weathered to a dull gray. Here and there pickets were broken or missing. The posts of the gateway were lofty and elaborate with wooden ornaments; but they, too, were dingy for want of paint, and one of them leaned dangerously outward. This, again, was different from the school, where the gates were of iron and the posts of stone, with ivy climbing over them.

She turned to look back at the house and it seemed to her all at once that it was shrinking in behind its trees and shrubs. It, too, had been white once; but was now weathered gray like the fence, and the two high-peaked gables Jane could see wore the same sour expression she had remarked in the one that winked at her, only the eyes of these gables were tight shut under dull green blinds.

"That old house is ashamed; it doesn't want to be looked at because its face is dirty," thought Jane.

It seemed to her that it wanted the trees to grow taller and the shrubs thicker, so it couldn't be seen at all in its poor shabbiness. On its very summit, however, was a cupola that kept a little air of triumph. It was thickly adorned with wooden lacework and its many windows were uncurtained. It seemed to stare roundabout itself with lofty unconcern, not ashamed of anything.

"Some day I shall climb up there and look right out of its windows and see everything in the world," thought Jane.

She went back up the driveway, conscious now of liking the flowers better, even if they were being smothered by grass and weeds. They were so much younger than the house, and didn't look discouraged and shabby and ashamed. There were gorgeous opening tulips of a rich scarlet with yellow centers, and purple iris and brazen marigolds; a clump of white lilac, heavily flowered, sent its perfume far out.

Before the entrance to the house was a circular stone fountain with two little naked boys in marble stretching up on tiptoes from its center to peer over the edge of a small basin, one on each side. But their distorted faces were gray and old and seemed unhappy from their effort. The basin they stood in was moss-grown and half full of stagnant discolored water and rotting stems of plants. She could see small wriggling creatures in the water, and there were probably snakes, so Jane left the place. The fountain looked even older than the house, though not ashamed, because it had no eyes. She wondered why the Tedmon gardener didn't do his work better. Miss Vrain wouldn't stand any nonsense of that sort from the school gardener.

She followed the drive about the corner of the house, went past the door she had first entered, and came to the back, where she was pleased to observe less neglect. To one side was a barn, beyond this a vegetable garden with near rows of growing things; and still beyond it was an orchard of gnarled old trees looking curiously young under their pink and white blossoms. Jane liked this better than the front of the house. And the barn made her laugh. It had tried so hard to be like the house, with gables and spires, and even a cupola at the top; but it couldn't hide that it was only a barn. Still, it seemed more cheerful than the house. There were kittens running in and out of its open front door and a dog asleep in the sun beside it; from somewhere came the noise of chickens, cacklings and boastful crows.

The garden itself was cheerful in its trimness after the careless overgrowth in front. As she went forward a figure erected itself from far down among the vegetable plots and she saw it was Seth Hacker, who came toward her. He was dingily dressed in overalls and a rough shirt open at the neck, its sleeves rolled up his brown arms.

"Hello, pardner," he greeted her.

"So you're the gardener?" she demanded. He considered.

"Well, yes and no."

Jane hesitated. If it was only half yes, perhaps she shouldn't tell him about all those things in front that needed attention.

"You're a Starbird, all right," remarked Seth, studying her; "but you got your ma's same kind of hair—sort of washed out."

"Miss Belding says I am an ash blonde," Jane firmly told him; then added, to establish the worth of her authority, "She was our drawing teacher." She hadn't greatly minded when yesterday he called her bony, but her hair was surely not washed out. It was that way to start with.

"Drawing teachers, and all other kinds, I bet you!" Mr. Hacker plainly recognized that he was no hair expert. "Geography and arithmetic and all such."

"Arithmetic—I simply loathe it," Jane said feelingly.

"Me, too," he offered her his moral support. "I read once in a book that folks that have what you might term any real talents always hate arithmetic. It's nothing against 'em. Might set here," pushing an empty crate toward her. "Of course, I didn't have any educational institution like that one of yours, with women and girls underfoot all over the place and coming to grin at you. I went to the old Swift Run schoolhouse and got as far as Federal money and the single rule of three—no farther. History, now, it's very instructive, I consider. Did they learn you lots of that?"

"To be sure—history; but it's such a trouble to remember dates. I know when Columbus sailed, though."

"And Cleopatry? I suppose you learned all about her carryings on." He leaned to select a grass stem for chewing.

"No, I dare say we've not taken up Cleopatra; I don't remember that."

"Oh, hadn't come to her yet," he agreed easily. "Well, she was Queen of Egypt—and a gay one, I want to tell you. They called her the sarpint of the Nile and she just carried on with one man after another. Of course, they was all historical characters," he conceded, as if in extenuation.

"Carried on?" questioned Jane.

"Well, flirting and all such. She was certainly indiscreet for a queen; what history says about her is a-plenty, I want to tell you. Then at the last she got herself bit by a poisonous reptile and suicided till life was extinct. You'll see when you get over into the back of the book. They was certainly exciting times, all them years when history was going on," he concluded.

"Yes, indeed," said Jane. Then, with livelier interest, as she looked over toward the barn door—"I see you have some kittens."

"We're always having kittens." He spoke without enthusiasm.

"Oh," cried Jane, "do you think I could take one for my own?"

He eyed her gravely.

"I shouldn't wonder if I could manage that little thing for you," he said at last.

(Continued on Page 147)

On Mountain roads as on the Motor Check HAVOLINE OIL is *power*

Read this interesting letter about the parson and his power-oil. While a hundred thousand car owners have tested the power of Havoline on the Wasson Motor Check, millions of users all over the country have been proving that same power in their own cars.

Indian Refining Company, Inc.,
Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

You have heard of the man who "walked a mile for a camel," but list to the tale herein set out of the man, and by the way he was no less than a minister of the gospel presiding over a little parish away up in the mountains north of Creekside, who braved the perils of unimproved Pennsylvania roads in the dead of winter to get a crankcase full of Havoline oil.

I had closed up shop for the day and was comfortably seated before a great fire with pity in my heart for the "sailors on a night like this," etc., when I was disturbed by a commotion intermingled with loud honkings of a familiar horn. Investigation disclosed the most begrimed specimen of the well known flivver I have seen. Emerging from the contraption was the parson, mud from head to foot, indicating a roadside struggle with faulty chains.

"I want four quarts of Havoline oil and it might interest you to know that I've driven eleven miles to get it," quoth the pastor, "it's the Power Oil for me and has been for ten years. She won't run right on anything else and believe me I'll need that extra punch to get back up the mountain tonight!"

I filled his car with Havoline as directed, and then when he wasn't looking slipped an extra gallon can in his back seat for his trouble. Is it any wonder that I'm an enthusiastic Havoline dealer?

Very truly yours,

J. A. Johnston

89 cars in one day

at Greenville, South Carolina, were tested for horse-power with Havoline—the power-oil.

All day long, bumper to bumper, they went over the Motor Check—a surprising demonstration of public interest in an idea—the idea that "oil is more than oil, it is power."

Wherever these demonstrations have been given the town has gone Havoline and stayed Havoline. Once a man sees the power of his engine measured and feels the difference, he stays sold.

But you don't need a Motor Check test to prove that Havoline has the stuff. Find the man who sells it; have him drain your crankcase and fill up with the right grade of this fine motor oil. You will never know your power until you try it.

Havoline by the single quart sells for 30c. Slightly higher in southern states, the far west and Canada

To local oil companies—

in 44 states, Havoline's new distributor policy offers exclusive sales rights, established local trade, and exclusive use of the Wasson Motor Check and the "Motor-n-All" system of complete lubrication—protected by long-term contract.

For the first time you can take on a nationally advertised, widely demanded motor oil, and make it your own.

We won't take your customers away from you after you have successfully built up business, because exclusive territory can be had for a period of years.

You know what the response has been to the Havoline Oil-Power tests. This new Havoline franchise brings you into the picture!

Write or wire for open territory.

Rotary Lift

This advanced type of grease rack is part of Havoline's new and proved system of complete lubrication—

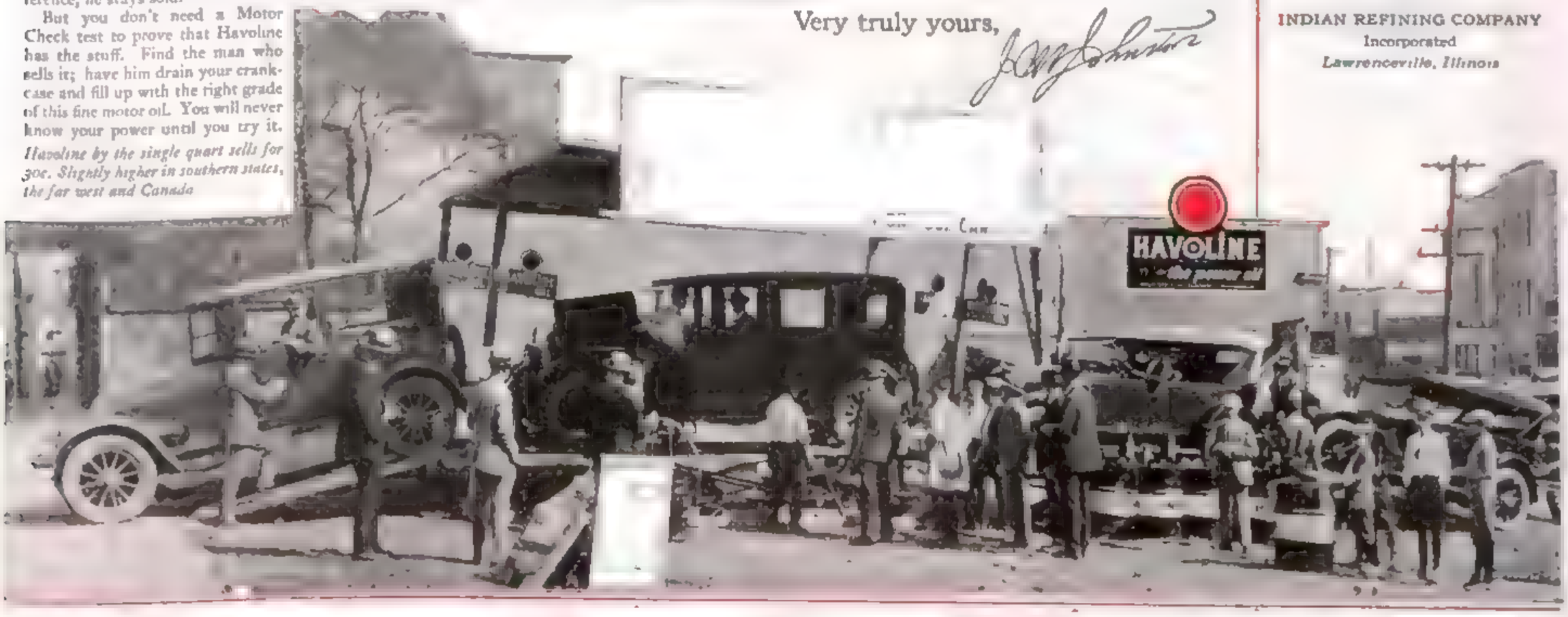
"Motor-n-All"

—chassis, wheels, springs, differential, transmission, motor and all *at a flat rate.*

"Motor-n-All," a new word today; tomorrow it will be the name of the most profitable service rendered by any filling station or garage.

Another Havoline merchandising success. It comes with the new exclusive franchise. Ask for details and record of results in our own service stations.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Illinois



BULOVA

"Aristocrat of Beauty—

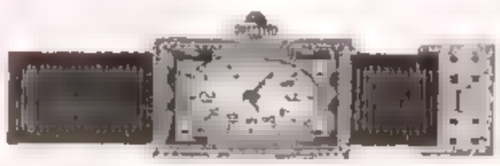
Why the Watchmaker put Jewels in Your Watch

"IT is a costly watch with 17 jewels"—how often have you heard that expression. So frequently has it been used that people have come to judge a watch by its jewels.

Jewels are not used in a watch to add to its beauty, its cost. They perform a definite function as important as a hair spring, as necessary as a dial.

Your watch is a piece of machinery. It has points at which there is friction, orderly friction, all the time. Science teaches us that metal meeting metal must inevitably wear away. For this reason, the watchmaker has put a jewel at each important point. For a fine jewel can receive friction without wear for years—for generations.

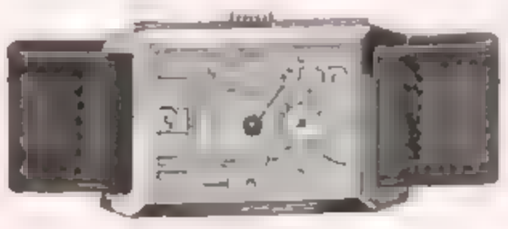
DU BARRY
18 kt. solid white gold, platinum top; set with 12 diamonds and 12 sapphires, 17 jewel..... $175.00



EVANGELINE
18 kt. solid white gold, platinum top; set with 4 diamonds and 12 sapphires; 17 jewel..... $125.00

JEANNE
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved, 15 jewel..... $50.00
Bulova Quality, 15 jewel..... $40.00

MERMAID
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved, 15 jewel..... $40.00
Bulova Quality, 15 jewel..... $35.00



COMMONWEALTH
14 kt. solid gold, radium dial, 17 jewel..... $60.00
Bulova Quality, radium dial, 17 jewel..... $37.50

SENATOR
14 kt. solid gold, hand carved, radium dial, 17 jewel $75.00
Bulova Quality white or green, radium dial, 17 jewel $37.50

Ask to see these beautiful watches

WATCHES

"Autocrat of Time"

BUT there is variation in the quality of jewels. Those in each Bulova movement are highly polished, perfectly shaped. The tiny pivot that plays within each one revolves freely without friction.

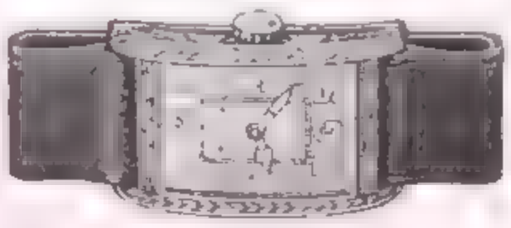
Yet a jewel does not contribute to the perfection of a movement. It simply makes a perfect movement endure—thus we come to the movement in each Bulova Watch.

Here is a tribute to the watchmaker's art—centuries of effort symbolized in a single timepiece.

No matter how small the model—or how thin—the task of "driving" the movement is so beautifully distributed that it keeps time without loss of power, throughout the years; the tiniest Bulova Watch made to grace a lady's wrist has the endurance of a Bulova made for a gentleman's pocket.

Learn the joy of a perfect timepiece, always obedient to the truth. Today visit your jeweler. Ask him to show you his collection of Bulova Watches. Let your taste take care of the style. The name Bulova on the dial will take care of the movement.

Bulova Watch Company • *Since 1875* • Fifth Ave. • New York



President
14 kt. solid gold, hand carved, radium dial, 17 jewel..... $85.00
Bulova Quality, radium dial, 17 jewel $55.00

Banker
14 kt. solid gold, radium dial, 17 jewel.....$50.00
Bulova Quality, white or green, radium dial, 15 jewel $28.50

Antoinette
Solid platinum set with 16 diamonds and 12 sapphires, 17 jewel $300.00

Eileen
18 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires set in platinum; 17 jewel $75.00

Velsa
14 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved, 15 jewel movement..... $40.00
15 jewel Bulova Quality $35.00

Patria
14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved, 15 jewel..... $37.50
Bulova Quality, 15 jewel. $28.50

at the better jewelers in your city

Of importance to all mothers of bottle-fed babies

An advertisement to show to your physician

Is your baby's milk *safe?* That is your daily concern—your constant anxiety. Is your baby's milk *nourishing?* The upbuilding of that little body is your absorbing interest.

Two vitally important questions! Two reasons why you should know the *facts* about that unquestionably safe and nourishing milk—Carnation Milk.

Carnation is not a "baby food" in the ordinary sense. And it does not pretend to be superior to mother's milk. It is simply cow's milk—clean, fresh, rich milk from fine herds—with part of the natural water content evaporated away.

The double-rich remainder is sealed in airtight cans and *sterilized*. All germs and bacteria are destroyed. And the pure, fresh milk is kept safe from contamination until the can is opened.

Only water is removed. *All the vital elements remain.* The food value is all there—butter fat, with its growth-promoting vitamins, for fuel; protein for building tissues; carbohydrates for energy; and minerals for the bones and teeth.

Nothing is added. Carnation Milk is *unsweetened.* You should be careful not to confuse it with sweetened "condensed" milk.

* *

Any diet calling for cow's milk, whole or modified, may be satisfied with Carnation Milk—not merely occasionally, in emergencies, but all the time.

Babies are properly and safely nourished by it. They take to it kindly, easily digesting the fine soft curd which it forms. And they are protected by its *controlled uniformity* from the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality.

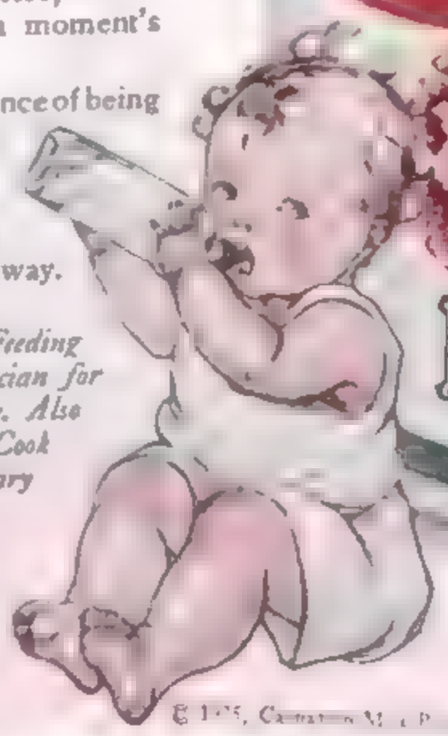
* *

Think of the comfort of knowing that there is such safe, nourishing milk; that you can get it anywhere, at any season; and that you can take it anywhere, traveling or visiting, with never a moment's worry!

And think, too, of the convenience of being able to use the same good milk for cooking and in place of cream! Really, you must try Carnation—or you can't begin to realize how fine it is in every way.

* *

Write for *the Carnation Infant Feeding Chart: then consult your physician for the correct formula for your baby. Also let us send you the Carnation Cook Book. It contains 100 of Mrs. Mary Blake's best recipes. It's free.*



CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
932 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
1032 Stuart Building, Seattle • New York • Aylmer, Ont.

"From Contented Cows"

© 1925, Carnation Milk Products Company

(Continued from Page 142)

"Oh, how nice! We had kittens at school, but Thomas had to keep them in the carriage house. If you took even one into the house you got scolded and put out."

"Shucks!" said Seth. "I knew that school wasn't any good. Kittens? I should think you could have a kitten—kittens on every hand as far as the eye can reach—and no one to make you trouble. Come over here and take your pick." She followed him to the barn.

"How'd you make out so far?" he asked suddenly.

"It's such a funny old house."

"The mansion of aching hearts," intoned Seth Hacker mournfully.

Jane was puzzled by this.

"Cousin Wiley's heart doesn't ache," she declared. "Last night I was awful lonesome. I'd have been afraid if I wasn't too big a girl to be. But this morning I'm not lonesome, because Cousin Wiley is so"—she hesitated for the word—"so young," she put it.

"Young? He's a year older than Marcy and two years older than me. He's fifty, that's what he is."

"Well, but he laughs young," insisted Jane.

"Sure! Even bedfast, he fronts up like a million."

"And he isn't going to stay in bed but a few days," Jane went on. "He's going to get up and be in the saddle. Do you suppose my kitten will get to know me before I go back to school?"

"Beyond the peradventure of a doubt," Seth answered.

But Jane was now among the five kittens that had gathered about her under the pleased regard of their mother.

"They're too young yet to be took away from the old lady," Seth explained. "About two weeks from now ——"

"They're all perfectly beautiful," said Jane; "but I like this yellow one with the blue eyes best, because it already knows me."

She stood up, holding it close, stroking it, letting it bite at a finger.

Leaning to peer inside the doorway, she saw carriages. There was a victoria, a covered buggy and an imposing black coach on heavy springs that had real doors to it. The victoria was quite as beautiful as the one Miss Vrain rode out in, and the coach was far more impressive. Seth opened a shiny door for her to see the richly cushioned interior.

"That's what the old dead-and-gone Tedmons used to ride in," he said. "Two span of horses dashing like mad over hill and vale. That there rig cost a round five thousand dollars, I bet you. But money wasn't money in them days—just something to cut capers with. And silver-mounted harness ——"

He directed Jane's glance to sets of harness behind glass doors. It seemed, indeed, to be profusely silver mounted.

"So you're partly the coachman?" said Jane.

"I'm partly a lot of things," he told her. He said it so wearily that she was glad she had refrained from warning him about the flower beds. "Want to go down with me for the mail?" he asked, brightening.

"Oh, yes!"

She hastily put down the kitten. It seemed at first that she ought to ask someone's permission, but she decided there was no one here to care. So they walked down the drive and out into the street that was lined with the tall poplars, all bending a little in the breeze. Jane saw ahead of them, as they turned, the figure of Marcy Tedmon stepping briskly along, stick in hand. He looked smaller than he had seemed the evening before. She pointed him out to her companion.

"You'd take your solemn oath he was going somewhere important in a great hurry," nodded Seth. "But he ain't. He simply ain't got nowhere to go. He'll put on that funny cap that's pointed both ways and grab his cane—button his coat on the hottest day—and bustle off like it was an errand. He'll be gone for hours; and when he hustles back he simply ain't been any place—just walking with his head in the air. He's one queer Tedmon. It come from living abroad in foreign climes, I guess, till the money give out. I've heard it said—you understand, I m only repeating what I been told—that he used to write this here poetry, stuff like you see in these little fancy-bound books. I don't know. I wouldn't want it repeated on my authority, but I know I caught him reciting something out loud one day when I come acrost him all alone over in Wild Horse Cañon. He looked foolish when he seen me bob up. A helpless coot, he is. Can't do a mortal thing with them slim-fingered hands of his. I wouldn't trust that man to hoe a simple hill of beans. And his mind sort of dribbles along from here to there. You wouldn't think his grand-folks had footed it plumb across this continent with an ox team; shot bears, fought redskins, lived from hand to mouth by main stren'th till they found the pay crack here."

Jane was less interested at the moment in Cousin Marcy than in the more immediate houses they were passing. Like the Tedmon place, they, too, seemed to shrink shyly back of their trees and shrubs; weathered white houses, mostly with faded green blinds, and looking as if all their clocks had stopped long ago. Still, there was a pleasant, sleepy peace about them as they basked in the sun amid their setting of green grass and old fruit trees alight with young blossoms. Jane began to have a feeling that she must walk softly and speak low. All the sounds that came to her were subdued; a rooster's crow, the lazy twittering of birds, the far-away tinkle of a cowbell, the call of a woman to a child—these seemed no louder than the whispering in the tops of the tall trees.

Even when they reached the business street this sleeping spell endured, the shops yawning drowsily back of their wooden porches, while the few souls abroad shuffled along in slow quiet, as if not to disturb them. The people Jane saw were all old, and no one laughed. She fell to wondering about old people. Why did everyone get old when she was so young? Why were they so different? Did they get to be old because they lived in old houses that went to sleep when their clocks stopped?

She was engaged in this agreeable wonder when they came to the post office, a shadowy little place with a glass wall of tiny numbered windows. From a breach in this wall a very old man looked out to regard them a moment, then gave them mail without a word. Back of the wall Jane could hear the quick, insistent ticking of a clock—of course, a post office would have to keep its clock going or their letters wouldn't come. There was a great deal of the Tedmon mail; it seemed to Jane that the old man back of the wall pushed it through the window with an air of relief. He was glad to be rid of it, she thought.

As they started back, Seth Hacker began an absorbing sorting of the letters; it appeared to be about half Hacker and half Tedmon mail. He handed the latter to Jane to carry, ten or twelve fat envelopes, long and short. They looked momentous, but Seth was surprisingly scornful about them.

"Circulars," he declared. "Just advertising circulars to entice a body to buy these here bonds and stocks and oil wells and securities and choice building lots and so forth. I often see 'em after Wiley's through with 'em, and that's all he gets. They're from people that still think he's got money. There's a few of us could tell 'em they're wasting their postage stamps."

Jane flew to the defense of Cousin Wiley.

"He'll buy a lot of all those things in a few days when he gets in the saddle again," she declared warmly. But she was impressed by the even superior bulk of Seth's mail, which he now importantly shuffled. "What lots of letters you have!"

She spoke with respect. He glanced down at her uneasily.

"Me? Huh! Well, mine is mostly circulars too. I get more circulars than any other man in Union Hill. Postmaster Jordan says so. If you write to people, they put you on their list. But mine is more interesting than stocks and bonds that's just plain gambling. Now you take this here one from a swell tailor in Chicago——" He unfolded a spreading sheet thickly illustrated with trim-figured males in perfectly fitting garments. "There now; there's a full evening dress suit, like Marcy wears to supper, for twenty-nine dollars; and it tells how to take your own measure for same. Of course, I wouldn't have much need for one; but I like to keep up with the times. And it says you can have a short coat for semidress. I wonder why should they go and call it semidress. Don't it sound half naked? I wouldn't take a chance on that. I'd rather get me this Scotch tweed business suit for eighteen dollars."

They both studied this suit as they went, and Jane especially admired the serenely confident gentleman who wore it.

"That would be fine to go to town in," said Seth; "but not any semidress for me. It sounds too much like you lost half your clothes in a poker game." He ran over his remaining envelopes. "Mostly medicine circulars," he remarked with a sigh. "Wizard Spine stuff and all that—only I don't ever have anything the matter with me. And I ought to of had a regular, genuine letter today—or at least a postal card. A man up the valley's wife is going to let me have a setting of choice turkey eggs. I should of heard from her by now. She says this kind don't perish if they get their feet wet." He stumbled on, glancing over another circular; then remarked, as an afterthought, "I tell you, little girl, this here family would just naturally fly to pieces if it didn't have a strong, reliable outside man to hold the joints together."

"Yes, sir," said Jane. "Are you him?"

"I'm him," said Seth, with an unction almost worshipful.

IV

LIFE in the old but not venerable house became a series of happy discoveries for Jane. Apparently she was free of all those long-shut rooms with their delightful musty closeness and their dark closets bursting with colorful spoil. She ranged on impulse from the cheerful lofty cupola, with its far view of all the world, to the vast dark cellar, with no view whatever; but with a labyrinth of stone-walled corridors, gloomy dungeonlike compartments, and a damp smell of moldering things that never failed to excite her with the feeling that she ought to be frightened down there, yet need not be.

The dungeons, she thought, were such fine places for locking a prisoner away where he could be forgotten by the lordly folk of the castle, and nothing found years later but the most frightful skeleton and inscriptions desperately scratched on the stone wall. She scanned the walls for inscriptions, but found none. Nor did she come on any skeletons, only shrunken, moldering potatoes or turnips. These, it is true, made her think of mummies, as Seth Hacker brought them out the day she helped him give the cellar its spring cleaning. But Seth was thorough, and left her no reason for supposing the cellar to contain any romantic souvenirs of evil secrets. It was an honest and admirable cellar, though damp, and would be merely an excellent place to play games in, if Shirley Farren were there—games about robbers or prisoners or young girls being carried off by bandits.

It did have one compartment with a padlocked iron bar across its stout door that might have been suggestive; but Seth Hacker said this was only the wine cellar that hadn't been opened since Cousin Wiley come back from his stroke. And probably no one would ever want to open it, because it would be about empty, anyhow. But in the old days, when the Tedmons cut capers with their money and had grand parties with fifty or sixty head of people from the city, all in velvet and diamonds, that door had been often opened and fine liquors took out of it for breakfast, dinner and supper

(Continued on Page 149)

Try to wear out a BUCK SKEIN!

Believe Me, it'll take you a few years!

Never was anything like Buck Skein, but I'll try to describe it. Velvety as fine dressed buckskin, yet tough as leather. *Guaranteed with a Bond* not to shrink, fade or scuff up in the tub. Boys who earn their salt in the open discovered Buck Skein. Now outdoor sportsmen are enjoying the warm comfort of the shirt and the jacket. If your dealer hasn't got Buck Skeins yet, mail me the coupon below and I'll see that you are supplied. Yours—

Buck Skein Joe

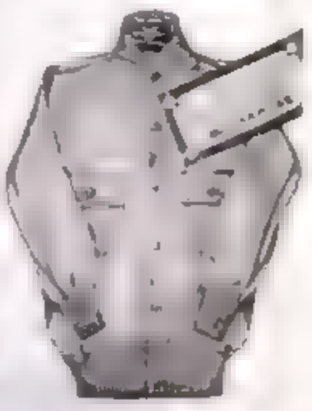
P.S. FREE: An actual "shot" of Tom Mix is yours for the asking.

The SHIRT *(pictured above)*

Big, roomy, coat-style; oversize, army style, buttoned flap pockets; double stitched seams; snug fit collar; the Tuxedo of Outdoor Shirts. Buck Skein Junior for boys, too.

The JACKET *(Illustrated here)*

Double weight Buck Skein—warm and roomy as an ulster. Cuts off biting wind like a brick wall. Elastic knit pure worsted collar, wristlets and bottom; oversize army style, buttoned flap pockets. Made also with regular shirt collar and adjustable cuffs. For men, women and children.



Buck Skein Joe, c/o Lauberg, Hunt & Co., Inc.
331 Broadway, New York City

See that I get — Check Here
A Buck Skein SHIRT at $4. ☐
A Buck Skein Jacket at $6.50 ☐
Neck band — Chest
Enclosed check ☐ or Money Order ☐
Send me Buck Skein Booklet ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

BUCK SKEIN
SHIRTS & JACKETS

Keeps Your Hair Neat— Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

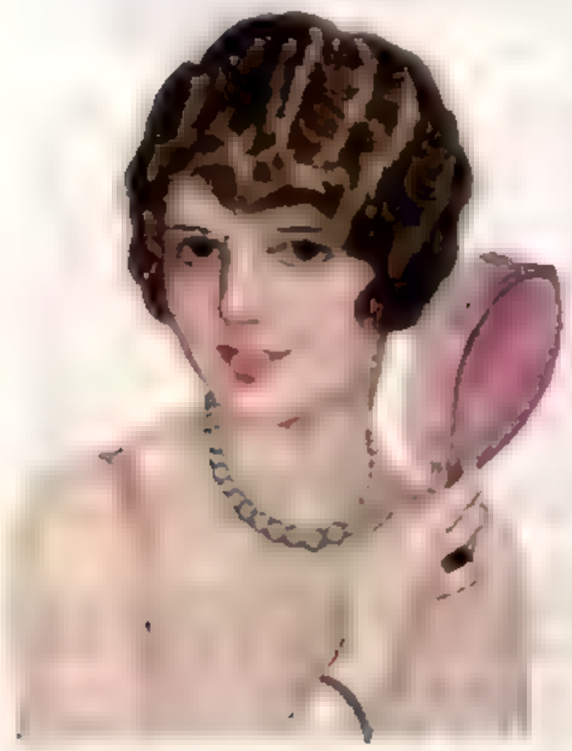
If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.



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(Continued from Page 147)

and dances and card parties, till you'd have thought everyone was steeped in vice. No wonder the fortune went to pieces and all was now ruin and desolation—or would be, practically, if a good reliable outside man with a head on his shoulders wasn't on the job.

Jane gazed respectfully at the stout oak door and tried to picture gay dancing in the big parlor above, where the crystal chandelier would send out a thousand sparkles to dazzle the eyes of people in velvet and diamonds.

"Yes, sir, steeped in vice," repeated Seth Hacker, not too severely, Jane thought.

She was lost in agreeable wonder as she helped him carry out such vegetables as had not nicely enough survived the winter-long confinement. And she made him tell her more about the days when the wine cellar wasn't locked; when the big house was warm and alight and full of music and peopled with happy Tedmons that didn't have to stay in bed with a stroke, and gay crowds that came driving up to the parties in big shiny coaches with real doors.

"I wish I had been there," she told Seth. "I already know how to enter a ballroom."

Seth pondered this.

"I thought you just went in," he offered.

"You have to go in precisely the right way," Jane told him. "There's a girl at school taller than me, and she can't do it hardly at all."

Seth was impressed.

"Well, I hope it comes in handy for you sometime."

"Oh, it will," Jane assured him. "And I'll have a velvet ball dress with a train. The minute Cousin Wiley gets in the saddle again I shall be pranked out in it."

It was another day, another day when the house was still fruitful of adventure—one of those early days that were to stay ineffaceable and always illumined for Jane—that she braved the curtained dusk of a room called the library, to be repaid and refreshed with albums inclosing portraits of all those old happy Tedmons who had danced. Not that the room wasn't worth while otherwise. It had a marble mantel with a gold-framed mirror above it; its shelves of books looked formidable and the furniture was dark and heavy; but Jane didn't feel that she was being warned, as in the parlor, to conduct herself with the stiffest propriety and, above all, not to touch any least thing. The room didn't seem to be trying to show off, nor to care what anyone did. There was a dinginess about it, and a reassuring disorder.

Some of the furniture, too, seemed merely to have been put there to get it out of more careful rooms, and Jane soon saw the reason for this. It was broken furniture; chairs with loose arms, sofas with dead springs and worn upholstery, tables with split tops or a leg missing, cracked vases, little defaced statues, cabinets with warped panels, torn and faded ottomans, a bowl for flowers that had been broken and mended but clumsily. All the wounded things in the house seemed to have crept in here to be together; Jane rejoiced at knowing she needn't be afraid of breaking anything. Even the great mirror had a crack in it. And if one should, by some mischance, drop or overturn or shatter something of quite surprising fragility, it would almost certainly never be noticed in this already extensive array of breakages.

Such was the negative virtue of this room. But the half dozen albums on the big table—scarred as to its legs, its polished top scratched and even burned here and there as by lighted cigars—were its outstanding attraction for Jane. She would come comfortably here, raise a curtain, lounge on a couch that would bite if one didn't look out for the broken end of a spring which protruded, and saunter down the long corridors of this Tedmon pantheon.

There were queer stiff pictures of stalwart young men—young, though so profusely bearded—and anxious-looking young women in strange full-skirted dresses and funny flat hats.

There was one of Capt. Phineas Tedmon in uniform—he had fought in the Mexican War—oddly boyish and oddly enough on the next page visibly becoming Grandfather Tedmon, whose conversation was social and free, his death sudden and unexpected. Even Jane remembered to have heard from her own father of this Grandfather Tedmon, the pioneer, who, with her Grandfather Starbird, had found the gold and made everyone rich. And there next to him was Grandmother Tedmon, a frail little old lady with her hair curving smoothly down the sides of her face from a central part, her eyes timidly alert and her hands rather desperately clasped in her lap, as if only by an effort did she keep them from gesturing defense. She didn't look, Jane thought, as if she could have walked across the plains behind an oxcart. This elderly generation of Tedmons had plainly not relished being photographed; they had faced the camera defiantly and had it over. But later ones had learned to undergo the ordeal with unflawed serenity, even with smirks. The males still wore beards, but tastefully trimmed; their coats were better fitting; often the lapels of the coats were enough withdrawn to reveal costly watch chains.

And very young Tedmons now began to show; little boys with velvet suits and painfully slicked hair that could never possibly be worn that way except when photographs were taken; scared little girls in pinafores and white stockings, wearing coral necklaces and having long curls most exactly arranged. Jane giggled at some of them. They were so silly to be scared by something that didn't hurt anyone.

Then she found the picture of her own father and mother. There could be no doubt of this. She did not recall her mother, save from other portraits; but she did remember the father, with his thin dark face and his great thatch of hair that never stayed down, and the heavy brows that looked so angry but never really were. The pair sat side by side, her father holding her mother's hand. He was beautifully dressed in black, with a spreading satin cravat; and his stubborn thatch of hair had almost but not quite been made to stay down. And the mother was all in white, with a veil cascading from either side of her head to the floor—a wedding veil, Jane knew—so this would have been the day her parents were married.

There seemed to her, as she raptly studied the faces, to be something quite unbelievable about this photograph. How could such a day have ever been? Here she was alone in a dusty old room, far off, and so many years later. No, she didn't at all understand how such things could be, and she softly rubbed with a doubting finger the two staring faces. Then she called to them, "Mother! Father!"

But the sound of her voice was frightening, so she hushed it. Suppose one of them answered her! She turned a page to cover them, then looked quickly back to see if they were still there. And they were—still looking proud and happy; her father so sure of something, her mother so confiding. If only she could find a way to bring them out of that album, to let them know she was here so close. But calling to them made her feel queer.

And then, turning another of the thick leaves, she found her mother, a little girl like herself, in a richly embroidered white dress without sleeves, and a low neck, white stockings and white slippers. She stood stiffly by a chair with a fringed back, trying to cover her trepidation by resting an elbow on the chair with an effect of nonchalance, one foot crossed before the other and resting on the toe of its white slipper. But the strained face belied this carefree posture; the eyes had continued to show fright until the thing was over.

Jane intently studied each item of dress, the hair in precise curls confined by a ribbon and brought very designedly over her right shoulder, the tiny chain supporting a locket that encircled the slender neck. This mother was even more incredible than the other in a wedding veil. How could she have been a little girl so much like Jane, with the same wondering eyes, and then on another page by some magic a grown-up girl in a long wedding gown, having a hand held by Jane's father? What had she done in the years between? Wouldn't it be wonderful if they could talk now—tell each other things? But she knew this was more foolishness, like calling to her father and mother out loud. Growing old was queer. She tried for a moment to believe that she, too, would grow old; but this she found beyond her. It couldn't happen. She couldn't picture herself as a grown person. She was bound to be eleven and twelve—ages like that—but not older. She drew a long sigh over the baffling puzzle of age that came so mysteriously to people in photographs.

At the last page of the album she cried out with delight, for there was a simply glorious picture of Cousin Wiley. No fear of the camera here. He faced that and the world with an eager smile of mastery. Forcefully he stood, head up, eyes alight, the hair curling above his fine brow, the sumptuous beard parting for the chin with its deep dimple, and splendidly clad in a long black coat and distinguished trousers of firm stripe. The lapels of the coat were faced with satin and the low-cut waistcoat left a broad expanse of shirt front from which a diamond sparkled. His left hand held upright by its brim an impressive silk hat; his right, clasping stick and gloves, rested on a hip and at the same time gracefully held back a skirt of the beautiful coat. The revealed watch chain was of heavy links and curved richly from pocket to pocket of the waistcoat. The hand holding stick and gloves yet managed to leave free its curving little finger, and on this was exposed a massively jeweled ring. It seemed to Jane, as her eyes feasted on the resplendent detail of this likeness, that Cousin Wiley, like herself, could never grow old. He would stay young with her. Somehow this picture proved it.

"Handsome as a Greek god," she fervently murmured, repeating a phrase she had once heard Miss Belding utter below her breath at the theater when Romeo had burst upon them.

After this Jane found that she could delightfully people those empty rooms of the old house; throng them with pleasant Tedmons and Starbirds, beautifully dressed, who came in fine coaches and danced and drank wine from the unlocked cellar. She heard their cheery voices, the rustle of their silks, and beheld them in jolly groups. Sometimes she made the illusion too convincing; as when, in an upstairs hall, she would seem to glimpse a figure that looked back at her a moment before vanishing about a corner, or hear low-toned talk or animated whispering just before opening the door of a room that proved to be vacant. But she knew this was only imagination—a defect from which Miss Vrain had sometimes found her to suffer—and she rather played with the mock terror these phantoms inspired. It was no more than the scary tingle she had felt when she called aloud to her father and mother.

But there were other mementos of these long-gone holders of high carnival; not so speaking, perhaps, yet still eloquent, and having the merit that one could handle them tangibly. It was the queer Sarah Tedmon who exposed them one rainy afternoon when Jane, somewhat haltingly, told her about the photographs. Jane had not brought herself to speak of this without an effort. Sarah didn't invite confidences, nor had she ever approached one herself save on the night of Jane's coming. Always after that she had been so distant in manner as to leave but the faintest imprint in Jane's little sheaf of impressions; hardly more than that she was beautiful when dressed for dinner—not when she hoed in the garden, as she did for hours, a shapeless figure in calico under a slatternly sunbonnet—and that she was queer in some hard way that you couldn't get through.

On the rainy afternoon when Sarah couldn't work at the vegetables, and Jane

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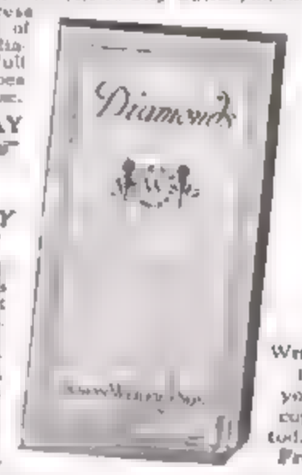
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from sheer ennui brought herself to tell how exciting the photographs were, she did succeed, not in getting through that queer hardness, but at least in changing its outward aspect. First, Sarah listened half attentively—and even that Jane found flattering—to her chatter about the photographs; then, surprisingly, she had gone to let Jane show them to her. Sarah knew more of the faces than Jane did; she gave names of this or that cousin arrayed in stiff solemnity for a high occasion. Together they laughed at spreading hoopskirts and crinolines, at beguiling bonnets tied under lifted chins, at flat little hats set at a forward angle on waterfalls, and at the faces of some of the males so terrifically bearded and yet so incongruously timid. Sarah was still hard, though, for when they came to the overwhelming splendor of Wiley Tedmon—Jane had believed this would be an especial treat—she merely sniffed and said "Dandified!" Jane thought this an excellent word, but the sniff showed that Sarah hadn't meant it for praise.

A late spring rain kept lashing at the windows. When the last album had been closed, Sarah stood musing a moment in the middle of the room, regarding with marked disfavor the slumping or maimed furniture that cluttered it. Jane sharply watched the smoldering dark eyes and the mouth again guarding that curious relaxation the funny old pictures had caused. She thought Sarah must be old like everyone else in that house but Cousin Wiley and herself, and almost wished she hadn't shown her the photographs. She was being held off again.

Then Sarah's mouth relented without visible provocation. She smiled winningly at Jane—who at once decided that she was not old, but very young—put a hand under her arm and said, "I know something for you better than those frumpy old pictures. Come!"

Her change of mood to this friendly familiarity was confounding to Jane, who, in a species of exaltation, let herself be propelled from the library and up the stairs to a closed door. Sarah was now as pleasantly anticipating some promised treat as she, herself, had looked forward to showing the photographs, and she was being companionable with a new charm. Jane dared to press a little the hand that stayed under her arm. She wished Sarah would often be like this and was agitated with wonder at what she was going to see.

Sarah opened the door and they stepped across its threshold. The room was large and high-ceilinged, like all the others, with a huge bed against one wall. The thick carpet was light in tone, with a twisting pattern of blue flowers, and the walls were papered with narrow blue stripes that were bars for small pink roses to climb on. The bed and the dressing table were of maple, polished to show its pattern, and on the bed was a vast expanse of blue-and-white counterpane.

It was the first room Jane had seen that wasn't somber, and she felt her spirit mount even higher than Sarah's unbending had sent it. She stood waiting, wide-eyed with expectancy.

"Now you'll see something," declared Sarah on a note of joyous warning, and stepped quickly to open a closet door.

"Oh!" cried Jane. "Oh, Cousin Sarah!" For the closet's considerable width was thickly hung with the most radiant dresses of silk and satin and velvet that shimmered with embroideries of silver and dripped with cascading falls of lace.

"Oh, my!" said Jane again, and floundered in a quicksand of words. Her emotion was of astonishment that the closet could have held this enchanting array so secretly behind its blank door, that those lovely stuffs shouldn't have blazed out through it. But this thought fled before she could find phrases for it. Her next wonder was more easily worded. "Oh, Cousin Sarah, are they all truly your very own?"

But Sarah was deaf to this. While Jane asked herself if she would ever be allowed to touch them, Sarah was reaching down the dresses—"grabbing" at them, Jane thought, as if she were hungry for them—and hanging them on Jane's ready arms until the load was too heavy. They took them over to the big bed and draped them upon its foot and along the blue-and-white counterpane. Jane continued exclamatory. Such loveliness—such young loveliness—coming from such an old closet!

And Sarah wasn't through. When the dresses were all out, she raised the top of a cedar chest and revealed new treasure; shawls of cashmere, gossamer scarfs, lace fichus, white plumes of ostrich, lacquered boxes of long white gloves, fans of feathered ivory, embroidered kerchiefs, beribboned caps—Jane stood helpless, overwhelmed by the torrent so astonishingly released from a dull-looking chest. Sarah playfully brushed Jane's cheek with the tip of a plume, dangled a fichu of lace before her, held a sachet of handkerchiefs so that she must inhale the scent, threw a filmy scarf across her shoulders and, whisking open a fan, sent a quick little perfumed wind all about her.

Again Jane could only gasp, "Oh, my! Oh, my!" And not the least of her stupefaction—it amounted nearly to consternation—was that Cousin Sarah Tedmon had become another person. This animated, avid face with the blazing eyes and the curling lips was not the face she had known; this was not Sarah who sat at dinner with guarded looks and hard-set mouth, speaking seldom and then dryly, almost crossly. Jane had heard of people being queer. She had a sudden fear about Sarah, and uneasily watched her with side glances as she scattered spoil from the chest among the dresses on the bed.

But this fear vanished when Sarah laughed, as if at her own frenzy, and said, "Now, we'll dress up and play we're going to a grand reception."

"Goody!" cried Jane, rejoicing in this proof that Sarah was mentally sound. Of course she was! She was young, not a bit older than some of the big girls at school, and willing to play a game like any girl. They bent over the bed, anxiously deliberating a choice of the dresses they should wear. Jane at once knew hers would be velvet, but she hung between two shades, palsied by the sheer splendor of her privilege. Sarah also chose velvet, wine-colored.

"I like that canary-yellow silk," she explained; "but the silver embroidery is so heavy when you dance. And, besides, I wore it last time."

"There'll be dancing at this grand reception?" Jane demanded, secretly wishing to learn how far Sarah would carry their pretense; for, after all, she was grown up. Still, if she came here and dressed up by herself she must be dependable in the matter of play. And Sarah charmingly was.

"Dancing, of course," she said. "There's always dancing at the Throckmortons' receptions. And we must hurry; I've ordered the carriage for eight sharp. We haven't a moment to lose."

So Sarah was to be relied upon not to laugh or make grown-up fun of any play pretense; Jane thereafter treated her finely as an equal.

"I hope they have a lovely ballroom," she said, divesting herself of her dress, "because I already know how to enter one. And I hope they have fried oysters at the banquet. They never make me sick."

This was flatly an untruth, because Jane had been made sick at a party by fried oysters, but she felt some quite mysterious urge to deny it now.

"Oh, oysters!" Sarah's inflection promised that oysters would be the least notable of the Throckmorton viands. "And the music and flowers, the lights and the dancing. I shall dance every dance and come home tired to death. I shall fall asleep in my carriage."

"So shall I," affirmed Jane in stout loyalty to the play, being privately doubtful, because she hadn't yet learned to dance with grown-ups. Her voice was muffled, for she was fighting her way up through smothering folds of heavy black velvet. She issued at last, sneezing, her young shoulders bonily surmounting the low-cut bodice that had been fashioned for an ampler presence. The too-long skirt spread about her on the floor and she stumbled grievously over its folds as she made her way to the mirror.

A glance into that brought her a quick pang of disillusion. She had felt that she was dressing up, and now it somehow looked all wrong. She didn't in the least resemble a lady going to the Throckmortons' reception. She turned in helpless panic to Sarah, and instantly forgot her own plight in this vision of a grand lady who acceptably filled the wine-colored velvet that was cunningly wrought to frame the warmly fleshed neck and shoulders.

"Oh, my!" cried Jane, again in helpless ecstasy. Sarah's head under its dark hair, softly piled, was a little bent as she pulled a long white glove up the length of a rounded arm, her absorbed face glowing and a little puckered as she intently adjusted the glove's top. "You're just like some queen," said Jane in lowered tones of awe.

Sarah smoothed the folds of the last glove, stooped, caught up her velvet train, seized a feathered fan and straightened the queenly neck to regard her fellow guest with eyes in which the carnival fires were all lighted.

"I already hear the music," she raptly began, but broke off at sight of Jane. "Mercy! See what that dressmaker has sent home to you this time. I should positively never go to that creature again; and sending it so late, when she promised it early. She's disgusting."

"Perfectly disgusting," agreed Jane eagerly. "I shall give her a good talking to."

She had been wrought to the point of tears, but on this she felt better. Sarah played so perfectly.

"Pins!" said Sarah. "We'll make it do."

There were pins on the dresser. Jane handed them to Sarah, who worked feverishly on the wretched dressmaker's botch of a gown. The skirt was looped up, the bodice began to take form and presently had the air of being meant for Jane alone.

"Oh, my!" she dreamily murmured, as she watched the magic that made her seem actually a lady in a well-fitting velvet evening gown. It was seen at first to have been cut to a depth unusual and frankly inadvisable, but the pins quickly remedied this daring.

"Now your hair," commanded Sarah; and Jane, by this time emotional, brought her hair to the top of her head and hastily secured it in a coiffure that was lumpy but impressively high. "There," approved Sarah. "And don't forget your gloves and fan and your embroidered handkerchief."

Jane swiftly brought the white gloves well above her bony elbows and seized the remaining items of her arsenal.

"I know we shall be late," she said. "It's too disgusting."

They surveyed each other critically.

"Don't forget to keep your train up," warned Sarah, "and watch out for the carriage step."

Then it seemed that they reached the Throckmorton house, down the marble steps of which Sarah spied, even before the carriage stopped, a length of red carpet running to the curb under an awning. They trod this to the lighted portal, heard pricking strains of music, were ravished by the scent of flowers; and then, languidly waving fans, they were welcomed by a hostess who said she was so charmed they could come and that all the handsome gentlemen standing by were simply dying to meet them.

Sarah carried the heavier bits of this drama. Jane did little but simper politely above her fan. She proved to have no small talk for the gentlemen dying to meet her.

Even to the hostess she could only say, "Thank you so much for asking me," after which she dropped her handkerchief, dropped her train to pick this up, then stumbled over the train, and in recovering from this lost two of the very most important pins in her bodice, so that afterward, in order to avoid becoming a public scandal, she was compelled to use her fan as a shield.

The affair was soon over. They were taking leave of their hostess, who asked if they couldn't come to tea on Thursday. Jane said rawly, "Oh, my, yes! Of course I can!" But Sarah was doubtful. The season was at its height. She would have to consult her engagement book. Jane was enchanted by the subtlety of this drama. Why hadn't she thought of that?

Then they were home, and Sarah yawned expertly as she peeled the gloves down her lovely arms. Jane yawned, too, and achieved her one original contribution to the drama. The ballroom had been stuffy, but all those fried oysters hadn't hurt her one bit. Once more in her gingham frock, she became Sarah's maid, Celeste, who undressed her mistress and brushed out the long hair.

"I am so tired from dancing," confessed Sarah. "The moment my head touches the pillow I shall be dreaming of my triumphs—three proposals in the conservatory!" The maid murmured ecstatically. "They were all handsome," said the mistress loftily, "but I put them off. I must have my fling first."

It was the play's most convincing moment for Jane.

"Of course you must. You must have a good big fling," she agreed.

She was letting the hair spill in billows over Sarah's white shoulders, that were yet so warmly pulsing. This was authentic—who wouldn't propose to Sarah in a conservatory?

"I have wings," said Sarah. "I feel the wind under them, a beautiful quick wind."

"Of course you do," said the maid, and lifted all the heavy hair to gloat on the back of Sarah's white neck.

But then Sarah, with a versatility that astounded, became another of her maids and said that they must put away the finery of her mistress, which they did with much chatter about the triumphs she had confided to them.

"She's asleep already," said the new maid in hushed tones. "Poor dear, I won't bring up her chocolate till noon tomorrow. I shall let her sleep."

"Pray do," said the first maid in an excited whisper. She could rise but clumsily to such splendid playing as this. The smaller finery was back in the cedar chest and the dresses hung once more side by side in the closet—"like Bluebeard's wives," whispered Jane, and shivered at the thought.

Sarah only put a straight finger to her parted lips, and her eyes seemed to have a listening look as she noiselessly opened the door into the hall. Jane nodded knowingly. She and Sarah now had a delightful secret to share.

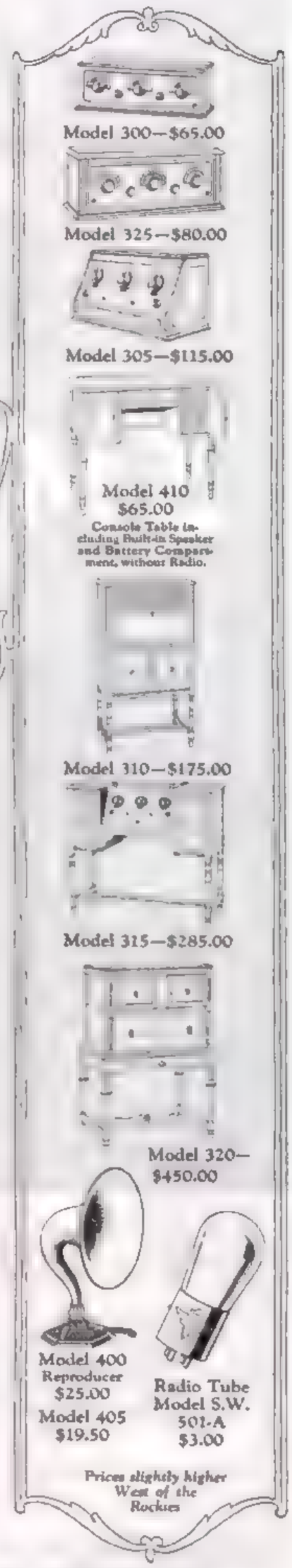
Yet at dinner that night the first Sarah Tedmon—the odd, silent, almost sullen one with the furtive eyes and hard mouth—sat, dismayingly to Jane, with Cousin Marcy and her. No one could have suspected that they shared a secret; even Jane felt troubling doubts. She tried at first to draw an acknowledging glance from this Sarah, but could never contrive to meet her eyes.

Sarah flashed no admissions, but stayed inscrutably distant, with no more than an infrequent forced word to Cousin Marcy and none whatever to Jane. Nor did she sleep till noon the next day, as her whilom solicitous maid had promised. Looking from her window next morning, Jane observed her, in faded calico and shapeless sunbonnet, bending over growing things in the garden, a hoe handle slanting above a twitching shoulder. Jane was grieved. She had found the perfect playmate, then at once lost her, she couldn't tell why. She went disconsolately down to breakfast alone with Cousin Marcy.

This would be one of the mornings when Sarah had eaten at some unimaginably early hour, all by herself. Noon, she knew, would bring only a weary, silent Sarah,

(Continued on Page 155

"Her First Program"
—painting by Andrew Loomis



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CLEVELAND, OHIO
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MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BRUSHES SINCE 1892

(Continued from Page 150)

hungry for the lunch Chong put on the table, but with no appetite for human speech. Maybe she'd be more rested and ready to converse by dinnertime, when she'd have on a nice dress, and Cousin Marcy would be in his evening clothes, and there were more kinds of things to eat.

But even the dinners were often strangely skimpy affairs—"thin" was the word Jane thought of in regard to these meals where Chong, a little anxious in the background, shuffled from kitchen to dining room, bringing small dishes quite meagerly filled, appearing at your elbow to offer again something you had declined—and of which there seemed to be plenty.

On such occasions Marcy would say, perhaps, toying with his eyeglass, looking across at Sarah, "I admit Chong's a good cook; one of the best; and his sauces, where sauce is called for, are supreme; but I shall be glad when I have at last eaten my share of the world's supply of beans."

And Sarah would answer bitterly, "We can't raise *pâté de foie gras* in the garden."

But there were other sumptuous occasions, when Seth Hacker had gone as far afield as the upper waters of the creek, seeking, he said, a sheltered situation for a turkey ranch, and Chong made, for the fish he brought home, one of those sauces that Cousin Marcy said were supreme. And there was always the weekly or biweekly occasion when Chong's relentless pursuit of a squawking victim in the back yard meant chicken for dinner tomorrow.

The chickens were Seth Hacker's job—a sort of training, Jane supposed, for the larger and more commercial enterprise of turkeys. Chong only killed them and cooked them. If Seth was away, Chong would, with some grumbling, feed them; but he really acted about that just as he did about milking the cow.

Seth said that a Chinaman was always that way—hire him for one thing, and he wouldn't do a hand's turn outside of it, not if the house was afire. A little work in the garden, now; nothing heavy such as Seth himself did, plowing, harrowing, running a cultivator; just nice little handy jobs with a hoe or pulling weeds when they threatened to take the place. But a Chink's a Chink, and you've got to allow for it.

Jane learned that when your cow went dry, you did without milk and had very little butter, though there was still a small pot of cream—procured by Chong in some mysterious Oriental method of exchange from one of the neighbors, and sacred to Cousin Wiley's tray.

Jane regarded this allowing of the cow to cease her function as a rather bad lapse on Seth Hacker's part—no doubt he should have watered her more regularly and copiously.

But all reproach was wiped away when the animal was suddenly fresh, and a knock-kneed calf, of a most interesting and gamesome disposition came to stand at the bars of the cow lot, and the whoosh-whoosh of Chong's churn dasher meant butter in plenty, and there were mugs of milk to drink any time you wanted one.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE TIGER'S LAST LAIR

Continued from Page 10

about; and one tomato plant, which the owner deplored as a social error; gladioluses, daisies everywhere, and scampering hither and thither through the medley are the little, insistent pinks of the dunes, exhaling their naïve, spicy perfume. There is no order to the garden, no scheme of planting; a hodge-podge, as if the seeds, tossed in a hat, had then been scattered to the wind. Those who know Clemenceau can well imagine him grinning at the thought of some future official gardener called upon to preserve and care for the flowers planted by the departed statesman's own hand; the gardener's utter despair as he surveys the chaos of simple and casual beauty. His already horrified gaze would fall upon monstrous, spiky heads, resembling thistles, reared at random here and there; and "even artichokes!" he would groan.

From sunup, which is the Tiger's rising hour, until sunset, when he goes to bed, the Clemenceau gardener is kept busy seeing that the flowers have a constant spray of water from revolving hose lines on high iron standards, moved about the place throughout the day. The water is pumped by a motor from a well at the back of the house.

The floral potpourri has an even more haphazard look because of the necessity that the sand be constantly bedded and re-bedded with seaweed, as fertilizer and to hold the water.

"Otherwise," Clemenceau says, "everything will die."

Clemenceau's Ménage

Clemenceau lives alone except for servants and animals. His house is a long rectangle separated by thin partitions. The first room, nearest the entrance gates, belongs to Albert, the major-domo and *valet de chambre*, who has been in Clemenceau's service for years, who accompanied his master to America and without whom the Tiger admits he could not exist. Albert, from his vantage point, can keep an eye on the road and censor all comings and goings. The relationship between Albert and Clemenceau is feudal. It would not occur to either one that he was free to do without the other. When you call upon "Monsieur le President," your card is not taken to the inner sanctuary to be passed upon; it is first passed upon by Albert himself.

I was much gratified that he immediately said to me, upon my recent arrival, "I will inform Monsieur le President that he is to have the pleasure of your visit." Which means that Albert, at least, considers me a harmless and respectable person.

Clothilde, the cook, is next in importance. She is almost as ancient as Clemenceau; starched, with immaculate coif, silent but with a fugitive smile for Clemenceau's ironies. Clemenceau has no dining room. Clothilde cooks the dinner at a big open range, beside the table where it is served, in the kitchen. A square white room with raftered ceiling, it glows warmly always from its rows of old brass and copper and its wide window, reflecting the sea.

The gardener, the only other attendant, lives in an outbuilding that also shelters Leonie, the donkey; and Biff, a Scotch terrier that possesses, according to Clemenceau, "the intelligent head of a sardine." From the kitchen a narrow passage leads past the little guest room to the Tiger's own quarters, a combined sleeping and work room. On one side of the passage, unpainted, open pine bookshelves contain probably less than five hundred volumes, mostly paper-backs. They seem sort of thrown on the shelves with no semblance of order.

At the far end of the building, a lean-to has just been built, closed in with mats of brush cut on the dunes. This is the out-of-doors salon, to which visitors are ushered. The furnishing is nondescript; odds and ends of modern furniture, some pieces of bygone periods. The floors of all the rooms are almost bare except the salon, which has a rather bright rug.

Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

Naturally, the center of interest is the Tiger's own room, a large, square, white-walled room with bare pine floor and rafters. A big fireplace is on one side; on the mantel-shelf a dozen volumes scattered about, and a small brass tiger given to the Tiger by the Mikado. Heads of antelope and black buck hang about the walls, spears and arrowheads of African and Indian tribes. A tiger's skull is nailed above the door, a victim of Clemenceau's rifle on his last trip to India. I looked about for the tiger's skin, and my host, interpreting my thought, said, "I gave it away." A window and a door open upon the sea.

Directly in front of the window is an unpainted plain pine table that serves as desk, and before it a cane-bottomed armchair. Against the back wall, directly before the window and facing the sea, is the Tiger's simple pine bed. Whether seated at his table or lying down, Clemenceau can look directly at the sea. Beyond the horizon is the great Gironde lighthouse. At night as he sleeps the rhythmic flashes of the beacon sweep through the room.

A litter of handwritten manuscripts on the desk was evidence that the Tiger does other work at Bels Ébats than the raising of trees and flowers.

A Wit That Still Crackles

Clemenceau is usually difficult to interview on any subject except those introduced by himself; so on the questions of his writings he becomes even more than the inscrutable statesman. His eyes twinkle; he would prefer to speak of the forests; how he loves their tranquil depths, free from politicians and interviewers. He might voice opinions of several maharajahs who have entertained him in India; he would gladly discuss the habits of squirrels or wild geese; but concerning his writings and whether they relate to his old quarrel with the League of Nations, or his opinions of all French governments that have succeeded his own, he remains dumb.

He is eighty-four years old, but he still has the mental vigor of a man of fifty, and also much bodily vigor, although he suffers from several chronic ailments and has a bullet in his back that frequently requires X-ray examinations. Nevertheless his wit still crackles and he can turn aside any thrust with lightning parry and riposte. Only with the greatest difficulty I learned that he has completed three volumes on the subject of philosophy since his retirement; not a didactic work for students, but a free-and-easy outpouring of his opinions and reflections. The work has not been published; he admitted that large sums had been offered for it and refused.

(Continued on Page 157)

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OPEN the windows wide, provide plenty of cover, and you'll wake refreshed, "full of pep." What a simple formula! No bother, no special equipment but a supply of warm, comfortable Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad flannelettes. Cut full and roomy, they leave you free to stretch or turn as you will. Yet they're beautifully tailored, trim, good-looking. And they're amazingly long-lived. See them at your favorite store.

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What is smart appearance as applied to the foot? The smart foot is the small foot, or the foot of more generous proportions that is correctly shod to achieve the desired effect of smallness. So great responsibility devolves upon the shoe. By the right selection of footwear, the problem may be satisfactorily solved.

One sees many enviably smart feet today

Women have developed a keen sense of discrimination in selecting shoes. They know how to choose materials and patterns with a view to the foot's smart appearance. And Fashion has helped them immeasurably. She has selected for her choicest new models Vici kid, the leather that subtracts from the foot's apparent size.

There is no mystery about this size-subtracting ability of Vici kid.

Look for

this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other

This beautiful leather is fine of grain, gracefully pliable and smooth. It molds itself to the foot as snugly as a well-fitting glove molds itself to the hand.

Besides this important virtue, there is still another reason for Fashion's choice of Vici kid for the smartest patterns in footwear. Vici kid richly and accurately interprets the color mode. The Vici colors always harmonize to perfection with the approved shades in apparel and hosiery.

Look for the Vici kid trade mark

You will find it inside the shoes offered you in leading stores. Whatever the price you choose to pay, this mark assures you of Vici quality. It answers your question, "Is this shoe made of Vici kid?"

This model is typical of the smart effects obtainable in shoes of Vici kid. Patterns of this kind are particularly desirable in rich Black Vici trimmed in Nickel Gray, or in Vassar Tan Vici trimmed with Sudan (Beige) Vici.

In Black Mat (dull finish) Vici kid, or one of the season's popular tan colors, pumps of this type afford the trimness and simplicity that characterize footwear for general use.

A noteworthy example of the vogue for two-tone effects. In the model illustrated above, Cochin Brown Vici, which forms the body of the shoe, is set off to excellent advantage by trimmings of Cream color Vici.

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VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 155)

"I have all that I want," he said. "What more could I want than what I have here? So why should I be bothered with publishers?"

So the work will probably not appear until after his death. Only through talks with one of his most intimate friends did I learn that the book is entitled The Eventide of Thought.

He is now at work upon another book, a short book, he says, written "to amuse myself." No one in the world knows the subject matter or the title. It may deal with Sanskrit or it may deal with Caillaux. The Tiger only grins sardonically as the suggestions are made.

I asked him about Caillaux, hoping to strike some fire on this subject of his great enemy, recently returned to power following his own complete political eclipse. He replied simply, "I have no more recriminations to make for all time."

Clemenceau and Caillaux—their titanic battle that lasted for decades. I reflected that whatever the rights or wrongs of Clemenceau's dramatic arrest of Caillaux in 1918, after all, this was the first smashing blow against the rising monster of defeatism by which the Tiger held France in the battle line, thereby contributing more than any other human being to the ultimate victory.

Clemenceau stood facing me, legs spread apart, feet almost covered by the shifting sands. Beyond a slight deafness, he showed not the slightest sign of advanced age. The old oak stands straight and rigid still. Eighty-four, yes; but he may live to be a hundred. New wars are possible, with France involved. In this event, will Clemenceau again take the helm?

The Tiger Goes to Market

I put the question. He looked at me steadily. There was a world of philosophy in his reply:

"What does one really gain by winning a war?"

The conversation could not continue. A sand storm menaced. The surf pounded harder and harder on the beach. We returned to the house and sat upon a sheltered bench outside the door, where, as Clemenceau said, we could watch as from the deck of a ship. I imagined his thoughts far beyond the darkening horizon; but when he finally spoke he said, quite casually, that republicanism was very weak in the Vendée. It struck me as odd that this greatest republican since the Second Empire should now be surrounded by royalists and clericals—the Vendée swarms with them—the two classes he has most bitterly fought throughout his career. But he saw only the humorous side of it.

"They all come over here to see me sooner or later," he said: "some to look at the curiosity; others even to argue—they think they can get me—very peculiar people."

The metropolis of this region is the famous watering place, Les Sables d'Olonne, a still-existing center also of sardine fishing. It is fifteen miles from Clemenceau's house, but he goes there almost daily to do his own marketing; also, he boasts, to see Mathilde, the proprietor of a fish stall, between whom and himself there is a temperamental sympathy.

Mathilde is an ageless, buxom peasant. On market days she is resplendent in the full Sablaise costume, than which there is none more beautiful in France; and to which all the women of Les Sables d'Olonne cling for that reason; very full black skirt only to the knee, black stockings, shining high-heeled black sabots; an immense coif like a great white butterfly of lace; heavy rings of gold at each ear. It has been suggested that it is perhaps because they have been showing them for so many centuries that the legs of *les Sablaises* are so symmetrical.

Mathilde queens it on a high stool above the colorful spread of her wares—pearl-pink shrimps, still-groping lobsters, trays of clams and, above all, quarts of tiny sardines fresh from the night's fishing. Mathilde gives no sign, but she is aware that the eyes and thoughts of the whole market are on her stall. It would be a black day, that on which the Tiger, entering the market, did not come first to her, asking whether she were yet ready to elope with him.

Clemenceau explains: "Mathilde loves me, so she sells me shrimps for forty cents. Otherwise she would do it for twenty—a wonderful woman."

Today the name of Clemenceau is seldom heard or seen, even from the tribunes or in the press of France. National proclamations at the end of the war naming him the Father of Victory are graven and placed before the eyes of the school children, but the living hero of this now-vanished emotion lives as unnoticed, outside his little circle, as he would be if he were a retired minor government official.

But the Vendée, in spite of its political opinions, feels that it has, like Corsica, definitely placed itself for all time upon the map of the world. Corsica produced Napoleon, and since then has rested complacently. Clemenceau issued forth from the sands and rocks of the Vendée, and that primitive region, despite its political yearnings for the glitter of a throne, feels that, anyway, it gave the Tiger to the world, and now can rest upon those laurels.

Clemenceau in retirement fits perfectly into the Vendée setting—one of the backwoods regions of France. He might really be a retired statesman of the Middle Ages. Golf, jazz, fads of any kind—he might never have heard of them. He has no telephone; he uses oil lamps. He raises flowers, goes to market, writes the reflections of

Albert, Clemenceau's Valet, and Clothilde, His Cook

his life's twilight. He now wants nothing that life or the world can give. He looks toward his end with passionless eyes, slightly ironic, expecting nothing, either, from the beyond.

Even though, miraculously, he approaches the hundred mark, Clemenceau cannot live long. When he dies, although almost forgotten today, he will undoubtedly be remembered as possibly no other man of this epoch. France may deify him with Napoleon. Certainly she will search far back to find his equal. Historians will delve into and elaborate every incident of his great career, and he will be judged. Republican and Nationalist always, completely cynical as to the political brotherhood of man, one of the creators of the European balance of power that followed the Franco-Prussian War, and even the arrogant originator of that phrase, "balance of power," responsible for its reintroduction at the Peace Conference at Versailles, to those who know him it is conceivable that Clemenceau, had he not perfectly judged both the strength and weakness of his own race, would have placed the nation's standards far beyond the present frontiers.

Temperamentally he is the pure imperialist. During his last premiership he was an absolute czar. His word was law on the entire Allied side of the battle front. Every soul there was his subject—to obey. Otherwise the firing squad at Vincennes rendered speedy execution of what Clemenceau proclaimed as just. To every protest, to every attempt at discussions, he repeated his famous grim phrase, "I wage war." Those who opposed him knew that his action against them, once decided upon, would be utterly ruthless.

When the Germans made their great drive toward Paris in 1918, he curtly ordered his ministers to pack their trunks and arrange for flight. Himself prepared a bulletin to be broadcast to the world, entitled When Paris Falls. Its context was that the army had been ordered to keep on fighting until it was destroyed. This bulletin was never issued, for next day the situation bettered, although the capital was still in danger. He changed his personal communique, the title reading When Paris is Destroyed. The Foch counter offensive on the next day rendered both bulletins unnecessary. They were never given to the world.

Although unable to quote exactly, I may now give the gist of their endings—both vividly characteristic of the author. In the first he concluded by saying that he would remain in Paris until the German troops entered the city, when he would attempt to leave by airplane. In the second he had changed his mind about leaving—he stated that he would remain to take his chances with gas and shells.

Better Than the Élysée

Summing up Clemenceau's life and character, historians will inevitably admit, even when insisting upon his mistakes and passions, that the Tiger was but the natural and inevitable product of his times. Clemenceau was a statesman and a politician. There are those who deplore the existence of both and deny their necessity, but in all events Clemenceau was one of the greatest of them all.

Clemenceau just missed the presidency of the Republic, and the fact that he even permitted his candidacy is now admitted to be one of his biggest blunders; or at least one of his bad errors in judgment. But his friends swayed him and also a great part of the public. The victorious army thought that the presidency was his just reward; that he should end his days in pomp and splendor; that he should die as the chief of state; that his coffin should be borne by marshals of France, his *cortège* pass between battalions, to the salute of artillery.

But he had enemies also—too many Frenchmen in public life had bitterly suffered at his hands during his period of absolute power. So the Élysée was denied him.

The storm was rushing toward us across the Bay of Biscay, sweeping the sands of St.-Vincent sur Jard into stinging furies. I stood with the Tiger in front of his shack. We watched the onrushing crests of foam and listened to the thundering surf on the beach. The day was dying. I turned to say good-by.

"It is better here," the Tiger said; "this is better than the Élysée."

He is right, speaking for himself. It will be a far more fitting climax if Georges Clemenceau passes out from that little one-story house on the sand dunes, his eyes fixed on the great beacon of the Gironde, taking the endless salute of the sea.

Clemenceau's Kitchen at Bois Bcate

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The Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company has for years produced delicate sound-transmitting instruments.

With this experience as a background, Federal engineers developed to a high point of perfection Federal Radio Receiving Sets produced in past years, and have now discovered and perfected the *Ortho-sonic principle*—probably the greatest development in radio history.

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The new Federal models are here illustrated, described and priced. Each set is housed in a cabinet of rich design and finish—compact and beautiful.

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Only in the Federal can you get the Ortho-sonic principle. If you do not know the Federal retailer in your community, please write us. We shall be glad to send you his name, together with further information regarding Federal radio products.

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-SONIC*

*

ORTHO-SONIC

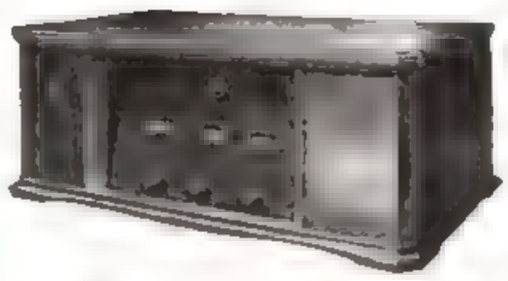
Of, pertaining to, or producing tone values in sound reproduction corresponding exactly to the natural tones

SEE
The Federal Retailer

Make the thrilling Ortho-sonic Tone Test before you choose any radio set. Compare Ortho-sonic performance with any other radio tone for life-like quality. Let your own hearing be the judge.

Note, too, the exquisite cabinet work—rich in its modern design, coloring and finish. A Federal charms the eye as well as the ear.

A-10 A Five Tube Receiver, Tuned Radio-Frequency type, employing the new Federal Ortho-sonic principle. Extremely simple to operate. Three tuning dials log practically together. No other adjustments necessary in tuning. Only other instruments on panel are a volume control with a filament switch mounted in its center; a single Rheostat to adjust the temperature of all five tubes. Adapted for operation with either 'wet battery' or 'dry battery' tubes. Made with tilted panel. Housed in a well constructed cabinet, finished in beautiful brown mahogany tone. Receiver incorporates same selected materials and careful workmanship which have made the Federal famous. Ortho-sonic principle provides the furthest advance in tonal quality. Dimensions: length 24 in., height 11 in., depth 12 in.
Price without accessories ***$75.00***



B-20 A Five Tube Receiver of the Tuned Radio-Frequency type employing the new Federal Ortho-sonic principle. Extreme simplicity of tuning obtained by micrometer controls. Station indicators located behind glass ports. All delicate parts completely shielded against mechanical damage and electrical disturbances. Combination volume control and filament switch conveniently located on the panel. Temperature of all tubes is varied by one Rheostat located behind the panel under the lid, which, once set, requires little adjustment. Operates with either 'dry battery' or 'wet battery' tubes. Panel conveniently tilted. Housed in a beautiful, genuine mahogany cabinet, finished in rich, brown tone which harmonizes with almost any room. Cabinet arranged to accommodate all batteries or battery substitutes. Pronounced sensitivity and extremely fine selectivity. The new Ortho-sonic principle provides the furthest advance in tonal quality. Dimensions, length 30 in., height 13 in., depth 15 in. Price without accessories ***$100.00***

C-35 Same receiving mechanism as C-20 but housed in a handsome 'High-boy' type cabinet, equipped with very superior Federal speaker. Adequate space for all batteries or battery substitutes. Receiving mechanism is so arranged as to install or charge tubes eliminating necessity of lifted lid. Cabinet is exposed two-tone finish of the finest walnut veneers, exquisite inlay work. Dimensions: length 27 in., height 54 in., depth 17 in.
Price without accessories ***$300.00***

C-20 A Seven Tube Receiver, Tuned Radio-Frequency type, employing the Ortho-sonic principle. Especially designed for operation with its own loop. Remarkable volume and distance. For experimenters and others desiring to make long distance tests such as trans-oceanic reception, provision is made for use of antennae. Loop integral with cabinet is result of exhaustive tests, and is so arranged that it can be rotated for distance work. All delicate parts completely shielded against mechanical damage and electrical disturbances. Tuning accomplished with two micrometer controls with station indicators visible behind glass ports. A volume control 'on-and-off' switch, and single Rheostat for all tubes complete the equipment for operation. Cabinet of selected mahogany, finished a rich brown. Accommodates all batteries or battery substitutes. Used with either 'dry battery' or 'wet battery' tubes. Dimensions: length 36 in., height 16 in., depth 18 in. Price without accessories . . ***$165.00***

C-30 Same as C-20 except that the new Federal adjustable speaker has been built into the lid. The design of this speaker is such as to blend and soften the cabinet lines, producing a most harmonious result. Liberal space for sound amplification is provided, allowing the user to enjoy to the full the results of Ortho-sonic reception. Dimensions: length 36 in., height 23 in., depth 18 in.
Price without accessories ***$200.00***

B-30 Same as B-20 except that the new Federal adjustable speaker has been incorporated above the lid. This design provides simple sweeping curves which add greatly to the general appearance of the cabinet. Speaker space is not cramped, but is sufficient to allow the fullest development of Ortho-sonic reproduction. Dimensions: length 30 in., height 20 in., depth 15 in.
Price without accessories ***$130.00***

B-36 The same as B-35 except design of cabinet has been changed so that user may have a wider range of selection. Dimensions: length 35 in., height 43 in., depth 21 in. Price without accessories . . ***$250.00***

B-35 Receiving Mechanism same as B-20. Equipped with the best speaking mechanism Federal can build. Receiving Mechanism slides in and out to install tubes, an exclusive feature. Cabinet is made of mahogany woods selected for rich and harmonious marking. All apparatus is designed to give the user the fullest benefit of the Ortho-sonic principle of tone production. Dimensions: length 35 in., height 43 in., depth 21 in. Price without accessories ***$250.00***

C-40 Same receiving mechanism as C-20 but housed in specially designed custom-built, hand-carved cabinet. Every detail of feature is provided in this model to make it the last word, not only as a Radio Receiving Set, but, also as a beautiful furniture piece for the select home.
Price without accessories ***$350.00***

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A MARVEL of modern engineering, a triumph of resourcefulness—the subways of New York! And since the city is built on almost solid rock, the construction of its subways calls for the best equipment that engineering knows. All told, these subways involve the removal of more rock and earth than was moved to build the Panama Canal.

Hauling New York out from under its feet is a terrific strain on motor trucks. It's a job to test the strength of every mechanical part and to prove the stamina of construction.

There's a job for International Trucks and several fleets of them are working at it—day and night—in situations that call for ability and durability without refusal. Twenty years of building motor trucks shows to advantage here. Exclusive features of design—removable cylinders, ball-bearing crankshaft, auxiliary springs, steer-easy steering gear, and many others—all prove their worth in work like this.

And so, wherever trucks are called on to do a real day's work, Internationals are serving faithfully—serving as other products of the Harvester Company have served for almost a hundred years.

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The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads. Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements
International has the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world—111 branches in this country alone—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another

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Des Moines, Iowa
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Sioux Falls, S. D.
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Springfield, Ill.
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Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

THE CAMEO BROOCH

(Continued from Page 13)

it back," she indignantly told herself. "What do they think I am—an easy mark?"

All this time the pudgy little man in the rusty derby had been anxiously watching her, and now he turned to the salesman behind the counter and said, "Give the lady a ten-dollar bill and let her name her own price on any other cameo in the shop."

"N-no," said Beth, shaking her head at the proffered money. "I think I'll keep this one, thank you."

"And get in trouble, maybe? And maybe get the man in trouble too?"

"I don't know," said Beth, taking a step toward the door, her hand again rising to her brooch. "Somehow I don't think anybody's going to get in trouble. And I like this cameo, and so I'm going to keep it."

"I give you fifteen dollars," said the little man, following her. "On my own responsibility I give it, and hope to get it back again from him."

"No," said Beth, growing surer every moment now that she had picked up a bargain, and growing surer every moment that she wasn't going to part with it too!

"Twenty," said the little man. "Come, I offer you twenty and take a chance he will not leave it on my hands."

"No—no, thank you," said Beth, her hand on the door, crazy to get home and have a good look at it.

By rapid, voluble stages, the little man raised his offer to fifty dollars, and when that was refused, he did an eloquent bit of pantomime as though washing his hands of something that slightly puzzled him.

"I tell you, miss," he said then, shrugging his shoulders, "whether you sell it or not, believe me, it matters me nothing. The gentleman who sold it to me last night, he was in here again this morning soon after you left, and when I told him the brooch already is sold to a young lady who passes by my store every morning and night, he says to me, 'I have made a mistake and wish you would buy it back, and offer as high as feefty dollars, which is all the money I have.' And now, miss, if you will not sell it to me, maybe you would like to drive it a bargain with him, for all afternoon he has been waiting outside, and stands now looking in at the window to see if I make you a trade."

There Was No Denying It—the Cameo Brooch Completed the Picture, Made Her Look Like a Modern Minerva

Her hand still on the door, Beth turned and looked through the window; and there between a festoon of amber beads and a dilapidated ship model, she caught sight of a frowning face with narrow-set eyes—eyes that were staring almost hungrily at the brooch upon her breast.

III

BETH opened the door and stepped out into the narrow entrance, reassured perhaps by the presence of the passers-by upon the avenue, the cars, the trains, and particularly by the knowledge that Mrs. Murtle's was just around the corner. And not only that but suddenly it had seemed to her that there was something almost traplike about the little curiosity shop, with a door in the rear that might lead anywhere. So when she saw that the man outside was about to come in, she stepped briskly out instead, her hand again over her brooch; and her heart, if the truth be told, not very far from being in her mouth.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man, touching his hat, "but might I have a few words with you?"

If Beth had been a traveler, his manner and accent might have reminded her, if only vaguely, of some cockney steward on a liner. At least, his words were polite enough—touched, it might be said, with obsequence and free from anything alarming.

"Yes," she said, walking slowly on toward where the cop was directing traffic on the corner.

"That brooch now—you see, it's like this: I was a bit squiffed larst night and I sold it without fairly knowing what I was doing. And, you see, it belongs to the missis—an old family heirloom, you might say—and I'd no more dare sail 'ome without it tomorrow ——"

Beth began to see it going.

"Why didn't you tell that to the man in the shop?" she asked. "He seemed to think—well, he seemed to think you'd stolen it and wanted to put it back."

"Oh, a chap like him—I'd tell a chap like him anything," said Narrow-Eyes with a disparaging shrug. "A chap like him, you know, he'd rather believe I'd twigged it than not."

That, too, had a flat ring to Beth.

"If he'd lie to one, he'd lie to another," she thought. And another sour note beginning to echo in her ear, she said aloud, "If your wife thinks such a lot of it, how did you happen to have it?"

He hardly waited until the words were out of her mouth.

"Oh, she gave it to me to 'ave it mended," he said. "You see, the pin was broke."

Beth knew then that she was hearing fiction. When she had reached Moody & Evans' that morning, she had taken the brooch off and had especially looked at the fastening to make sure it was safe. The pin, she had found, was a rugged piece of work, its anchorage as discolored as the rest of the mounting, and certainly without any signs of fresh solder or file marks on it. Indeed, she had thought to herself, "I'll bet that's the same pin that was put on it when the brooch was made." And here this man with the close-set eyes was trying to tell her it was a new one!

"I'll give you fifty dollars for it, to get it back," he said.

By that time they had turned the corner and Mrs. Murtle's was in view.

"I don't know," said Beth, playing for time. "I'm beginning to think this isn't your brooch, because the pin on this one is very old, and yours has a new one." This gave her another idea. "You say it's an heirloom?"

"Yes'm," said the other eagerly, as though glad to side-step the question of the pin. "Always been in the family, as long as either me or my father or my poor old grandfather can remember."

"Then can you tell me what the subject is?" she asked, her hand still covering it.

"The subject?" he repeated.

"Yes. It's a carving, you know. Can you tell me what the carving represents?"

"Eh, bless you," he said after a few moments' troubled thought. "I never took that much notice. Wait a moment, though. Wasn't there a young chap and his girl on it, and some sort of a carstle wall?"

"No," said Beth, breathing a sigh of relief as she stopped at Mrs. Murtle's steps. "So, you see, this isn't yours at all; first, because it hasn't a new pin on it; and second, because you can't remember the subject. Good evening."

You ought to have seen how quickly she ran up the steps, fearful at first that a disappointed hand might clutch her ankle and drag her back. But the man on the sidewalk made no effort either to stop or follow her; and when Beth peeked back he was moving away, his eyes apparently on the name plate or the number over the bell.

You can imagine how breathlessly she told all this to Kenn Willis that night, sitting on the top step and feeling an undeniable thrill every time a slouching figure went strolling past and glanced up at them. They went inside then and turned up the light in the hall, and Beth took the brooch off and they both had a good look at it.

"Story in it somewhere," said Kenn, with his fool, sad expression. "Pretty, all right, but I doubt if it's worth fifty dollars—that is, of course, unless it's some historical antique. Why don't you take it to Bethany's and see what they say about it?"

"I will," said Beth, but with none too sure a voice. "I hope they won't say it's stolen, though."

"Might be," said Kenn, his bulging forehead still leaning over it. "Certainly a story somewhere. I can smell it; I can taste it; but I just can't feel it yet. Oh, and another thing; if I were you, I don't think I'd wear it for a few days—or at least I wouldn't wear it out on the street where the boys might see it."

"I was thinking of that," said Beth.

"Good! Now let me put it in my pocket and we'll go for a bus ride. . . . The Funny Side of Bus Riding. . . . I've got six hundred words to do before I go to bed."

IV

THE next few days passed quietly enough. Every morning and every evening, Beth walked past the little curiosity shop, and sometimes the man in the rusty derby nodded to her; but he made no more advances to buy the cameo back. She didn't wear it on the street, though—that is to say, she didn't wear it publicly, but had it pinned, face inward, to her slip, where it didn't show. Then when she got to Moody & Evans', she reached down in and fished it up and fastened it at its proper place at the V of her waist; and whether it was the brooch or the tortoise-shell spectacles or the new way she was doing her hair, she still continued to prosper—a streak of good fortune which she wasn't slow to credit to the brooch.

"It's lucky—I'm sure it is," she told herself. "That's why that man was so anxious to buy it back. Perhaps as soon as he sold it, all kinds of things began to happen to him. Well, he shouldn't have sold it. And anyhow, it can be lucky for me now. . . . Huh! What does she want?"

It was Miss Fitzpatrick, bringing a crusty-looking old lady who wanted a book by an early American author with a title something like Is There Any More Pie Plate?

"I've suggested cookbooks," said Miss Fitzpatrick, "but she says it isn't that."

The crusty old lady gave Miss Fitzpatrick a glance which seemed to say, "Cookbooks my eye!" and added aloud to Beth,

When is a Bargain?

IT took a lot of persuasion. McKenna Brass and Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., had so many difficulties with sandholes and bad threading in small size fittings that they scouted the idea that these troubles could be avoided.

How thoroughly they changed their mind when they finally tried out Grinnell Cast Iron Fittings is shown by a recent letter which states "the uniformity and accuracy of these fittings have practically eliminated pipe fitting troubles in the quantity production of our machinery." It's this elimination of trouble and reduction of after-installation replacements that make Grinnell Fittings far more economical than ordinary "bargain fittings." If your jobber doesn't carry Grinnell Fittings write for the name of the nearest distributor. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL
PIPE FITTINGS

The Bristles can't come out. They are held forever in a grip of Vulcanized hard Rubber

ALL DEALERS 35¢ TO $10.00

Ever-Ready
Sterilized – Guaranteed
SHAVING BRUSHES

SERVICE ALWAYS AT YOUR ELBOW

YOU want *what* you want *when* you want it.

If you need pulleys and hangers, you want those that will give you the largest return for your money—as measured by economy in power transmission, in low maintenance, in time of installation, in first cost.

If you want these pulleys and hangers, you want quick delivery from a near-by and dependable source of supply.

In American Pressed Steel Hangers and American Steel Split Pulleys you find this combination of service and convenience.

From Miami to Seattle, from San Diego to Bangor, from New Orleans to Duluth, you are never more than a few hours' shipping time from a supply of "American" Hangers and Pulleys.

The map indicates the towns where there are "American" dealers. The name and address (and generally the 'phone number) of every "American" dealer is listed in MacRae's Blue Book. You will find that list of names impressive both in number and in character.

Ask your secretary to write for descriptive printed matter

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia

AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
PATENTED PATENTED

"It's for a little nephew of mine and he told me the title himself."

"Wait a moment," said Beth. "Is it is it The Pilot, by James Fenimore Cooper?"

"That's it, my dear, the very thing!" crowed the old lady; and when Miss Fitzpatrick had gone, she said in the nicest confidential tone, "Calls herself the manager! Seems to me it's you who ought to be the manager of this department, and when I get home, I'm going to write a letter to Mr. Evans and tell him so."

All this Beth credited to the influence of the cameo brooch. She didn't take it to Bethany's, though.

"I'd like to see myself!" she thought. "Wouldn't I look a fool if they had a description of it, and kept it, and perhaps even called a detective or somebody and made me explain how I got it?"

You can begin to see how fond she was growing of it.

There was a new boarder that evening—a roguish, witty little fellow who drank Mrs. Schwartzkind's water and threw up bits of bread and caught them in his mouth and kept all that side of the table in an uproar of laughter; and Beth thought to herself, "That's the cameo again," because he was such a welcome addition to the table. His name was Manners—Mr. Manners—and he could do tricks with plates and tricks with glasses and tricks with matches, and Kenn grew a bit jealous because Beth laughed at him so.

"The village cut-up," he murmured sadly. "He'll have us all bending over to pick up quarters yet."

Beth laughed again at that—because Kenn was jealous—and if Mr. Manners occasionally flashed a smile in her direction, you couldn't greatly blame him. She was wearing her lavender-striped silk that night—a shade that just suited her color and set off the cameo to perfection. And whether or not it was because of the excitement of the last few days, you would have had to look in quite a few boarding houses that evening before you would have found anything easier to look at. To get her away from the accomplished new boarder, Kenn took her to a movie and it was after eleven o'clock when they returned home. It was the first cool night after the hot spell, and Beth almost went to sleep before she had her shoes off.

As a matter of fact, it was probably the coolness of the night which saved her, for when she woke up at two o'clock and was about to reach down for the blanket, she suddenly lay very still, her heart beating like a trip hammer, conscious that someone was in her room and near her closet door. There was the flickering penciling of a miniature flashlight on the knob, and the door of the closet was cautiously opened and the intruder stepped inside. He couldn't shut the door behind him—there wasn't room for that—and when the light clothes on the hangers reflected the rays of the flashlight, Beth saw it was Mr. Manners who had thus unconventionally called upon her—Mr. Manners, performing a trick which he hadn't shown with the others downstairs.

"O-oh, I know!" she suddenly gasped to herself, seeing the flashlight exploring the V of her lavender stripes. "He's looking for the cameo! That's the place he saw me wear it last!"

She knew, too, that he was warm—knew that the brooch was in the pocket of the dress, with no other covering than her handkerchief. And so, first drawing a long, full breath, she let it out fortissimo, in the form of a scream, and then proceeded to repeat her music, as the composers say, ad lib.

Kenn was working late again that night, wishing to finish the Funny Side of Parlor Tricks so he'd be a day ahead; and the moment he heard the second scream he was out in the hall, with his door flung open, in time to see the new boarder come running out of Beth's room. As it happened, Mr. Manners was nearer the stairs than Kenn, but it was a close race down to the hall below, with the new boarder just far enough ahead to turn back the latch of the front door and slip out into the night, Kenn still at his heels.

"Stop him, somebody! Stop him!" he cried, thinking that Beth had been hurt.

Down the outside steps they ran, and along toward Sixth Avenue; and if you had been leaning out of one of Mrs. Murtle's front windows, breathlessly watching and listening, you would presently have seen and heard a blue-coated figure suddenly appear under the street lamp at the corner, a deep voice shouting, "Here! Stand still, you two!" a short red flash of flame which seemed to come from the leader of the two runners, the sharp echo of a shot, a series of similar flashes and echoes from the blue-coated one under the street lamp; and then, instead of three men, you would have seen only two, both of them bending over a crumpled figure on the sidewalk and then earnestly talking together.

After an interval, Kenn returned to Mrs. Murtle's—the cop with him this time—and the two of them walked up the stairs, past the excited boarders, who were muffled in dressing gowns and kimonos and talking to one another from their open doorways. Mrs. Murtle and Mrs. Schwartzkind were both with Beth, and when Kenn saw that the latter wasn't hurt, his knees went weak and at first it was hard for him to get his words out.

"You—you might tell the cop here how—how it started," he said.

Beth told him, even as she had just told Mrs. Murtle and Mrs. Schwartzkind; but perhaps because it didn't occur to her, she said nothing about the cameo.

"Did you catch him?" she asked, while the cop was taking their names down.

"I'll say we caught him," said he, looking up over his notebook. "He shot at me first, but all I got was the whistle past my ear. So then, of course, I had to let him have it."

Beth trembled a bit at that and turned to Kenn.

"Does he mean ——" she murmured, but couldn't get herself to say the word.

Kenn soberly nodded, having come to a subject at last in which even he couldn't see a funny side.

"He went down at the second shot and never moved," he whispered. And returning to the thought which had been in his mind ever since the first flash of flame in the street below, he added, "And all the while he had that gun—and might have shot at you!"

▼

AFTER the cop had gone and the house had quieted down again, Kenn rapped on Beth's door to see if she was all right.

"Come in," she said. "I know I shan't sleep any more tonight, and I hate to be alone."

She had on a dressing gown and slippers, and was sitting rocking near the window, with all the lights turned on. So Kenn went in, leaving the door part way open to placate Mrs. Grundy. That was all right, of course, but it had this disadvantage—that it reduced their conversation to guarded whispers.

"Isn't it funny about that cameo?" began Beth.

"You think he was after it?"

She nodded and told him why.

"If I were you, I'd get rid of the thing," said Kenn, after a thoughtful pause. "I'd sell it back to the curiosity shop and let somebody else have the good luck it brings."

"I will not!" whispered Beth quickly. "It must be valuable or they wouldn't be after it like that; and what's the sense of giving it up, just because it's worth something?"

She went to the closet and brought it back with her. There was a small table between them, and from where they sat they couldn't be seen by anyone passing the partly opened door.

"It must be awfully historical," said Beth.

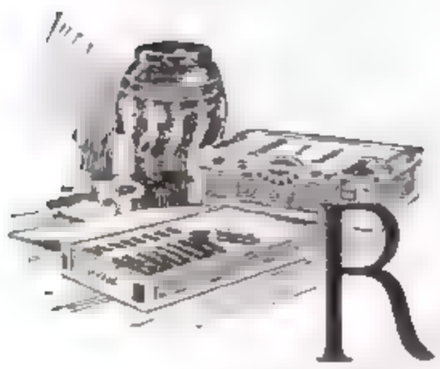
They both leaned over and looked at it: but whatever its history might have been, it certainly couldn't tell them about it.

(Continued on Page 185)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"I never thought I would live to coax a grand organ recital out of something about twice as large as a cigar box."

...George Ade



READ that sentence again. It seems as if the whole story of radio in general and this Atwater Kent Receiving Set in particular is in that sentence.

But there is even more to be told and George Ade goes on to tell it in his own way:

"I am just as much an expert," he writes, "as the average fan who sits in front of a set and jiggles the dials and hopes for the best. I am glad to report that your new set seems to be especially made for radio addicts of my description...

"The set which I now have picks up stations all over the map and they come in clear and strong. The new arrangement for toning the lights gives a control over volume and static which I have not found in other sets. The whole thing is so small and simple that it looks and acts unreasonable."

And George Ade, like so many other celebrities, believes these things because he judges his Atwater Kent Receiving Set by just one thing: *what it does!*

Shall we send *you* an illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio?

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) through stations—

WEAF . . *New York*	WCAE . . *Pittsburgh*
WJAR . . *Providence*	WGR . . . *Buffalo*
WEEI . . *Boston*	WWJ . . . *Detroit*
WFI . . . *Philadelphia*	WOC . . . *Davenport*
WCCO . . *Minneapolis-St. Paul*	
WSAI . . *Cincinnati*	

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
(Atwater Kent, President)
4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE • PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GEORGE ADE, *writer and humorist, has installed an Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact in his Indiana home. This set is priced at eighty dollars.*

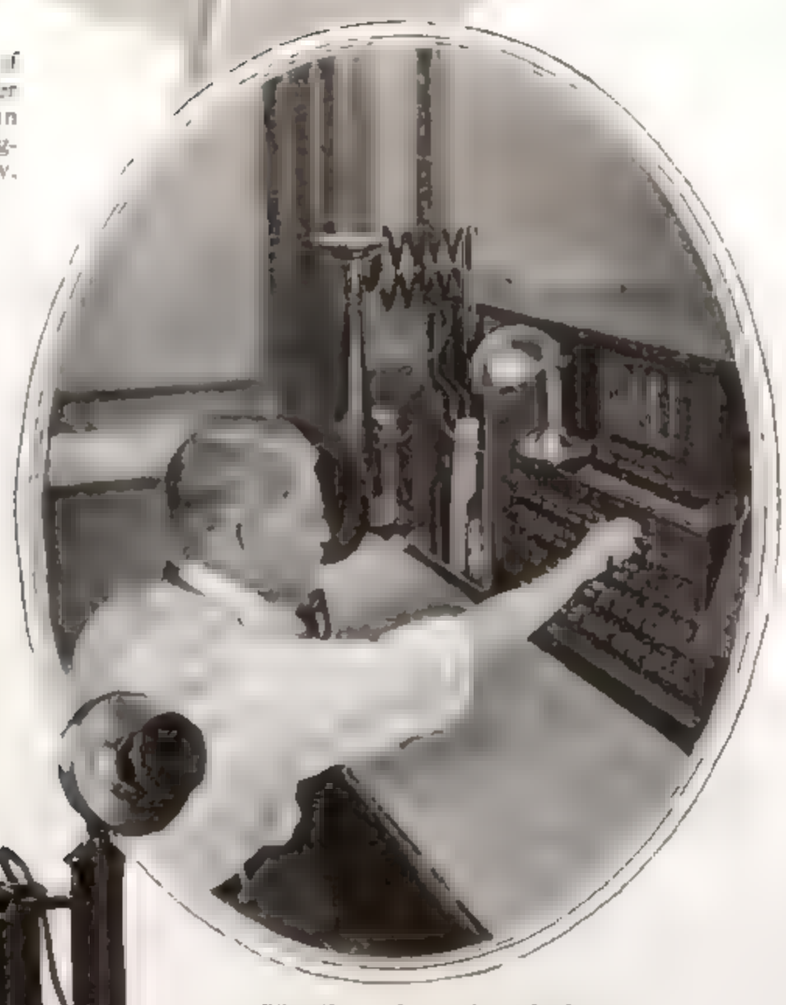
RADIO SPEAKERS PRICED FROM $12 TO $28

MODEL 10, $30

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.

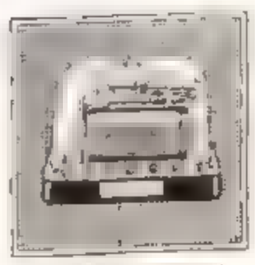
MODEL 20, $80

To guide any one of many trains, the dispatcher by a twist of his wrist is in instant touch with any signal tower in his territory.



The dispatcher at his telephone, controlling the movements of trains over long distances. Western Electric railroad telephones and train dispatching equipment are made by the makers of your telephone.

The throttle that guides a hundred trains



THE SELECTOR
Heart of the train control

MIGHTY power is given to the locomotive engineer, whose hand keeps his thundering steed in leash. But a hundred times that power rests in the hand of the dispatcher guiding the movements of a hundred trains.

The dispatcher is the center of it all, with a Western Electric telephone before him and Western Electric telephones in every way-station, at sidings along the right-of-way and within reach of train crews and track inspectors.

Safe railroad travel is due to the alertness of many men, aided by dependable equipment. Western Electric railroad telephones make possible quick and accurate train dispatching and the safeguarding of lives.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 162)

There it lay in Beth's palm—chocolate and ivory colored, a lady in panniers walking down into a gondola, with the Grand Canal in the middle distance and a suspicion of the Campanile in the background, the frame and back of discolored silver, the whole thing oval in shape and looking undeniably old.

"They said it was silver at the curiosity shop; do you think it may be platinum?" Beth hopefully whispered.

"Even if it was," said Kenn, "it wouldn't be worth a fortune. Perhaps twice as much as gold, or something like that. Let's see how it rubs."

She gave him the brooch and with a corner of his handkerchief he began polishing the metal back. In doing this perhaps he used more strength than he knew, for the back pushed in a little and a slight crack was heard.

"Oh, don't break it!" whispered Beth anxiously.

He turned it over, but apparently no harm had been done to the face of the stone, and he was turning it back again when he became conscious of another new factor in the problem.

"Something loose somewhere," he whispered. "Hear it?"

Holding the brooch near her ear, he shook it; and a slight but unmistakable rattling sound was heard between the stone and the metal back.

"A bit of solder, perhaps," said Kenn. "Silver-backed hairbrushes sometimes sound like that."

"I wonder!" breathed Beth as Kenn shook it again.

"Shall I take the stone out so we can see if there's anything back of it?" he suggested next. "I think I can get it out with my knife without breaking anything."

She breathlessly nodded and, opening the small blade of his pocket knife, Kenn began working the point around between the silver frame and the cameo.

"I think it's coming," he whispered at last.

"Careful!" Beth cautioned him, a bright spot of color on each of her cheeks.

He was still cautiously working away when, almost without warning, the carved stone tilted out of its frame. It was a thin, shell-like piece of work, not much thicker than the cardboard of a candy box; and when it fell away it disclosed a hollow hiding place behind it—a hollow hiding place apparently filled with cotton wool, touched here and there with those scintillating points of light which are sometimes seen upon the cotton snow of a Christmas tree. Working more carefully than before, Kenn emptied this packing and began to explore it, lifting something out every little while and laying it on one side, Beth leaning over almost beside herself with excitement and helping him as though she simply couldn't keep her hands off.

"There!" said Kenn, not exactly an image of coolness himself. "That's all!"

And, indeed, if you had been there you might have thought there was plenty; for on one side of the little table between Beth Adams and Kenn Willis lay first of all the cameo, the silver mounting and the cotton wool, while in the center of the table lay twelve diamonds, each about a quarter of the size of a piece of cut sugar, and each alive with the fire of stars, triumphant reds and sea-deep greens and heavenly rays of blue.

VI

"WHAT are you going to do about it?" asked Kenn the next morning.

They had started out from Mrs. Murtle's together, Beth on her way to Moody & Evans' and Kenn because he wanted to speak to her without being overheard by the boarders. Before he had left her the night before he had fastened the cameo brooch together again—empty this time—and Beth had sewed the diamonds into an old chamois watch bag, and Kenn didn't know what she had done with the bag.

"I don't know," she said, though you could see that it wasn't for lack of thinking about it. "Return them to the owner, I guess."

"Return them to the owner? Why, you're the owner!" he almost roughly told her.

Beth shook her head.

"The cameo brooch—that's mine," she said. "I bought it and I paid for it, and I would have stuck out for it through thick and thin. But the diamonds—well, they're different. Somebody owns them, of course; but whoever owns them, I'm sure it isn't me."

They were passing the curiosity shop by that time; and the pale, pudgy little man with the rusty derby was looking out through the glass door. At sight of Beth he raised his hat and gave her that look which seems to say, "One of my customers."

"Why, of course you own them," said Kenn. "Suppose you bought a farm, to raise cows, and you found a gold mine on it. Isn't the gold yours?"

"Yes; but that's different," she said. "The gold was always there and it never belonged to anybody else. But the diamonds weren't always in that cameo brooch, and they do belong to somebody else, and you know it, Kenn Willis, as well as I do."

Indeed, she was almost huffy about it.

"'Methinks the lady doth protest too much,'" quoth Kenn to himself, goggling at her from behind his spectacles; and then aloud, "Oh, very well. As long as you're not going to keep them —— When the cop took Manners' baggage last night, I went to his room and saw it myself. There was only one bag, but it had a steamship label on it—the Blue Star Line—and the blanks had been filled up 'S. S. Morania,' dated about two weeks ago, 'Stateroom 234,' from Southampton to New York; and the owner's name began with the initial W even if he did call himself Manners to Mrs. Murtle. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I know some of the fellows pretty well down at the Blue Star Line—every once in a while I write a story about one of their ships—so I'll jog on down there after I leave you and see what I can learn."

He left her at the Forty-second Street Elevated station, and didn't meet her again till dinnertime. She could see then that he had news to tell, and neither of them spent much time over dessert.

"Wait a moment; I'll get my hat," said Beth.

They started for Fifth Avenue—their favorite walk in the evening—and Kenn told her what he had discovered at the steamship office.

"His name was Whistler," he said; "or at least that's the name he traveled under, and he's done a lot of traveling the last few years. They recognized him, too, from my description; and I recognized him from theirs. They said he was always a star performer at the ship's concerts, and used to do tricks in the smoke room. So he's the bird, all right. But wait till you get this!"

He paused—blessed, you see, with the dramatic instinct, for all his sad, fool look.

"Just before the Morania landed in New York last trip, Whistler complained to the captain that he suspected his steward of stealing an old cameo brooch which he was bringing over as a curio."

"Kenn!" gasped Beth.

"Yes," said Kenn, goggling at her again, "and that's not all. My friend at the Blue Star office told me this on the strict q. t., but he says that for some time past the company had suspected Whistler of being in the smuggling game. They had never actually found anything on him, but the customs inspectors had reached the point where they were using fine-tooth combs on him."

"Oh, Kenn!" gasped Beth again. "Then you really think ——"

"Of course I do," he stoutly told her. "It's as plain as two and two." And looking at her from under his bulging brows with the air of an intelligent father who thinks at last that he has cornered his recalcitrant child, he added, "Well, what are

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

I see where some of the Foreign Nations say they are going to FUND their debt to America, and all the Papers are all excited about it. But the BULL'S EYE is a Paper that never misleads our readers (either one of them). FUNDING a debt means about the same thing as

having a fellow that has owed you for years come to you and say "I am going to make arrangements to take up that loan I owe you just as soon as I can collect it from some fellows who owe me." So don't by any means get FUNDING mixed up with

PAYING. The two have nothing in common. These Nations are just stalling until another War comes along and the first thing you know our debt will be four Wars behind. We have enough saved up to fight again, but they are using it now to enforce Prohibition.

Oh, yes, "BULL" Durham. I like to forgot to mention that. Well, that

is what the Foreign Nations are paying us in. "BULL" DURHAM without the DURHAM.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

Every smile shows your teeth
—are you proud of them?
Keep your salivary glands
active—your teeth safe
Teeth white and gleaming...a charming smile
—anyone can have
these with Pebeco

WHITE TEETH

beautifully polished
and safe from decay

How your Salivary Glands can be made to keep your teeth *in perfect condition*

THE teeth you admire can be yours. White and shining, healthy teeth.

Cleansed and protected by nature's own method.

Nature intended the alkaline flow of your salivary glands to neutralize the mouth acids and prevent decay. Your teeth decay today because the salivary glands are no longer counteracting all the acids. Modern soft food does not stimulate a sufficient flow.

But dental authorities now know how to restore this protective function. Today your teeth can be kept safe and strong with the toothpaste that gently stimulates your salivary glands to flow normally again.

Pebeco keeps glands active

Pebeco is a safe, neutral salivary stimulant. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva.

As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely.

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial plaques or film. *The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.*

Pebeco does its polishing carefully without using any grit. It keeps your gums clean and stimulated, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Learn to keep them shining and really safe. Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink Products Co. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

Use the toothpaste that restores the natural protective function of your salivary glands

FREE OFFER! *Send coupon today for free generous tube of Pebeco*

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CO.,
Sole Distributors, Dept.
E-30, 635 Greenwich Street,
New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large size sample tube of Pebeco

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

To
Name
Street
City .... State

you going to do? And who do those diamonds belong to now, if they don't belong to you?"

VII

THEY had reached Fifth Avenue by then and were walking along by the side of windows filled with the treasures of earth. A Spanish shawl looked down at Beth, glorious in its embroidery and fringe; a Spanish shawl which almost rustled as it hung there, almost rustled and whispered, "Señorita, you may buy me, if you please." Beth turned her eyes away from the shawl and found herself glancing instead at the smartest little sport suit in black and white, such a suit as she had always longed for and had never been able to buy. She wouldn't look at that window any more, but the next had books and pictures in it—a hand-tooled set of Mark Twain, for instance, such as might have been made for one of the celestial libraries, and a colored lithograph of a sailing ship which played queer tricks with the heart. And the next window was harder yet to pass, fronting the office of a tourist agency—a window advertising a coming cruise around the world, a window that might have tempted Saint Anthony worse than the young ladies did. And the next window was that of a shop for children, with two of the cutest young ones romping around in a pile of sand, the older a boy and the younger a girl, and both modeled by a master who must have been inspired by love—or possibly by a childless woman who dreamed as she worked, and all but made her dreams come true.

Beth spoke then, though in none too certain a voice.

"I don't know who they do belong to," she said, "but I'm sure they don't belong to me."

Meaning the diamonds, of course, and not the two children in the window.

"But if they don't belong to anybody else, they belong to you," urged Kenn. "That's plain enough, isn't it?"

Beth shook her head, but simply wouldn't look in the windows.

"Of course, I'm not terribly clever at these things," she said; "but if somebody was trying to smuggle them in, I guess they belong to the Government now, don't they?"

"The Government!" scoffed Kenn. "And all the time we're only guessing they were smuggled! Listen! Did the Government ever buy them? Wasn't it you who bought the cameo brooch?"

"Well, then," said Beth, "he owned them."

"You mean Whistler, or Manners, or whatever his name was?"

"Yes."

"Then why did he try to steal them if he owned them?" demanded Kenn. "People don't steal things that belong to them. They just step forward and claim them."

That was hard to answer, but still Beth was unconvinced. "I don't know," she said. "I may feel different later, but right now I don't feel I have any more right to sell those diamonds than—than I have the right to drive away in one of these cars and sell it and claim that I found it without any owner in the street."

Kenn found himself growing angry then; but having trained himself so long to see funny sides, he just had sense enough to see the funny side of that. So instead of arguing further, he kept repeating to himself, "Nobody has such a warty smile as our fat frog," which is a sovereign cure for temper if you try to imagine the frog. And when he felt that he was better, he said, "Of course, the whole thing hinges on whether or not those stones are really diamonds. Suppose you let me take one to Bethany's tomorrow and have it appraised."

"All right," said Beth thoughtfully, partly perhaps because she didn't want to be contrary in everything. "Only you'll be sure to bring it back, won't you? I mean," she hastily added, "you won't sell it and try to make me take the money instead, or anything like that?"

"Cross my heart," he promised.

So the next morning she gave him one of the stones; and about half-past eleven she was reaching under the counter for fresh supplies of The Devil's Husband, which was selling like hot cakes, when she heard someone come to a stop behind her; and turning around, who did she see but Kenn Willis, goggling at her like a learned fish and in an obvious state of excitement.

"Hullo," he croaked.

"Hello, Kenn," she said; and then, more anxiously, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "Only I just thought I'd drop in and see you. I went to Bethany's, and it's real, all right. Weighs about five carats and worth about four thousand. That's forty-eight thousand for the twelve."

"Isn't it wonderful!" she whispered—proud, after all, of having acquired such a bargain, even if she couldn't keep it in the end—and looking down at her waist, she gloated for a few moments at the cameo brooch, which she had still continued to wear while on duty at Moody & Evans'—the cameo brooch, by the help of which she was still successfully strutting her stuff and putting it over the chawming Fitzpatrick a little further every day.

"That's that," said Kenn. "But now look at this!"

"This" was the Lost-and-Found advertisement column from that morning's Times, and the second ad read as follows:

"Lost! Cameo Brooch. Venetian subject. Antique silver mounting. $250 reward and no questions asked. Room 71, — Maiden Lane. Ask for Mr. Fox."

"That's what I came to see you about," said Kenn, after Beth had read it—read it twice, with a strangely poignant sense of approaching loss. "I was afraid that somebody might show you the ad and you'd go down this noon."

(Continued on Page 169)

Gaspereau Valley, Nova Scotia

Model VI, $30
14" Wood Bell
Model VII, $35
21" Wood Bell

Radio too is No Longer an Experiment

PIONEER owners of automobiles had to buy larger magnetos, different carburetors, more accurate timers and what not else, to get some degree of motoring satisfaction!

Today—how smoothly motor cars purr their way over the roads! Pioneer owners of radio experimented with different tubes, more powerful batteries, condensers and all sorts of "loud speakers," trying to balance the power of the set with the quality of the amplifier.

And now—there is no need of "trying out" experimental radio combinations, for MUSIC MASTER Receivers assure radio reception equal in power and efficiency to the supreme quality of reproduction made internationally famous by MUSIC MASTER Reproducer.

An authorized MUSIC MASTER dealer will demonstrate—in your home if you wish—MUSIC MASTER's power of distance, clarity and volume, ease of operation—and above all, its faithful reproduction and superb musical tone quality.

See MUSIC MASTER—hear—compare—before you buy any radio set

TYPE 60
Five Tubes. Two stages of radio frequency, detector and two stages audio frequency. Selective, good volume and distance. Brown mahogany art finish cabinet.
Price $60

Ten Models—$50 to $400
Guaranteed Unconditionally

TYPE 215
Six Tubes. Special MUSIC MASTER Circuit, Built-in MUSIC MASTER Reproducer. Very selective, long range, splendid tone quality.
Table equipped with battery compartment. Finished in same style as cabinet.

Table only . .	$40
Set without Table	$175
Set and Table complete .	$215

Music Master Corporation
Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus
128-130 N. Tenth Street
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH MONTREAL
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

TYPE 100
Five Tubes. New MUSIC MASTER Circuit, involving special adaptation to radio frequency. Very selective, good volume and distance. Solid mahogany cabinet in brown mahogany art satin finish. Price . . . $100

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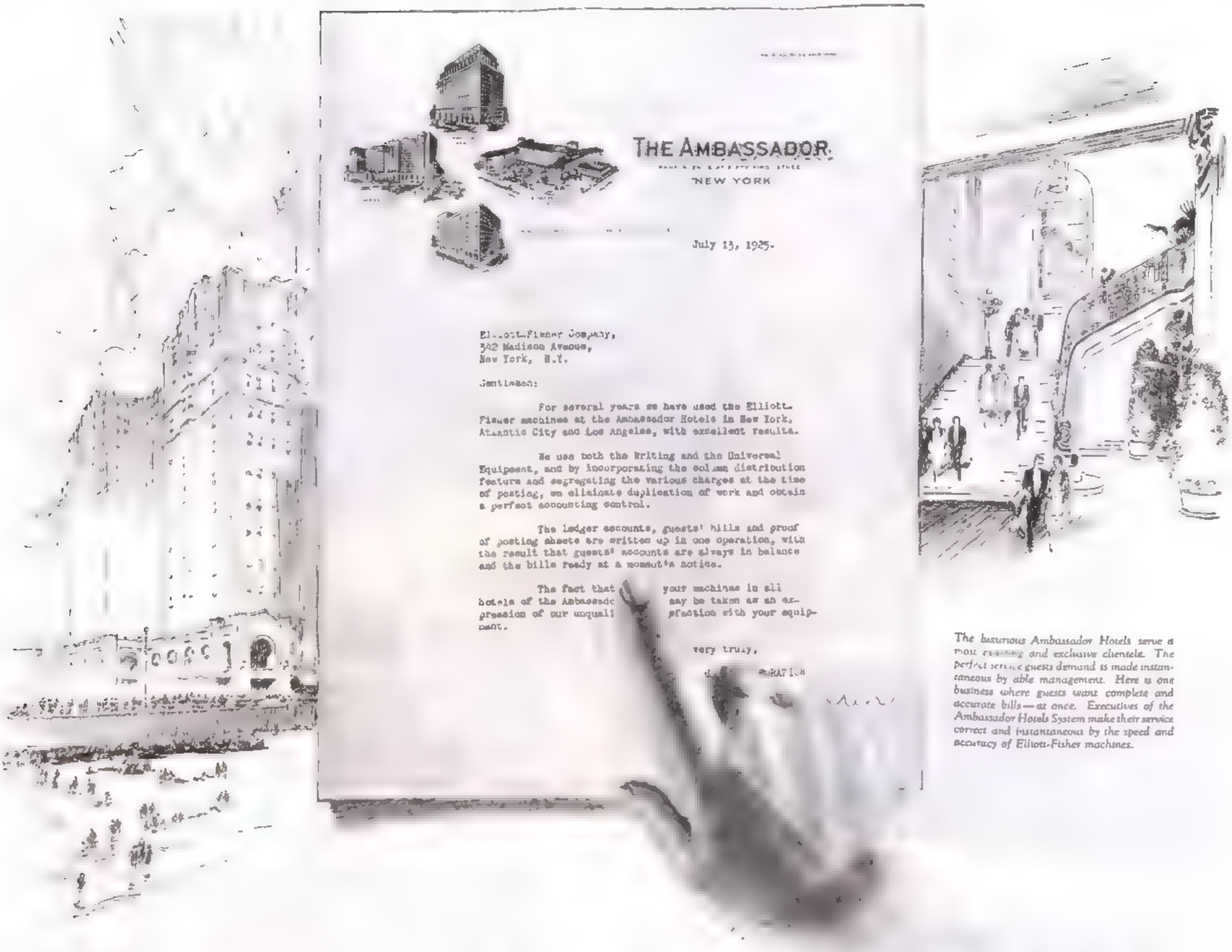
Music Master
RADIO PRODUCTS


THE AMBASSADOR
NEW YORK
July 13, 1925.
Elliott-Fisher Company,
342 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
Gentlemen:
For several years we have used the Elliott-Fisher machines at the Ambassador Hotels in New York, Atlantic City and Los Angeles, with excellent results.
We use both the Writing and the Universal Equipment, and by incorporating the column distribution feature and segregating the various charges at the time of posting, we eliminate duplication of work and obtain a perfect accounting control.
The ledger accounts, guests' bills and proof of posting sheets are written up in one operation, with the result that guests' accounts are always in balance and the bills ready at a moment's notice.
The fact that your machines in all hotels of the Ambassador may be taken as an expression of our unqualified satisfaction with your equipment.
very truly,

The luxurious Ambassador Hotels serve a most exacting and exclusive clientele. The perfect service guests demand is made instantaneous by able management. Here is one business where guests want complete and accurate bills—at once. Executives of the Ambassador Hotels System make their service correct and instantaneous by the speed and accuracy of Elliott-Fisher machines.

Your business dare not stop for breath!

It must go on—and where it goes depends upon your knowledge and control

BUSINESS is a competition where speed is all-important. Your business must not lag behind. It is your knowledge that gives it speed, your control that directs it to success.

Do you really *know* your business? Have you that exact and intimate knowledge of your business that Elliott-Fisher machines can give you?

Read the letter above. Here is a great chain of hotels—one business that cannot stop. Its executives depend upon Elliott-Fisher machines for accurate, instant accounting knowledge.

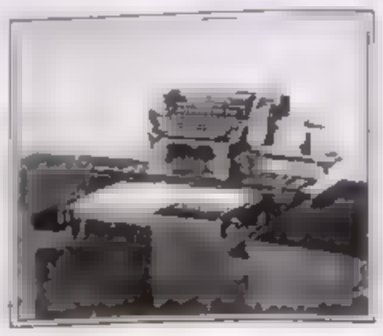
"We eliminate duplication of work and obtain a perfect accounting control," writes Mr. Peterkin, Business Manager. "Guests' accounts are always in balance, and the bills ready at a moment's notice."

Elliott-Fisher machines are accurate, self-checking, fast. Hotel guests do get accurate bills—at once—when they are Elliott-Fisher-written. That instantaneous accuracy is just as important in your daily reports and records as it is in the bills of hotel guests.

Elliott-Fisher machines put upon your desk, daily, the figure facts which are essential for business control. The figures will be correct, for the star-clear-control key of the Elliott-Fisher machine will not permit an incorrect total.

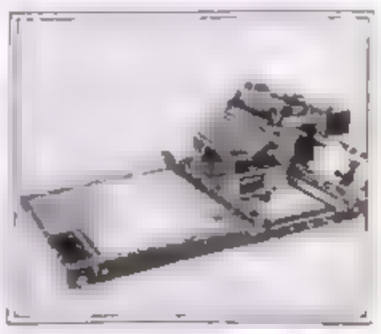
The flat writing-surface, the fundamental difference between the Elliott-Fisher machine and all others, makes it faster and more adaptable than any other accounting machine. *Instant knowledge of position through Elliott-Fisher accounting machines is the key to business control.* Elliott-Fisher Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York City. Branches in principal cities.

Service and Supplies are second only in importance to machines. You can depend upon E-F service and EFCO supplies.



At the left the Elliott-Fisher Universal accounting machine—which handles accounting records faster and more accurately than in any other way.

At right, the flat writing-surface which writes any kind of form—the exclusive fundamental mechanical principle which makes Elliott-Fisher the most adaptable writing-accounting machine.



Elliott-Fisher

(Continued from Page 166)

"No," said Beth, in a voice that wasn't far from mournful. "Nobody told me about it."

"That's all right then. Now here's what I've been thinking: There's a funny crowd connected with that brooch—a crowd, it seems to me, that would do most anything. You can tell that from Manners, or whatever his name was. So instead of you going to see Mr. Fox, I'll run down and have a talk with him myself. You'd let him have the brooch, I suppose, for two hundred and fifty dollars—that is, if he could prove it was his?"

"Well, of course," hesitated Beth, "if he could prove it."

While they had been talking, they had been walking slowly down by the side of a long counter and had reached a deserted book-lined alcove dedicated to philosophy and history.

"I suppose you ought to take it with you," hesitated Beth again, looking down at the cameo.

"Yes," said Kenn.

She took it off and gave it to him, sighing a little as she did so.

"It's empty, of course?" asked Kenn, shaking it.

"Yes," said Beth, and felt quite empty herself without it.

Kenn put it in his pocket, and Beth looked so disconsolate that just before he left he first made sure that philosophy and history were without prospective customers and then he bent down and kissed her in front of her ear.

"Cheer up, hon," he whispered—the first time, *nota bene*, that he had called her hon—"I'm pretty sure I'm going to bring it back."

Beth almost stared at him, partly perhaps because of what had happened in front of her ear and partly because of what he had called her.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked. "Don't you think it's the one that's advertised?"

"I think it's the one that's advertised—yes," said Kenn. "But do you suppose he'll pay for an empty brooch? That's why I think I'm going to bring it back!"

VIII

MR. FOX'S address, Kenn found, was a decrepit old building at the bottom of Maiden Lane, not far from the river; and when he reached Room 71, he found a long column of names painted on the glass door; but the name of Mr. Fox was not among them.

"A desk-room office," thought Kenn, "and Foxy's only here long enough to look for the cameo."

He opened the door and found himself in a long low room with a row of desks on each side—a quiet, pathetic backwater where lame ducks of commerce still splashed a little in the waters of trade, but spent most of their time quacking to one another of the glories that used to be.

"The Funny Side of Desk Room," thought Kenn. "I must remember this."

Evidently there was no office boy, and although all the lame ducks looked up—each one hopeful, perhaps, that someone was bringing him business, and fearful that it might be a bill instead—nobody spoke.

"Is Mr. Fox in?" asked Kenn.

A dark, almost saturnine man arose from one of the end desks—handsome, if the current sketches of Mephistopheles can be considered handsome, his beard black and glossy, the piqué edging of his waistcoat looking as though it had been laundered that morning.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I've called about this advertisement," said Kenn, goggling a little.

"The cameo?" asked the other, with something like a gleam in his eye. "Oh, yes. Let's go out in the hall. We'll be more private there."

Kenn treasured that for his Funny Side of Desk Room, and followed Mr. Fox out into the hall. They walked to a window at the end of the corridor and there they faced each other—Mr. Fox the suave and Mephistophelean and Kenn Willis with his fool, sad look and his bulging brow.

"Well," said Mr. Fox, speaking sharply, after he thought that Kenn had goggled at him long enough, "have you got it with you?"

"I've got a brooch with me—sure," said Kenn. "But how do I know it's yours?"

If you had been there then, looking and listening at Kenn, you could easily have become disgusted with him, he looked and spoke in such a cheaply shrewd way, for all the world like a son of Yap at a country fair, saying to the city slicker, "Think you're smart, don't you? Well, you can't fool me!"

"How do you know it's mine?" said Mr. Fox, smiling a little then. "You don't. And I don't know, either, till I've seen it. But if it's mine, I'll pay you two hundred and fifty dollars reward and no questions asked. That will show you whether or not it belongs to me, won't it?"

"Two hundred and fifty cash?" insisted Kenn.

"Right in your hand."

"Sure you've got it with you?"

At that, Mr. Fox's eyes narrowed for a moment—but then Kenn's appearance was so disarming!

"Right here in my pocket," said he.

"Fair enough," said Kenn. "And here's the brooch."

Mr. Fox took it—not at all hungrily, but with a casual grasp, though it wasn't long before he was looking at it closely enough, first with an unassisted eye and then with a glass which he stuck into place as skillfully as any Briton ever managed a monocle.

"He's looking for scratches around the frame, I guess," thought Kenn. "But even if he finds any, that won't help him any, because they might have been made by the man who hid the diamonds."

Possibly Mr. Fox had come to the same conclusion, for he took the glass out of his eye and looked thoughtful, as though he had a problem on his hands and didn't quite know how to solve it.

"This—this looks like my brooch," he said, shaking it; "but before I can say so definitely, I shall have to look back of the stone"

"Ah-ha!" thought Kenn, still goggling away. "He's getting near the trap."

"I had a private mark in there," continued Mr. Fox, producing a pocket knife. "Now don't be alarmed; I'm not going to hurt anything; these stones easily come out." He turned his back to Kenn then, saying, "Please stand away for a moment," and whatever juggling trick he performed with the knife, it wasn't long before he was snapping the cameo back into place and pressing down the silver frame around it with the handle of his knife.

"No," he said, returning the brooch to Kenn then; "I'm sorry; this isn't mine."

"Then I don't get the two-fifty?" said Kenn, still speaking for all the world like a son of Yap—only this time as though he had just had the bee put on him by the city slicker.

"Two-fifty for that thing? Certainly not," said Mr. Fox, fastidiously dusting his hands and starting back for his office. "Why, you can pick them up in any junk shop for ten or fifteen dollars—that is, unless they're genuine, of course, like mine was"

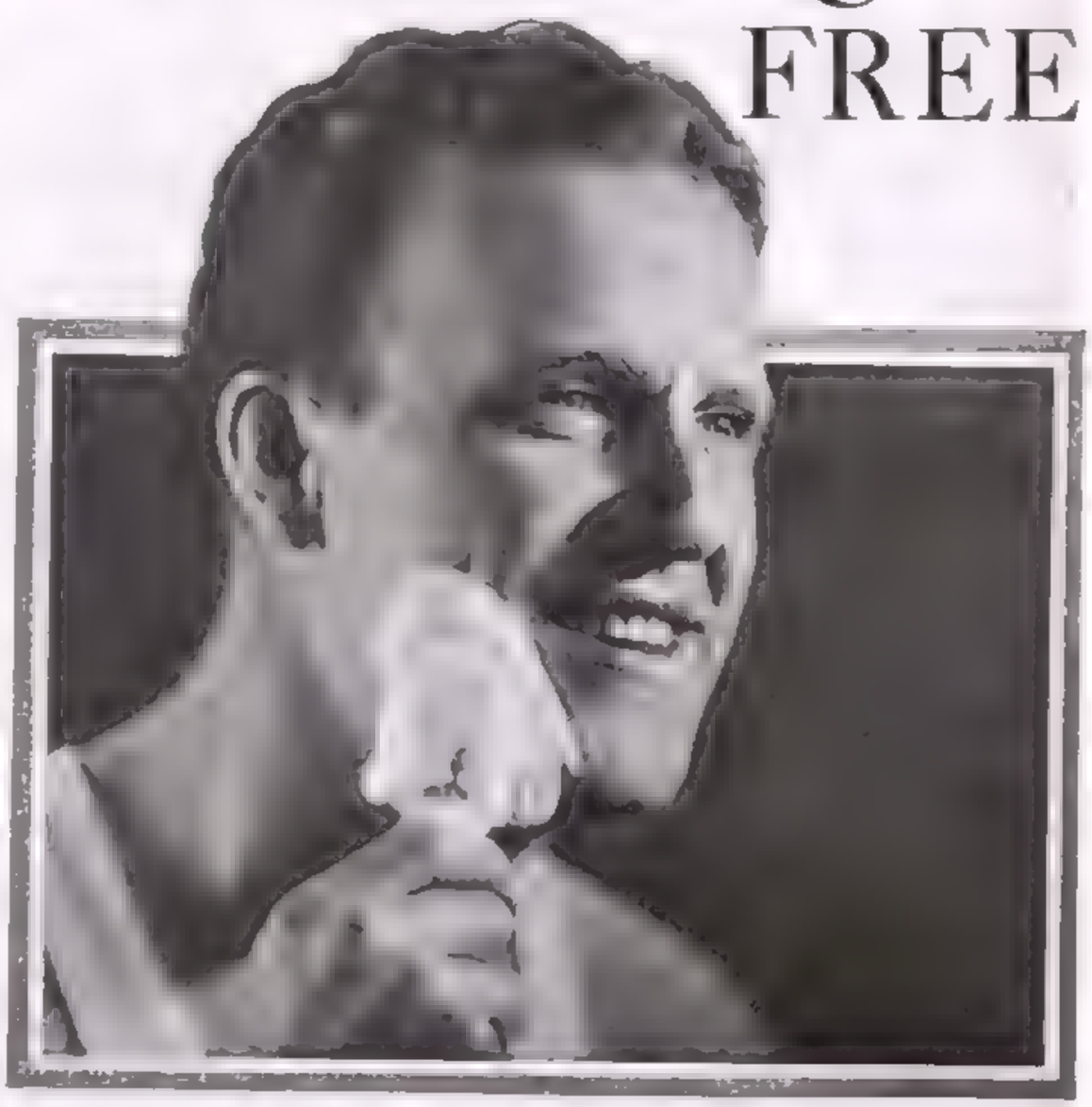
Kenn went downstairs, but when he reached the sidewalk, instead of turning toward Broadway or going down to the river, he crossed the street to the doorway of the opposite building and there he joined two quiet elderly men whom he had left there before going up to Mr. Fox's office and who were now standing well back in the shadow of the entrance.

"He bit," said Kenn. "Head of the gang, from the looks of him. I think he'll soon be down."

Indeed, he had hardly finished speaking when Mr. Fox appeared across the street, a light coat carelessly draped over his arm, and started toward Broadway.

"There he is!" whispered Kenn.

TEST this Lather FREE



It stays WET 2 to 3 minutes longer!

Williams Shaving Cream actually gives a lather that stays wet and full 2 to 3 minutes longer than any other lather we know of.

Test it yourself—free. Tell us to send you a trial tube. It costs you nothing. You get enough Williams for a full week of better shaves. Try it.

By the end of 3 shaves you'll know you've found the shaving cream that you'll stick to:

—Williams piles up lather that is lather. Quickly—a bulk of lather that keeps its bulk.

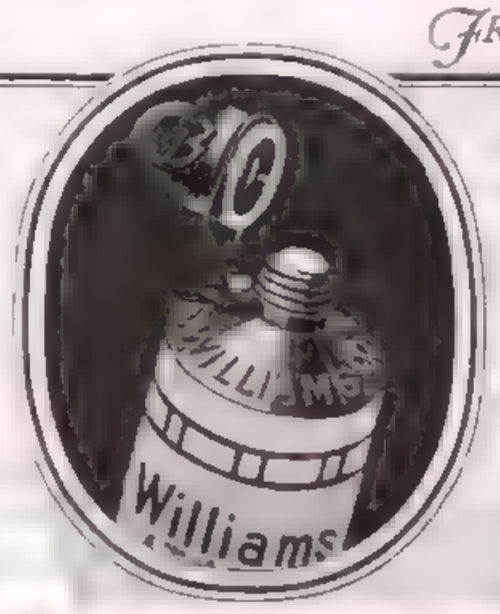
—This lather drives the oil-film from each hair. What happens? As the oil-film is loosened, the busy moisture in the lather soaks into each hair, softening it thoroughly for easy cutting.

—Your shave with Williams leaves your face cool, glove-smooth, as refreshed as after a massage.

Thousands of men know these reasons for Williams ever-growing popularity. Williams is *shaving* lather. The result of three generations of specializing. It is a pure, white cream, absolutely free from coloring matter.

Your free trial tube will be sent immediately, on receipt of the coupon below. Or use a postcard. The large-size tube of Williams is 35c. Or 50c for double-size tube containing twice as much—the most economical tube you can buy.

FREE—Mail this coupon NOW!



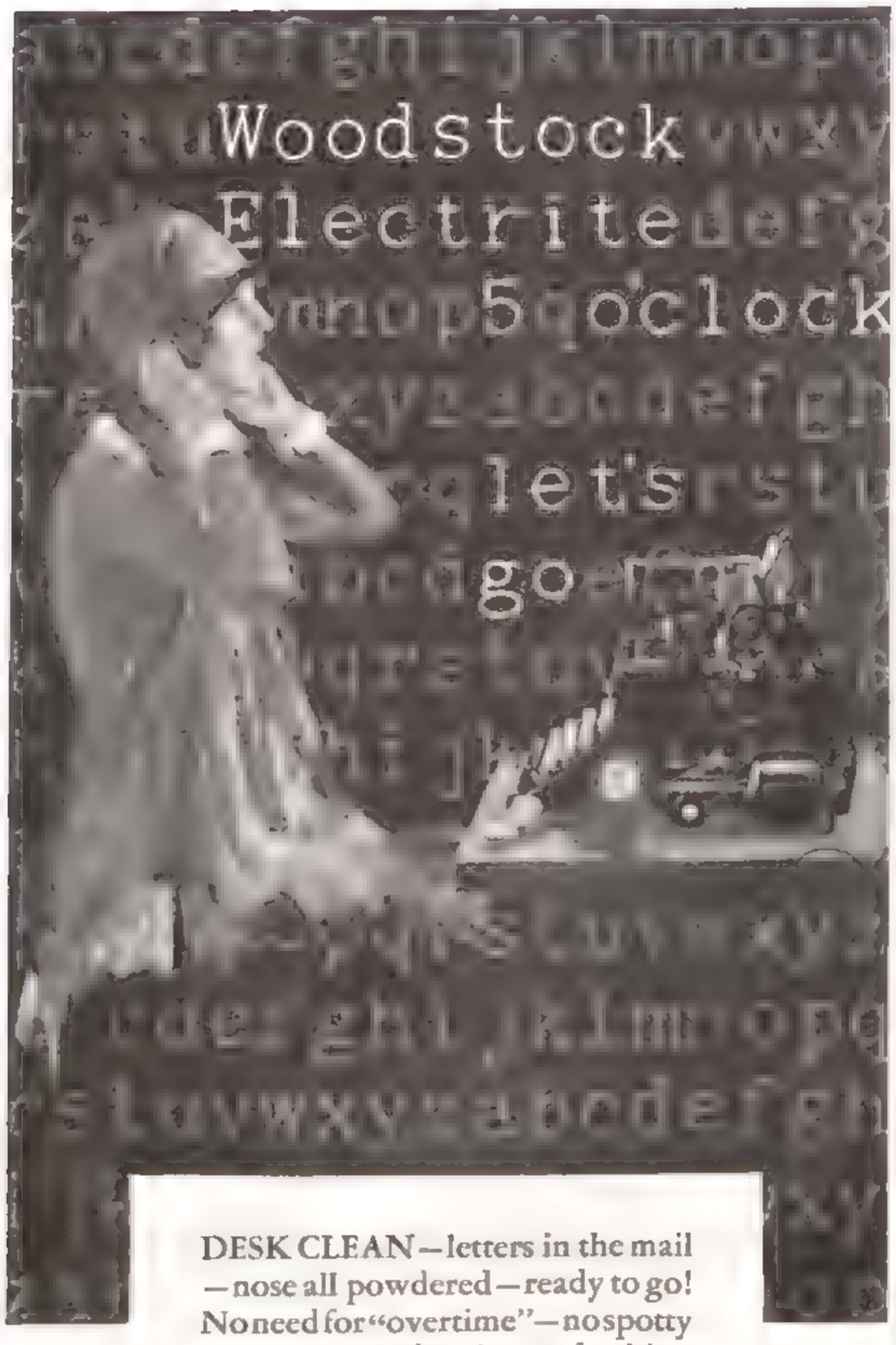
S E P 9-26-25

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 49-B, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap).

Name



DESK CLEAN—letters in the mail—nose all powdered—ready to go! No need for "overtime"—no spotty work—no tired wrists and aching backs where there's a Woodstock Electrite. It's the *modern* typewriter—a fine standard machine powered by electricity. It means faster, easier, more pleasant work for *her;* better, clearer, smarter letters for *you.* Send for the Woodstock Electrite booklet and learn how this *modern* typewriter can speed things up in your office.

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WOODSTOCK
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"Him?" said one of the elderly men.

"Him!" said Kenn.

Without further words, the two quiet-looking men crossed the street and began following Mr. Fox; and if you had been there, you might have looked as hard as you liked, but the chances are that you would still have failed to guess that you were watching two of the cleverest hounds of the law in Uncle Sam's preserves—two wise old dogs of the secret service who had just been started on a big-game hunt but were making no noise about it.

IX

IT WAS another hot evening; and again, following Mr. Schwartzkind's example, some of the boarders had taken their coats off in Mrs. Murtle's dining room. Beth kept her eyes on her plate as much as she could, and wished that Kenn was there so they could crab about the coatless ones beneath their breaths. For the past two days she had hardly seen him, however, his chair on her right being empty whenever she had been in the dining room. Indeed, she was beginning to think that she wouldn't see him that evening, either, when halfway through the dinner he came hurriedly stalking in and proceeded to make up for lost time.

"Where on earth have you been?" she asked him.

"Oh, setting a hen," he replied from behind a large mouthful.

It was plain to see, though, that he was excited; and when he suggested a walk after dinner, Beth ran up for her hat and was down again in no time.

"If you hadn't shown up tonight," she said, "I think I would have simply passed in."

"Heh-heh-heh!" he laughed—a thin, Capricornian bleat of glee which always indicated that he was in high spirits.

"It's true, though," she said. "It seems to me, these last few days, that everything's gone wrong. That Fitzpatrick woman has been simply abominable, and you've heard me talk of Miss Tyler, the nice little old lady who has charge of the books for children ——"

"The one with the white hair?"

"Yes. Well, Mr. Evans was awfully nice about it, but she's leaving just the same; and twice today I've caught her when she simply couldn't speak. She's leaving because she's old, she says, and can't trot around among the books as lively as the young ones."

"The Funny Side of a Business Woman Growing Old," said Kenn sententiously. "A joke that's waiting for you all—unless you go and spoil it by dying young."

"And the customers, they've been cranky," continued Beth, without answering that, "and the boarders, they've been awful; and the heat!"

They walked along in silence for a while; and then Kenn let it out again, though in a more subdued key.

"Heh-heh-heh!" said he.

"What are you laughing at?" she coldly asked him.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I was wondering whether your state of mind was possibly due to the distractions of temptation."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean the diamonds. Have you decided to keep them yet?"

"I have not! Perhaps that's why I'm cranky—because I've decided to give them up. I know I'd never be able to sell them; and if I kept them, I might lose them. So tomorrow, if you'll call for me at the noon hour, we'll go—well, wherever we ought to go, and tell about them."

Whereupon she drew such a sigh that Kenn didn't have the heart to keep her waiting any longer.

"Cheer up," he said. "I have good news."

"That's nice," she said, slipping her hand on his arm, "for honestly, Kenn, I need good news tonight."

"Then wait till you hear this," he said. "You remember Mr. Fox, who advertised for the brooch?"

"Yes," she breathlessly nodded.

"Well, they pinched him today; caught him red-handed at the Blue Star pier—caught him red-handed, with a nice new English tobacco pouch that had just been given him by one of his friends among the passengers—a nice new English tobacco pouch that was nearly half filled with diamonds when the secret-service men took a peek in it."

He could see then, from the tail of his eye, that Beth probably wasn't getting the full fruitiness of his news. She was interested, even excitedly interested; but she didn't seem to be getting that personal thrill which he himself had been enjoying for the past few hours

"There's a funny side to this, too," he explained. "When smuggled goods are seized by the Government, there's a whale of a fine and a penalty, part of which goes to the person giving information. And that, I wish to tell you, is Little Kenneth in this case—or rather it's Little Kenneth and Little Beth, because the whole thing really started with the cameo brooch. Anyhow, I gave the collector both our names, and told him to split the reward fifty-fifty when he gets around to that part of it."

"But, Kenn," she said, in a slightly troubled voice, "do you think I ought to take any of it?"

"If the question ever arises, I think you ought to take all of it," said he.

But, of course, she would never do that; and, indeed, she might have refused to take any; but for one thing, she didn't think the reward amounted to much; and for another thing, just after deciding to give up the cameo diamonds, perhaps she felt that she had given up enough to last her for a while.

"Well," she said, "if you think it's really fair that I should take half ——"

They had reached the wonder shops of the Avenue by then, and Kenn walked Beth into an empty doorway and solemnly insisted on shaking hands on their agreement.

"Do you think there'll be enough so we could both get away from Mrs. Murtle's for a couple of weeks—and go up to the White Mountains, say?" she asked, as they started strolling along again.

"That depends, of course, on how much we might want to spend," said Kenn, speaking wisely and looking as though he were doing sums in arithmetic behind his bulging forehead. "One of the customs inspectors is a friend of mine and he figured up our share. Roughly speaking, and always subject to a more exact appraisement, you understand, our share amounts to about fifty-five thousand dollars, or—still speaking roughly—twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars each."

"Kenn!" gasped Beth, coming to a sudden stop.

"There's another empty doorway here," said he, still speaking wisely.

She walked in with him, clouds beneath her feet; and, as it happened, it was the doorway of that heavenly shop which made a specialty of children—the shop, you may remember, which had two of the cutest young ones in the window romping around in a pile of sand, the older a boy and the younger a girl, and both modeled by a master who must have been inspired by love—or possibly by a childless woman who dreamed as she worked, and all but made her dreams come true.

"Oh, Kenn! Kenn!" she gasped again, and though the tears were in her eyes, they strangely seemed to fill her throat as well.

"If we took a bus to Riverside," he suggested, "we might go down into the park."

But first she turned and faced a corner of the empty doorway, and in the seclusion thus gained she reached down into the front of her slip and seemed to be busy with her elbows. Kenn goggled away, completely mystified, but when Beth turned and faced him—a new radiance in her eyes—he could see that she had brought the cameo brooch up out of the inner darkness and was wearing it proudly upon her breast as though it should never be hidden again.

Money's Red Flag

THEY—thousands of men and women—have precious dollars saved through years of self-denial and courage. Shy and self-conscious, they are oftentimes so much embarrassed it is hard for them to ask their questions—questions which have haunted them for days—questions which have kept them awake wondering and worrying.

Once they get the notion that their dollars can be doubled or trebled in a short time, through speculation or luck, nothing but the loss of all or part of their treasure brings them to a clear understanding of the perils of investment. They need the danger signal—money's red flag of warning—the danger signal of unwarranted risk.

* * * * *

To the office of a big insurance company come pathetic stories of money lost in speculation and unwise investments. Dismayed men and women, when it is too late, tell their experiences of funds provided by life insurance or saved by thrift, lost in wild-cat schemes promising great returns, sunk in "sure thing" tips from well-meaning friends and relatives, or frittered away in stock speculation.

The pity of it is that the hardest blows often fall on those least able to bear them—on men past the age of self-support, on women with no business experience, on young people trying to get a start in the world.

DOLLAR PIRATES!

"The first thing to do, Blackie, is to look at the map and pick out a town where smart people have money in banks. Somewhere in this big United States people have been saving up coin for years, just waiting for us to come and get it."

So said J. Rufus (Get-Rich-Quick) Wallingford, smiling and engaging character from the pen of the late George Randolph Chester. So true to life—his counterparts are to be found the world over. Bold in the open and cunning behind cover, they plunder alike the simple, the greedy, the rich and the poor.

According to Postmaster General New, the people of this country are robbed by dollar pirates of more than $1,000,000,000 a year in mail-fraud schemes alone! How much more is lost through other frauds cannot be estimated.

Don't let a Wallingford get your savings!

The Eternal Temptation

Over and over again one hears, "Surely there must be some way that I can get more than 6% on my money with safety. I am promised—practically guaranteed—that a certain stock will pay 10% or more and probably double in value. Only a few people know about this. A friend has just told me and says I must act quickly or lose the chance. Shall I invest?" The answer, in most cases, is "NO—that is not an investment, it is a speculation."

The dollar pirates know that few of us would resist the temptation to get-rich-quick if we could feel sure that the golden opportunity had arrived at last. With that bait they lure their victims. They point to a few fabulously wealthy men and tell you that these men took chances. But they say nothing about the brains and the hard work which these men put in, along with their money. The victim listens, believes, plunges—and loses.

Records show that in all lines of business, good, bad and indifferent, large and small, the majority of new enterprises fail. And in the purely speculative, big-promise ventures the losses are appalling.

There is a definite danger line in investing money, and that line is located today at about 6%. This does not mean that everything below 6% is sound, nor that everything above is speculative, but—Money's Red Flag of warning appears at this level. Beware of the untried, unseasoned offerings. Remember—"the higher the rate the greater the risk." Remember also that those who have but little money to invest are the ones who can least afford to take chances.

Investing is a Profession

Without study and experience you cannot know the difference between safe investment and dangerous speculation. Investing money is a highly specialized profession based on a wide knowledge and constant study of many lines of business. None but experts know the comparative and ever changing values of various investments. Safe investments cannot be made on memory of *past* values.

Go to a bank and ask to be directed to the best man to advise you about investment. You will find yourself welcome in the best bank in your community, even though you have only a small amount to invest. The banker of today will try to protect you against fraudulent investments because general prosperity, which includes yours, helps the bank's prosperity.

The United States Government is trying to put out of business and put in jail all investment crooks and especially those who prey upon persons of small means—who can least afford to lose their money. Whenever you receive circulars or pamphlets or letters offering to make you rich over night, turn them over to the Post Office Department so that the Government may investigate, and, if necessary, prosecute.

Better Business Bureaus of various cities, bankers associations, national associations of manufacturers and other groups are issuing warnings against fake stock promoters. Many organizations are joining hands to prevent the stealing of billions of dollars by these financial tricksters.

Many of the foremost manufacturing plants are trying to protect their workers by issuing warnings in pay envelopes and on Bulletin Boards. Suggestions for notices will be mailed on request to interested executives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will neither criticise nor advise as to any particular investment but will be glad to mail free a booklet, "How to Invest Your Money," dealing with the general problem of investing, which may aid you to avoid financial pitfalls. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE GRUDGE FIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

down Young Kid Measles from Chicago. He's class. When Chick sees him in town, and understands there's somebody else wants the fight with Shorty if he don't, he'll come around like a little lamb."

"And the girl," I said—"are you going to keep on paying her to run around with Shorty?"

Bunk gritted his teeth.

"I ought to have known what would happen if I mixed a girl up in this. If I ever have anything to do with women again—get out the straitjacket. I hope this one chokes on the cherry in her next ice-cream soda."

Personally, I never see nothing of Young Kid Measles, but I heard about all what happened from those on the spot. He hit Pearl City Monday afternoon; and after putting up at the United States House, strolled out to look the town over.

At six o'clock he dropped into the Élite Palace Billiard Parlors, where Doc Christopherson was trying out some trick shots, with Chick sitting at the window and looking as cheerful as the morning after Sylvester Eve. Chick was there because Miss Coburg always passed by on her way home from work.

Young Kid Measles squinted at the tables, took a sniff at the soda fountain and then turned to the window just as Shorty promenaded by with Miss Coburg on his arm.

The Kid washed his eye; then he turned to Doc and said, "There's one little canary that sings too sweet for the home boys in this town. One bad little egg. Am I right?"

He never found out whether he was right or not, because just then Chick took a jump out of the chair where he was sitting and pivoted around, swinging right and left at the same time. The next second Young Kid Measles had spoiled Doc's shot and busted the cue and was on his way to going through the table when his head hit marble. After Doc had fixed him up he went back to the hotel in a taxi, and by the time Bunk come around Young Kid Measles had hopped the first train back to Chicago, and without leaving any good-by letter either.

Bunk raged considerable, saying he didn't know why I'd ever advised him to mix a girl up in the business. As far as I could remember, the girl was all his own doings; but being as he was paying my salary, I just let him talk till he'd quieted down.

After a while Bunk said, "What's done's done. I could get her to go back to Chick again, but like as not that would ball things up worse than ever. Find Shorty and see if he won't fix things up with Chick. Shorty's got nothing against Chick, anyhow."

We found Shorty and Miss Coburg together at Lunette Park eating pop corn together and laughing like a couple of kids.

"Yes," Shorty begun when we'd pulled him off to one side; "yes, I'm glad you come, because it saves me a trip to tell you that I'm not going to fight any grudge fight with Mr. Sullivan—not under no circumstances."

"What?" Bunk said, and you could see he was trying to keep himself from yelling. "What's the matter—you won't?"

"Because he handed me a dirty deal."

"How did he hand you a dirty deal? You got his girl away from him, didn't you?"

"Yes; but before that, what did Mr. Sullivan do to that little girl?"

"What did he do?"

"He tried to turn her against me before she ever met me. And he used to treat that little girl rough."

"How did he treat her rough?"

"He used to pull her by the arm. She told me herself."

"Maybe she was lying," Bunk said as soon as he would speak.

"Maybe she was what?" And Shorty took a step in.

"I mean," Bunk said quick, "maybe she was mistaken."

"Well, she wasn't mistaken, and don't think it, and don't say it. And if I hear another word from anybody against that little girl there's gonna be work for the coroner. Understand?"

Bunk said, "If you feel that way about it, why don't you pretend to make friends with Chick and get him into the ring with you and show him up? It's a grudge fight, ain't it?"

Shorty made a move with his left hand as if he was brushing a vase of flowers off the table.

"Any time I'm ready to get Mr. Sullivan I can get him, and I won't have to use a club either. But I don't fight any grudge fight with anybody I ain't friendly with the same way I ain't friendly with Mr. Sullivan."

There was a place in the park where you could get bottled barb wire from a waiter, and Bunk had to absorb about three shots before he could pull himself together.

"Understand," he said finally, "there's no two marble-topped morons in the world too slick for me and I ain't gonna spoil a clean record by returning any advance orders for seats."

"What's the big idea, Bunk?"

"Baldy, all the trouble comes from that little girl; am I right? We ought not to have told her to knock Chick when she started going with Shorty. It don't matter; we'll pull that wind-up yet. Did you ever notice two kids quarreling about an apple? Well, then you noticed that when somebody bigger takes the apple away from both of 'em the quarrel stops. That's what's due to happen now."

"And just who's slated to run off with the apple?"

"Watch me!" Bunk said. "Watch me work!"

"Well," I said, "keep your eyes open and don't let yourself get all tangled up like Chick and Shorty."

But I just said this joking. I knew Bunk.

III

THE blow, as you might say, fell Wednesday night. She had a date with Shorty which Bunk turned into a stand-up for him by riding her out to the North Beach Summer Garden. Everything was fixed. Thursday morning before going to the office I was to interview Chick and Shorty both, and in case they had anything against Bunk I was to tell 'em the club had changed hands, with Doc Christopherson buying out Bunk's interest. Doc had been primed so he knew just what to say if things went that far. Bunk figured this would cover everything.

I found Chick in the Élite Palace and told him how the girl had passed up Shorty for Bunk. Chick's mouth begun to lift so that his right eye closed and he looked like Old Man Prindle telling how the Government at Washington is always persecuting him.

"Well," I said, "you see for yourself, Chick, that she's passed up Shorty, so you got nothing against Shorty any more. Am I right?"

"No, you ain't right—not by a large majority. That's just one more of Mr. MacAdoo's tricks. He thinks if he can make me believe she's running around with Bunk I'll have that grudge fight with him and he can pick up enough change to get married. Well, nobody fools me that easy."

I tried to argue a little, but it was like talking back to a phonograph playing the same record. And when by accident I suggested that maybe it was the girl's fault, it took me ten minutes to apologize and explain I was just joking and that she was the sweetest little girl in the world. Not feeling much encouraged, I went on with the rest of the morning's entertainment.

Shorty was in the lumberyard loading a truck with scantlings and cursing at every heave.

"Hello, Shorty," I said.

He answered a-plenty, but it didn't have any particular bearing on my little remark.

"Well," I said when he stopped, "it's too bad things are like this, but now that you and Chick are in the same fix ——"

That really started him. He'd been talking before in a general way, but now he begun over again, applying it all to Chick and Bunk.

"Well," I said, when he finished, "I can see how you feel sort of touchy about Bunk, but what's that got to do with Chick? He ain't running around with your girl."

"No," he said; "but he broke it up, didn't he? He wrote her poison-pen letters about me, didn't he?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then what made her pass me up? Huh? Is there anything else that could have done it except poison-pen letters? Huh? But I'll get back at Mr. Sullivan and I'll get back at Mr. Berry. I'll make 'em both wish they'd never been born."

But when I suggested going through the wind-up as arranged, and then again when I said something about Miss Coburg and why should he go on thinking about a changeable girl like that, he come back each time saying, "Huh?" And with the way he said it I didn't feel really comfortable till I'd got out of the lumberyard.

So that was the situation. And it didn't get any better when I run into Tom Henderson, of Henderson Brothers, with a bill for the posters and tickets, and Jim Hanson, of the Pearl City Tent Company, wanting to be paid for the new ring. And when I dropped into the Express office to see the sporting editor and tell him that whatever he might hear to the contrary, the wind-up was still going to be run as advertised, the business manager came up with another bill.

It was while I was leaving the Express building that I ran into Mr. Bartlett, of the State Boxing Commission. He said he was stopping between trains.

"Well," he said, "and speaking of the Pearl City Athletic Club—if anybody was—you might tell Mr. Bunk Berry with the compliments of the State Boxing Commission that he's running several points too close to the wind. We're going to use a lot of soap and water and elbow grease on the manly art of self-defense in this state, and we're beginning with boxing promoters that advertise a bout between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills and then pass the customers ten fast rounds between the Alfalfa Kid and the Lightweight Champion of Sun Prairie. Now, of course, I don't insinuate anything about what's going to happen Saturday night, but if Mr. Bunk Berry does what he's done before, and substitutes a couple of ham fighters for the wind-up advertised, we're going to take his club license away and lock it up in the ice box. You might look up a sailor and have him tattoo that on your right arm, because it's an interesting fact you don't want to forget."

So I come back to Bunk's office not knowing exactly what I was going to say first. It wasn't that I was leery about hurting Bunk's feelings, because after having known him for three years I wasn't able to find out he had any feelings to speak of. But I hated to think of his saying anything mean to the little girl; because, after all, she'd only done what she'd been paid to do and I wanted to smooth it out for her.

It was noon when I got there, and I walked up the stairs not making any more noise 'n I could help; because if I couldn't think up some good crack to pull, I wanted to be able to turn around and walk down and out without attracting any attention.

Outside the door, I stopped, because I could hear somebody talking with Bunk inside. The voices were low, but you could make out what they said. This was it:

"Aw, now, quit talking like that. You know you got me standing on my head already."

"Please don't joke so, Mr. Berry."

"Say, Estelle ——"

"Mr. Berry!"

"Well, why not call each other by our first names?"

"I shouldn't dare to call you anything but Mr. Berry."

"Go ahead and dare."

"I couldn't think of being so familiar, Mr. Berry."

"Go on and try. Call me Bunk."

Then there was a kind of a silence and it started over again.

"Mr. Berry!"

"What is it, honey?"

"Don't you dare do that again."

"I can't help what I can't help, can I?"

"I'm not that kind of a girl, Mr. Berry. I'm going right on now and don't dare to stop me."

"All I did, honey, was just to kiss you. Come on now, be reasonable. You can make me the happiest man in the world." Then they stopped talking and there was just a string of cooing sounds.

"Baby!"

"Baby!"

"You're gonna make me the happiest man in the world."

"Oh, Bunk!"

And I beat it. I didn't see Bunk until that night, and I swear I wouldn't have known him he was so changed. Except that he wasn't wearing his eight-cylinder diamond any more, he was all dressed up like a circus horse. And when I started to tell him the news, he pulled out a pocket looking-glass and begun fooling with his hair.

"Bunk," I said, "I'm afraid it won't work."

"Don't it look right?"

"No, it don't."

"Well, then I'll get some kind of stuff off the barber to make it stay down."

"I ain't talking about hair, Bunk; I'm talking about Saturday night."

"It ain't Saturday night. It's ten o'clock Saturday morning."

By that time I'd begun to think he'd gone crazy.

"Yep; First Associated Church. I fixed it up with the reverend. We got the license today, but I'm keeping that quiet. I'm the happiest man in the world, Baldy."

I looked at him.

At first I thought it was all a big kidding match, and then I saw that foolish expression on his face and I knew that him and Chuck and Shorty were all members of the same club.

"Bunk," I said, after I caught my breath, "congratulations. You sure copped one prize. But listen, there's that show to run off Saturday night, and about the wind-up ——"

"Don't bother me, Baldy. I got more important things to think about. Take care of all them little details, Baldy. And listen to this—I just made it up:

"Saturday morning at an hour after nine,
The sweetest little girl in the world will be mine.

"How's that, Baldy? Pretty good, huh? Listen, what do you ask for at the jeweler's when you want to buy a wedding ring?"

IV

FROM then on there was no rest for the secretary of the Pearl City A. C. Any time I tried to get any information or advice out of Bunk it was the same as dropping into a millinery store and asking the first saleslady for Ty Cobb's batting average.

When I wasn't busy taking care of the preliminary boys, or trying to fix things up between Chick and Shorty, or denying all rumors that the wind-up wasn't gonna take place, I had to listen to Bunk tell how much he thought of Miss Coburg. My wife said if I didn't eat a meal at home pretty

(Continued on Page 177)

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Radio's Kolster Creates New

A Parade of STATIONS

One station after another parades by as you turn the Kolster regulator. No meaningless combination of numbers, but the actual names of the stations.

Whatever is on the air comes in easily, perfectly.

To play a Kolster is easier than playing a phonograph.

Radio programs assume new magic—but it is not that their transmission is bettered. The secret is in Kolster perfected reception and reproduction.

Each Kolster is the combined masterpiece of genius, typified by Kolster; of technical experience, typified by F. T. C. engineers; of commercial vision, typified by Rudolph Spreckels.

These three forces unite in giving the American public perfected radio.

Investigate these statements. Hear the Kolster. You will be surprised and delighted. Never have you heard such reproduction.

Just as the Kolster is an advancement scientifically, so is its cabinet an advancement in interior decoration. Thus beauty is combined with technical superiority. Cabinets of rare charm, designed by leading authorities, reproduced from period motifs, make the Kolster a pleasure to the eye as well as to the ear.

So sure are we of the superiority of Kolster Radio that we guarantee, with our $5,000,000 assets, every Kolster owner's complete satisfaction. Kolster dealers, the most reliable and progressive in each city, have developed a highly efficient service and your constant satisfaction is assured

Climax Tonal Standards

Now Kolster and his associates—builders of most of the U. S. Navy Stations—attain new qualities in radio reception and reproduction. Acclaimed by musical critics to be ideal.

For eight years, F. A. Kolster, a pioneer scientist in radio, was Chief of the Radio Section of the U. S. Bureau of Standards. He invented and installed the Radio Compass on navy and passenger vessels. He is Chief Research Engineer of the Federal Telegraph Company (of California).

His associates, F. T. C. engineers, likewise have an international reputation, having built most of the radio stations for the U. S. Navy, including the world's greatest, the Lafayette in France. Just now they're building a circuit of powerful stations for the Chinese Government.

Financially, this brilliant technical staff is backed by one of America's leading bankers, Rudolph Spreckels, and an able board of directors.

1925's Sensation—

It was bound to come! This new era in radio.

Some great pioneer staff of radio experts was destined to introduce that most wanted feature in radio: perfected reproduction.

That honor has fallen to Kolster and his associates.

Now comes a distinct new era in radio—the experimental period of *reception* is over. Now *reproduction* is the new-day achievement.

To hear a Kolster is a revelation of radio's real possibilities.

Never have you heard such reproduction—so startlingly real, so free from interference. New magic!

And all because of certain Kolster refinements. This great genius has found the way to reproduce a broader range of tones.

In all their charm, the subtle overtones—the hitherto "lost chords" are now developed.

Now radio becomes genuinely realistic.

No dials!

Perfect tone is only one of many Kolster advancements.

This remarkable instrument has no dials!

Here is the ultimate simplicity you've been wanting.

You just turn from one station to another on a register bearing the names of the different stations.

No "tricky" tuning with numerous dials. A child can operate it—perfectly every time.

A Kolster is to today's radio what today's automobile is to the old "horseless" carriage.

It is unusually quiet, yet selective and sensitive. All the old-time handicaps are eliminated. No "background" interference, no "howls."

A surprise, indeed

Hear this wonder instrument. Either at the nearest Kolster dealer's or in your own home.

Kolsters are housed in fine cabinets—masterpieces of design and beauty, adding charm and elegance to any room.

Once you hear the Kolster, you'll revise your standards of radio enjoyment—you'll be unhappy with a lesser instrument.

Discriminating people are saying with justifiable pride: "I own a Kolster."

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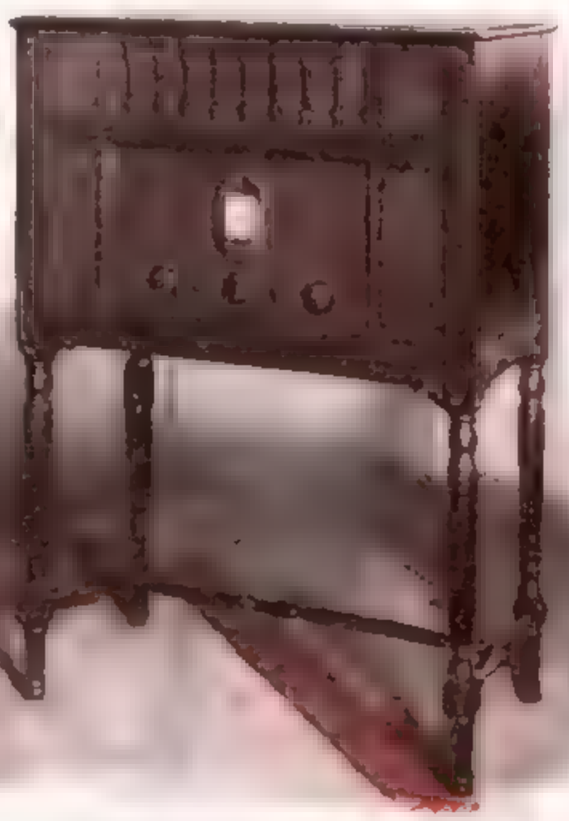
Woolworth Building, New York City

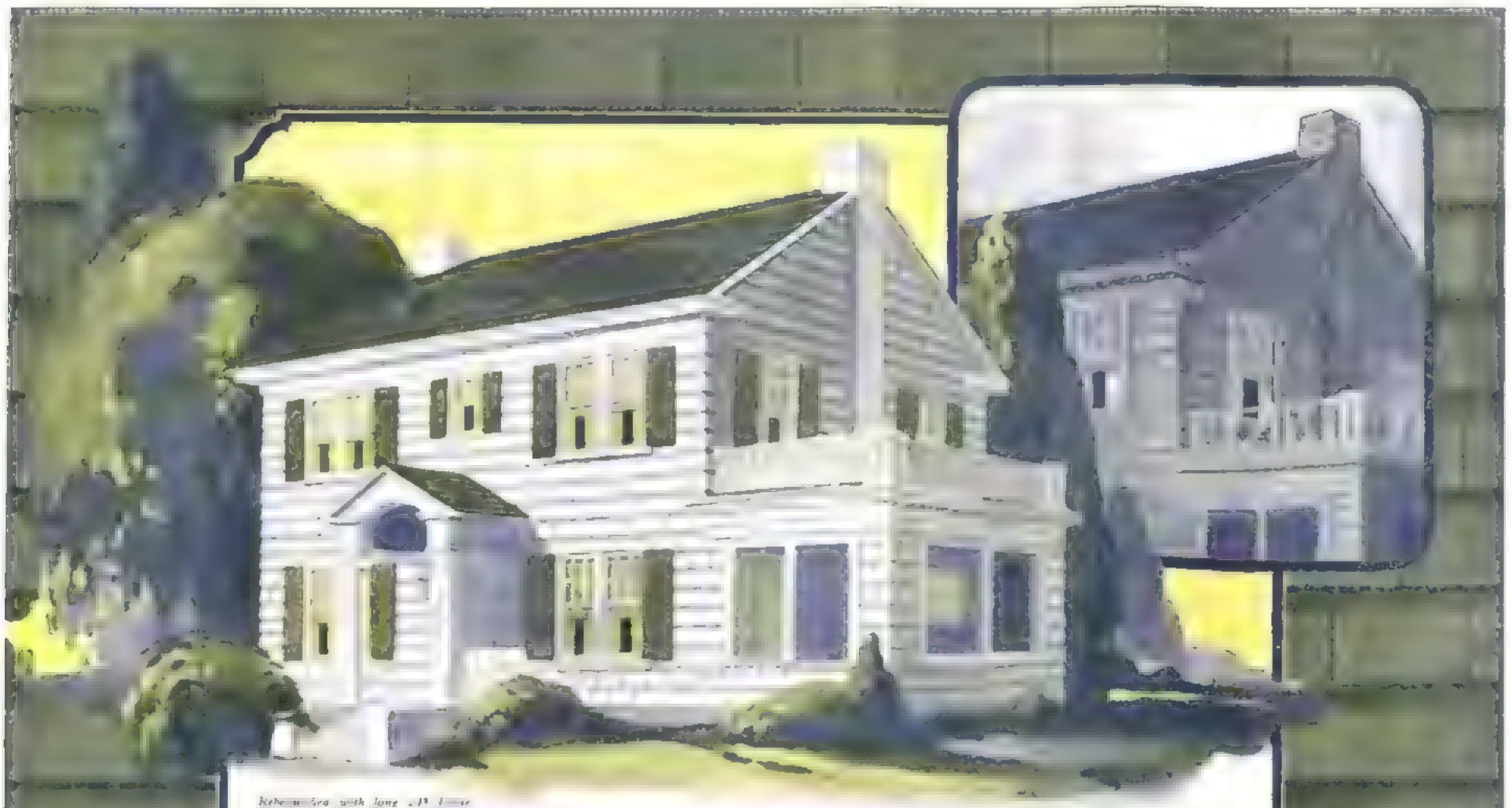


Above. Kolster Eight. Single Control. Enclosed, rotating loop. Also provision for antenna. Built-in reproducer

Center Kolster Eight. Single control. Internal loop. Provision for external loop or antenna Built-in reproducer

Left: Kolster Six. Dual control for antenna. External reproducer. (Not pictured—Kolster six with built-in reproducer.)

KOLSTER RADIO



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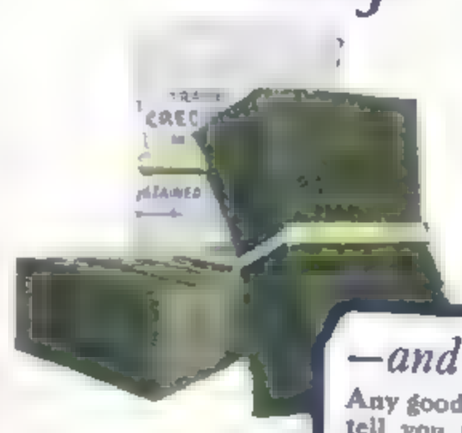

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"CREO-DIPT"

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. AND CANADA

STAINED SHINGLES

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(Continued from Page 172)

soon she was going to junk the kitchen stove.

Well, I couldn't help it. And that jazz life buzzed right along eighteen hours a day up to Saturday morning. As far as I could make out, there wasn't any chance of the wind-up at all, in spite of what I told the reporters.

Still there was nothing to do but bull along, and that's what I done.

Saturday morning I didn't have any hope left for the show, and I was getting so that I didn't care one way or the other. At nine o'clock I found Bunk up in his little flat and helpless. He was so nervous he couldn't even get a collar button in straight. And every time I stopped getting him into his wedding clothes he'd sing something like this:

"There never was anybody like that sweet little girl, Baldy. Honest, I dunno what I ever done to win her to be my sweetheart for life. And when I think how much better she is than me, I could sit down, Baldy, and cry like a kid. She's too good for me, Baldy, I'm telling you."

And when I'd try to cheer him up by saying, "Oh, they're all alike, Bunk," he'd come back, "No, there ain't a woman living that's not too good for the best man that ever stood on two feet. I never knew that before, Baldy, but I can see it now. What do you think of this?

"I will be faithful all my life
To my little darling angel wife.

"I made that up this morning and I'm gonna whisper it into her little ear right after the reverend says the solemn words that makes us one. Baldy, I dunno why I've been wasting my life like this without ever having a good woman in it like I got now."

By 9:45 when I finally got him all dressed and into the car, I was perspiring as bad as he was.

"No," Bunk said, "don't run out to Perrine Avenue, but go right to the church, because she's arranged to meet me there. She wants it all very quiet, so I haven't told anybody except a coupla personal friends."

Maybe that was all Bunk had told, but when we pulled up at the church there were certainly forty or fifty gogglers waiting around, and what made me feel uneasy was to see Chick and Shorty among 'em. Chick's long Irish face looked longer and sadder than ever, and on the other side of the crowd, beside Jud Ferris, Shorty stood with the meanest smile I ever saw on anybody outside of a movie villain. Smelling trouble, I hustled Bunk right into the church, sat him down hard in the back pew and passed the janitor fifty cents to keep an eye on him until I got back. Then I looked up Chick.

"Hello, Chick," I said; "it's certainly good to see you here like this, ready to shake hands and tell Bunk there's no hard feelings."

"Oh," Chick said, "is that what you think?"

"Sure, Chick, that's what I think. You cert'ly ain't sore at Miss Coburg; she's one sweet little girl and she's only doing what she thinks is right."

He nodded.

"I know she is, Baldy, and I got nothing against that little girl. She's a good girl, even if she's been misled by a coupla skunks like Mr. MacAdoo and Mr. Berry. But I'm going to get back at those two latter parties so they'll remember this day as long as they live."

"Chick, you ain't gonna try to hurt anybody—not on an occasion like this?"

"Nobody that counts, Baldy. And you'll find all my reasons for what I do in the letter."

"What letter?"

"It's in my breast pocket. The flower inside is one she picked for me the first night we met. That letter explains everything. And if you see Doc Christopherson, Baldy, tell him I'm sorry I spoke rough to him the last time we met. Good-by, Baldy."

And he walked off to the other side of the church with his hand feeling his pistol pocket.

While I was wondering whether or not I better tell a policeman, Shorty come up with Jud Ferris. It was plain to see he didn't have suicide on the brain. He just looked mean.

"Well, Baldy," Shorty begun, "it looks like a big day for Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Berry." And he gave a nasty laugh.

"Now, Shorty," Jud said, "don't talk. You're paying me for that."

"Bunk has got a lot of well-wishers here," I said, trying to smooth things over. "He's a man that's always made friends."

"I'm one of 'em," said Shorty very vicious. "I'm gonna well-wish him a suit of twenty-five thousand dollars for alienation of the affections and I'm suing Mr. Sullivan for ten thousand dollars for defamation of character, and the papers are right here."

"Now, Shorty," Jud said, "I'm your lawyer; let me do the talking."

"Shorty," I said, making a last stand, "you know they neither of 'em have got that much money."

"Maybe not. But Mr. Berry's got a ring that he can hock for a thousand and Mr. Sullivan has got a lot of scrap iron that he calls an automobile, so I guess I'll be hitting the both of 'em where they live all right, all right."

And then Jud choked him off and led him away.

So there I was, set to tell the happy bridegroom that he had a suicide and a damage suit coming to him.

"Well," I said, "let's get it over, come what may. Then if he wants to sneak out the back way with his girl he can decide beforehand." So I went back into the church.

Bunk was sitting there, the sweat rolling off his face, and as near as I could make out he was occupying a reserved seat on top of his hat.

"I never see any of 'em yet take it so hard," the janitor told me in a whisper. "First it was his handkerchief he lost. I found that for him under his right foot. Then he couldn't find the license because he'd put it in his hat. And when I got that back, he let the ring roll under the radiator. What he needs ain't a minister but a doctor."

"Well, Bunk," I begun, trying to shake him out of himself, "take Gene Tunney. Now there's a bird that looks pretty good to me."

"Where's my tie pin?"

"In the tie, Bunk, in the tie. What do you think of the way Muldoon is acting in New York?"

"Somebody's robbed me. Where's my roll?"

"Look in your right-hand pants pocket—at the bottom. Have you been reading about this new French bantam?"

"My shoes hurt my feet. Where's my watch?"

"Outside, Bunk," I said at last. "Outside and get a little air. You'll feel better." And catching him by the arm, I led him along, the way you'd lead a paralytic old lady.

Well, we'd barely passed the entry when a little boy run up with an envelope in his hand.

"Where's Mr. Berry?" he asked.

"This is Mr. Berry."

The kid held out the envelope, but Bunk was so excited it dropped from his fingers, and when I picked it up he said in a trembly voice, "Open it, Baldy. It's from my little girl. Maybe she's had an accident. Open it! Open it!" I opened it. The note was written in one of these large expansive handwritings that are easy to read, but I had to go over it twice before I could be sure my eyes were seeing straight. And even then I didn't believe it till I'd read it a third time. This is what it said:

"*Dear Mr. Berry:* My husband thinks the ring you gave me is simply beautiful; but as he does not like to have me accept such expensive presents from other gentlemen, I am keeping it much against his wishes; as also your other sweet little gift. I am sorry I cannot meet you this morning as arranged; but as my husband came last night to say he had returned from his business trip to Seattle, and that he is leaving for the East, I thought it wiser for me to go along with him. I am sending this from the train.

"Thanking you again, Mr. Berry, for all your kindness and assuring you I will ever remember your many kindnesses, I remain as always,

"Sincerely yours,
"Estelle Coburg."

"Is she hurt much?" Bunk said, balancing from one foot to the other. "Is she hurt much?"

"No," I said; "not much."

"What was the accident?"

"Domestic tragedy." And I held the note up in front of his eyes.

He read it. The next minute Bunk was out on the street, waving his arms as if he expected to see that little girl coming by in a taxi and was going to hold her up. And before he come limping back to the church I'd passed the reading matter to Shorty and Chick.

Bunk dropped down on the steps, burying his head in his hands. When he spoke you could hardly hear him; it was the same as if he was talking to himself.

"That other sweet little gift," he said; "it was the money to buy a car. She said she wanted a car."

"She said she wanted a canoe," Chick said like a man talking in his sleep. "I gave her enough to buy a good one."

"I hope to meet her husband sometime," Shorty said between his teeth. "I signed my check for a radio outfit."

Nobody said anything else for a long while. Then Chick dropped down beside Bunk.

"I was all wrong," he said, "all wrong. I wouldn't have thought it, but I was all wrong. That little girl was no good."

Shorty let out a groan and dropped down on the other side of Bunk.

"You said a mouthful, Chick. She was no good."

Bunk didn't say nothing. Chick begun to sniffle.

"Feeling the way I do now, Shorty, and being as she was no good, I can see you wasn't to blame, Shorty."

"You wasn't to blame either, Chick. I'm sorry I ever said anything against you, Chick."

"Same here, Shorty. The way I feel now, Shorty, I'd just as soon fight you that grudge fight as not."

"You said something, Chick. And tonight after it's over, how about going out to Lunette Park in your car?"

"It's a bet, Shorty."

I never heard anything so pathetic in my life. I come pretty near breaking down myself.

Just then Bunk got up, and he looked old—old.

"No," Bunk said, "I'm all through, boys, and there's nothing left for me. I got no more ambition and I'll never handle another boxing show as long as I live." He brang his teeth together with a snap. "There's just one more thing I'm gonna do in this life. I'm gonna folla her," Bunk said. "I'm gonna folla her and I'm gonna folla him to the ends of the earth. And when I catch 'em—well, when I catch 'em you'll be able to read about it in the Sunday supplements."

And I wouldn't have been surprised if Bunk had done it too—that is, if Chick and Shorty hadn't got together right off and kidded him out of it.

That grudge fight? It come off according to schedule and it put the Pearl City A. C. in right with everybody. You never saw anything so pretty in your life. And in the fourth round, when the sheriff stopped it, he said he didn't object to having one boy killed in the ring, but he didn't want to be responsible for a double murder.

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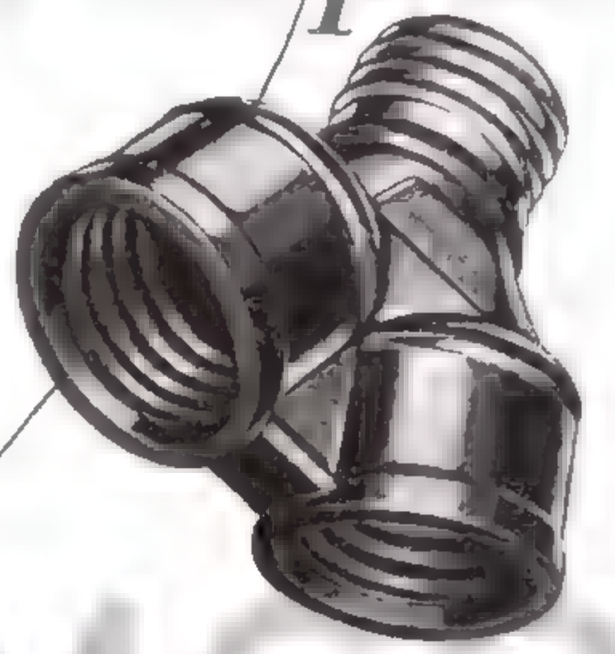

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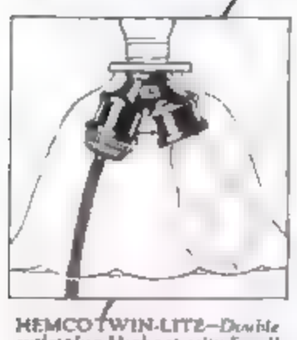
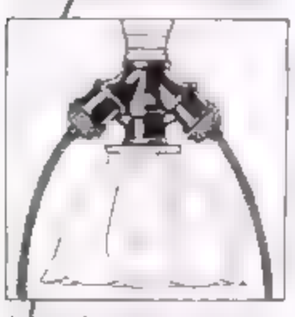
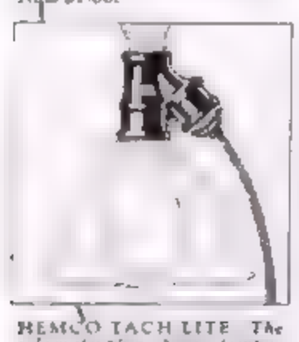


HEMCO TWIN-LITE—*Double outlet plug. High capacity. Small size and properly designed to fit under shades. Lasts a lifetime. Formerly sold at 75c. Now 60c*



HEMCO TRIP-LITE—*The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holders. Formerly sold at $1.10—Now $1.00.*



HEMCO TACH LITE—*The side outlet plug. A wire lamp cord is used in center portion. Outlets as shown. Threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at 75c. Now 60c*

HEMCO TEE PRONG—*The plug for flush wall receptacles. Provides two outlets, one to take standard clamp type shade attachment caps. Use as a tap if not needed otherwise. Sold everywhere at 50c*

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HEMCO

ELECTRICAL CONVENIENCES
— FOR EVERYBODY —

THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 7)

grew excited about the idea that the criminal was "not a bad man, but only a sick man." That was great good news, until we began to examine those who were not criminals—for instance, the men in our war draft. Then we found about the same proportion of sick men. Indeed, let us look the facts in the face—let us realize that it is mostly the stupidest of criminals who are found in our penitentiaries, and the higher-intelligence groups are not on the data cards.

Let us realize that in some reformatories the intelligence and health is a little better, if anything, than those of the public-school group of the same age and locality. Certainly, if Ed X. is a criminal because he is "mentally sick," I would like to have all the policemen in any city where I lived as "sick" as he.

Ed knows that himself. He says, "The criminal-court building these days is full of defendants who want to prove they are nuts. I only wish I could sit in at a poker game with some of these doctors and parole-board members."

Ed remembers his first arrest and arraignment.

"Of course, you may think I'm handing you the apple sauce," he says. "It's old stuff. And what's the use of talking about it? But when I was sentenced to the reformatory—that was when I got mine!"

He stared far away. "How?" he asked. "Oh, you know. You know all about it—you've been asking about it. If you talk to the birds in the penitentiaries they'll tell you—they're graduates. The kick isn't about the way a guy is treated. Some of 'em may kick on that. But I don't—what happens? Listen—a kid goes there and the minute the older ones get a chance at him they say, 'Hello, here's mamma's boy! What did you do, kid?' And he says, 'I ran away from school,' or 'I worked a slot machine with a hat pin,' or 'I stole from a quarter gas meter.' And then the others say, 'The next time why don't you get sent up for something? Listen to Jimmy here! He used to rob grocery stores—and he had a swell girl—a girl nearly twenty-five—listen—tell him, Jimmy.'"

Four Theories of Punishment

I judged that Ed X. thought that the reform school might take down its sign and put up a sign marked crime school. It is the old story. Most of the criminals who present sob stuff to parole boards and prison associations emphasize the fact that the state itself furnished them with the basis for their long criminal records. And there is foundation for this ever-present story. A great deal of good work has been done in classifying and separating the prisoners by ages and degrees of badness, and by capacity to reform. A great deal more has been done by juvenile courts in conducting reform on the sunny outside of the reform school. A great deal will be done in vocational training and placing graduates of the reform school in definite jobs.

When Ed X. was paroled out of the reformatory two years later, the parole was given for good behavior. I cannot find that there was any real investigation made of who petitioned for Ed's parole, or what exactly was to become of Ed after he went back to plunge below the surface in the great city.

Brevity is Ed's virtue. He said of the whole transaction, "A dirty deal."

I said, "You think so? How would you change it?"

He examined his finger nails and shrugged his shoulders.

"It might have been a dirty deal so far as you were concerned," I said. "But how do you count? Of course, they didn't set you going straight, but what of that? You're only one. You got yours for the sake of the rest of the boys and girls—say those on F Street. When they sent you up for shaking out a gas meter, that stopped the others from shaking out a gas meter or breaking into a coal hole or a show case."

"That's so," he replied. "I never thought of that, but it's so."

I explained to him the four theories of punishment—first, that society was taking revenge; second, that it sought to put the criminal where he would do no more damage; third, that it was trying to get the criminal where it could educate and reform him; fourth, that it was punishing offenders in order to deter others from wrongdoing.

"The last is the most important," he said metallicly and without a moment's hesitation.

"It hasn't stopped you," I argued.

"It would if it knew its business," he replied. "I never do anything I think I can't get away with. I'm out on bail now—ain't I? Everybody will do what they think they can get away with." That was his point of view.

I said, "Will they?"

"If they want to," he said.

"But you said you'd been going straight for two years now," I reminded him "Why?"

He blushed—"Oh! I don't know—I've been making good money," he said. "And besides ——"

"Well?" I inquired.

Temperamental Crooks

But he was not ready to tell me that. Often he was frankly unwilling to answer questions. "If I don't want to tell you anything, I'll say so," he asserted. "But if I talk I won't hand out anything phony. I got over that. They all do it. It makes me sick."

They paroled him out of the reformatory. He went to an address another boy gave him.

It was a garage where they let trucks and fast cars and ask no questions, provided the rental is high enough. The fast car has become as much a factor in American crime as the gun. "The machinery," Ed X. calls the two taken together.

This garage job was his initiation into organized crime. The gang, of which the garage was one facility, had many facilities. It had its connection with petty politicians; with a certain lawyer's offices; with correspondents in other cities. It probably was a part of an elaborate fence. A fence is a receiver, transporter, salesman and distributor of stolen merchandise.

"What kind of a business did they do?" I asked.

"I guess I don't know," replied Ed.

There are certain criminals who have a distaste for organization, just as there are certain individualists who find themselves in our business world with a temperamental unfitness to get in line. Ed was one. He is a born individualist. So many criminals are intense individualists and as temperamental as prima donnas, that the greatest illicit industry we have ever known—the bootlegging industry—has trouble in finding workers who, as one captain of the industry told me, are fit to seek promotion in a big, serious job as it is now developing, because they can't see what a big future is in store for them.

Ed X. left the garage. He became a bell hop. When he had time off he played pool. He belonged to a Clover Athletic and Easy Home Club, which means that he had entry to places open all night where one could play cards, roll dice and have a personal mail address. Inasmuch as many of the better sort of gentlemen criminals have been bell hops in cheap hotels, or taxi drivers and have belonged to pool playing and quiet clubs, Ed's experience was typical. Even the intense individualist has to have his hangout. Sometimes the hangout approaches the nature of a business office. A crook who does not have a connection

(Continued on Page 181

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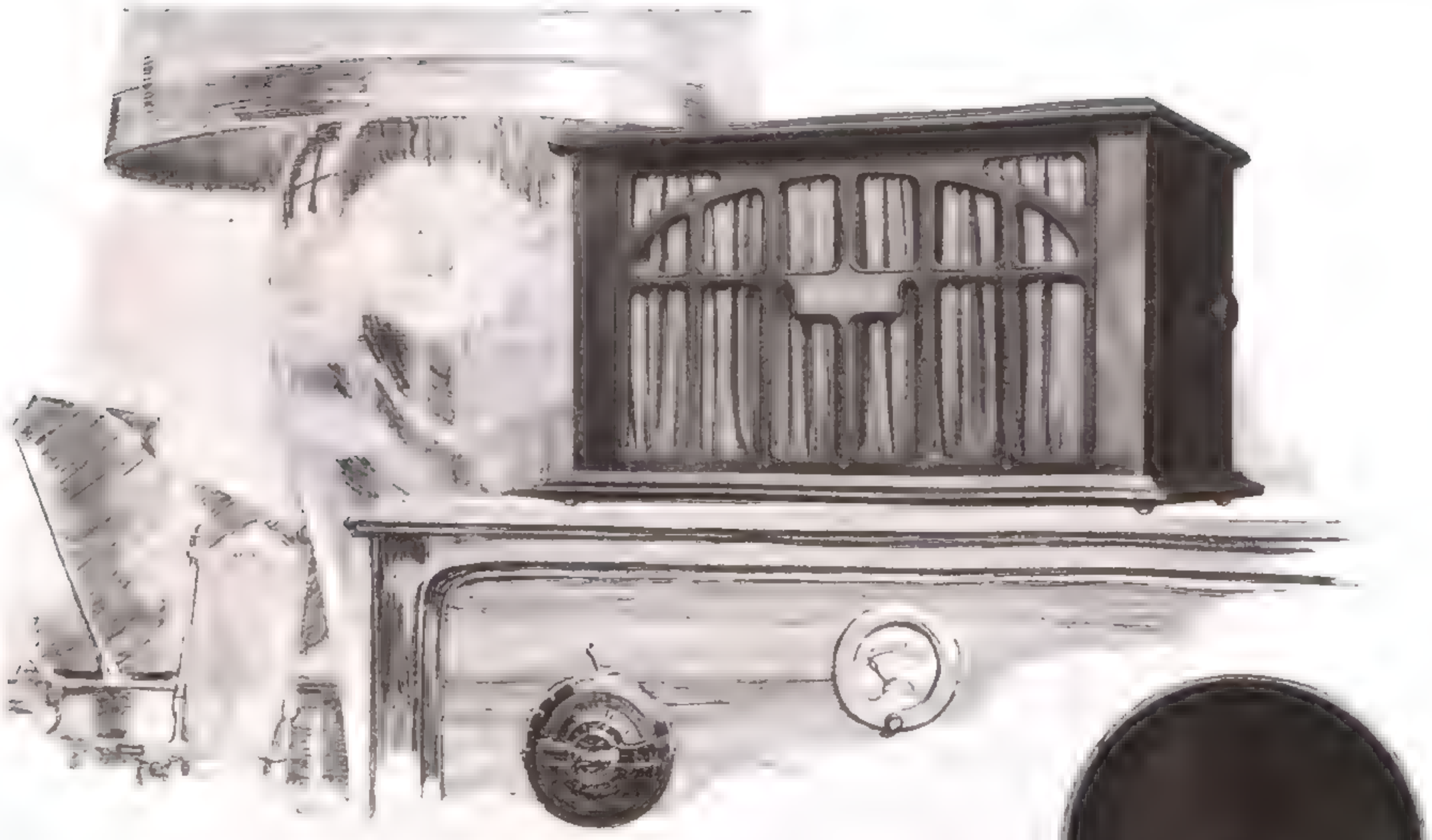

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(Continued from Page 178)

with a "pay-off joint," as many of the central offices of a crime ring are called, must have a hangout where there are shelter, friends, an address, a meeting place, recreation, a center—something more than a hall bedroom can furnish. The hangout is a club, but it is also an office.

How much crime Ed X. committed during this period he does not tell. Why should he? I have reason to believe that he learned to look upon violence, physical injuries and even death with a philosophic or, perhaps, calloused mind, by serving on one side or the other as a hireling in labor disputes. Here again Ed was typical. The conflicts between striker and strike breaker create a demand for hirelings who can be deputed to stir up violence, to intimidate, or to plant the other side. I have known too many strike breakers not to know the nature of their recruits and the education they get in utter insensibility to violence. I have known, on the other hand, the gunman type who is hired by the strikers' side to beat the scabs and terrify employers. The road to acceptance, with a calm spirit, of killings is not a long road. The same man who gets up in the middle of the night to take a suffering terrier to a veterinary may regard manslaughter without the nausea or repulsion others trained differently may feel.

Ed tells graphically of the killing of Jimmy X., one of his own crowd.

"The worst of it was that it was all about nothing," he says. "We'd been on an errand across the bridge. It was no go—so we came back, and we were standing in front of that same pie-and-coffee place where the dicks got me the night you was with 'em. And there was words. Not over a girl, not over money, not over a double cross or anything you might expect—just words. Mike, who is a Wop, got Jimmy's goat and Jimmy kidded Mike about the way he brushed his hair.

"Mike said, 'Take that back.'

"It was two evenings later when Mike turned up again, and when Jimmy came over from home Mike says to him, 'Are you going to take back what you said?'

"And Jimmy says 'No,' and Mike says, 'Then I'm going to bore you.'

"And Jimmy says, 'If you're lookin' for trouble, I'll see you when I've got my gat.'

"And Mike says, 'I'll see you now.' And he pulls his gun and Jimmy throws up his hands and says 'Don't!' Bango!

"And when the cops came and asked Jimmy who did it he says, 'None of your business.' And he flopped before they got him into the hospital."

A Waste of Time

When Ed X. was nineteen he, too, was in a ward in a hospital, full of gunshot wounds. The police record discloses that he refused to identify his assailant.

He is reported as saying when he had come out of the ether, "You want to know who worked on me? Well, I'll tell you. It was a highwayman. I'd been out to Blank's road house. He's a friend of mine. And I was coming back because I was playing cards and I missed the last car. A stranger walked up to me and says, 'Stick 'em up!' And I walloped him and he had an automatic. And that's that."

The story is not unusual. The number of murders unsolved by the police is in some measure accounted for by the gang killings, the bootleg or other ring wars, the so-called "Tong rub-outs," when no complainant can be found and no witnesses.

In the same year Ed appeared again in a hospital with a bullet wound in the thigh. The police believe it was inflicted in a battle between four holdup men and a motorist at the far end of one of the drives in the city park system. The blood poisoning kept Ed out of the draft for the American forces in the war. He is not at all sorry. He says his friends who went overseas regard the French as ungrateful and the whole war a waste of time, because it "got no one anything." Ed is a consistent cynic.

The illness not only kept Ed out of the draft but it brought him down to dire need for money. He is apologetic about having been caught in an attempt to steal from freight cars. He says he would not have engaged in the venture had it not been that a friend, who had just been paroled from the state penitentiary, was also broke and needed money for a sick sister. I accept this with a grain of salt, but it may be true.

"Oh, it was a washout," says Ed X. "We had a truck backed up and we were passing the boxes when the railroad detectives came out of an empty car. There was both of us—paroled too. I had no friends in the city-hall crowd and not even one of the lawyers who was right. The lawyer I got pulled it out for a few months, but the express companies, the banks and the railroads keep after the case and I got my six years at W——. Of course that meant three."

"Were they bad?"

"Not so bad," he replied. "A waste of time. It's a regular and sober life. I gained fifteen pounds and never felt better. They have books and movies and courses of education and stage shows and a good dentist and a doctor. The only thing to worry about is when there isn't any work. And most of the men are dummies. There are very few regular fellers. Do you know that some men get the institution habit? They'd about as soon be in as out. But not me! I'll take my freedom."

Paroled Prisoners

On the whole this is the typical attitude. Prison reform has brought much abolition of hideous brutality, new public conscience has substituted methods attempting to cure the criminal, to give him individual study and restore him to law-abiding habits if possible. The parole system and the indeterminate sentence are supposed to pass those who are cured back to society. As Ed X. knows very well, this may work as to those whose crimes are crimes of impulse or accident; but after the formative period is over—and most of the formative period is over when heredity sets in—the degenerate may be aged into inactivity like an extinct volcano, or the professional crook aged into inactivity, but while youth remains the reformation is slight indeed. The records of police departments show that from 25 per cent to 35 per cent of convictions are repeaters, and the number of paroled prisoners still young enough to seek any kind of self-expression, who break their parole or who merely wait until the parole has run out to commit another crime, is convincingly large. To create the supposed cures, it is necessary to change punishment into an elaborate benevolence, and then penal institutions are no longer terrible to the crook. Ed's attitude is the usual attitude.

I said to him, "Suppose a boy of eighteen asked you, if he got caught holding up a cashier and had to take five years, whether these five years or say three years in actual time, would be bad—what would you answer?"

"I'd answer that they would be hell."

"Because that's the truth?"

"No. But I'd want to stop the boy from holding up the cash register."

Ed X. senses the truth about our penal situation. We have not yet invented a method of so-called punishment which can cover the convicted man with benefits physical, mental and moral, and yet is so disagreeable that it will deter others from becoming recruits in lawlessness and crime. Our prison reform, perhaps, has made better criminals; it certainly has made more of them.

I am morally certain that Ed, upon leaving the penitentiary, at once broke his parole again. The detective bureau is quite sure that he participated in a jewelry-store robbery where one of the store clerks was killed. The affair was outside their jurisdiction, and there being so little practical coöperation between the police forces in different states and cities there was no sufficient machinery to put together the

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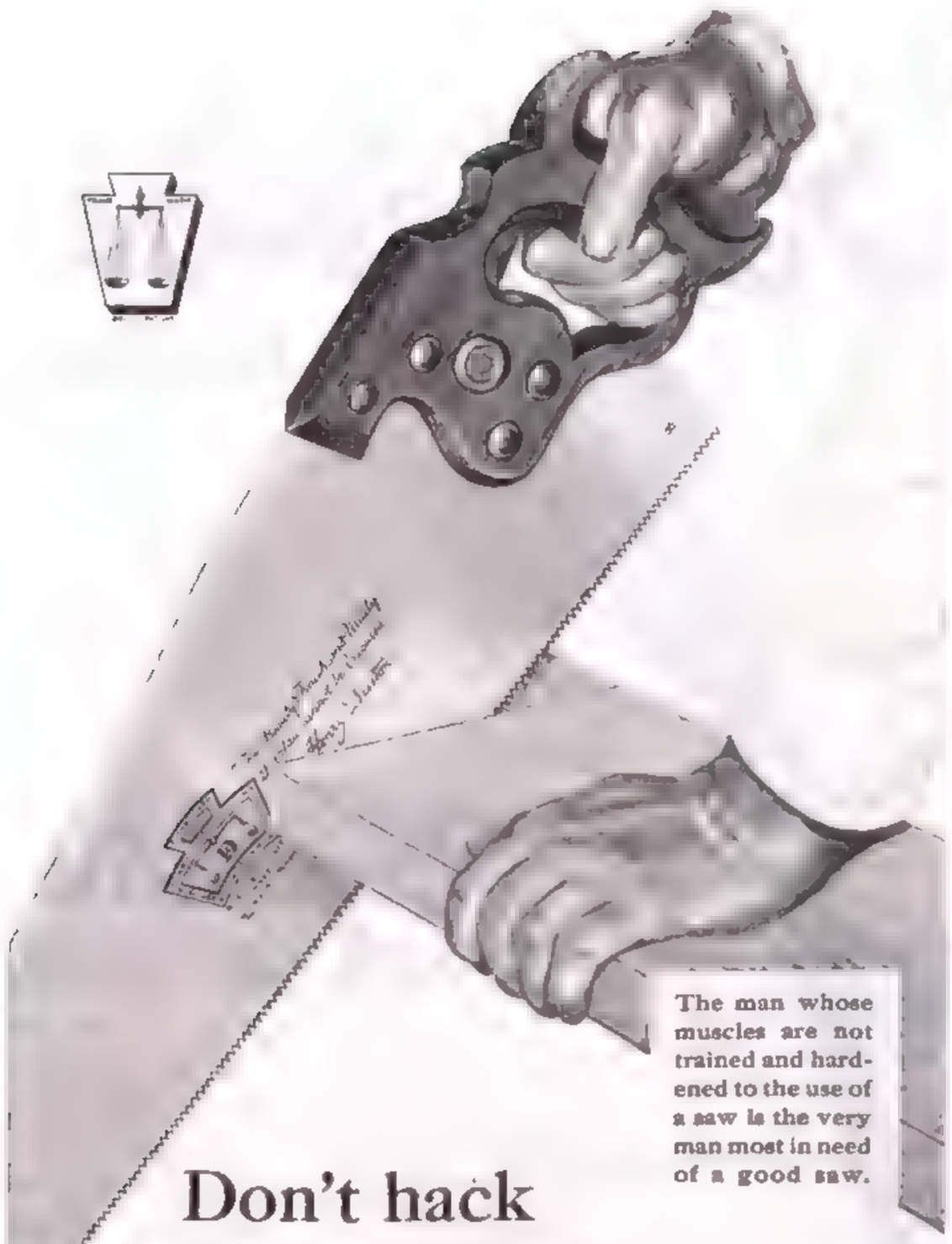

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Your hardware dealer will tell you the economy of buying a Disston Saw.

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evidence against him. This again is typical. Ed was absent from the city. One of his closest pals was caught and was convicted of robbery, because he agreed to plead guilty if the murder and manslaughter charges were not pressed. And that again is typical of our crime: Our criminal law is an eternal compromise.

Whether Ed has ever killed, I cannot say. It is certain that he acquired a widespread reputation as a killer in the sense that he was skilled in gun-battling, in agility, in deadly violence, in cool, calm willingness. Indeed, it was this which finally lifted him out of the class of common gangsters and gunmen. What he did between the day he was released from the penitentiary and his present troubled but prosperous state, is Ed's own business. Old charges—robbery with a dangerous weapon and breaking parole—still hang against him; but he is now, I believe, quite out of the profession of first-hand crime.

He has entered the profession of bodyguard. He is not engaged in guarding the safety of law-abiding citizens against blackmailers, or hold-up men, or those seeking personal or class vengeance. Not Ed. It would not pay. And Ed is no fifty or seventy-five dollar a week man. Therefore, his clients are lawbreakers of sorts. They are big gamblers, big bootleggers, big confidence men, big blackmailers—any and all of those who are threatened, either because of some civil war in the world of crime, or because they must at times carry large fortunes about with them.

Among such men and women Ed X. has a reputation for being honest—for being straight.

Of this reputation he is proud. He tells of guarding a famous gambler who went into Chicago a year or two ago and finally lost a quarter of a million dollars.

"I have seen nights when we would go back to our hotel with a hundred thousand and more in the good old steel engravings of Uncle Sam," says he. "Of course, some of my old friends came to me and said, 'Ed, it's a crime to let this opportunity pass. We can come along and put one bullet in your sleeve and you go down. That clears you. And we'll go fifty-fifty with you.' And I says to them, 'Try that and rest in peace.'"

A beautiful girl made three hundred thousand dollars in four months in her salon running a crap game. Ed X. was her bodyguard. When we arrested Ed X., so he tells me, he was carrying his weapon because it was a part of his daily necessity. He was a partner in another gambling game running constantly in another well-known commercial hotel.

At the Station House

His profits for the month of March were over five thousand dollars including various services he was rendering a particular corner of the bootleg ring. Ed X. is becoming a man of some importance.

Let us see how the law deals with this man. Remember that he has a steady criminal record; that he has been a menace, a fearful example to all the younger boys who have had contact with him; that he has turned aside from crimes of violence only to associate himself with a group of organized, wealthy lawbreakers much more menacing than most criminals who defy the law while committing a crime.

And why more menacing? Because they defeat the law after the crime is committed. Because they and their ilk are able to make the law—an institution—a process—a thing for criminals to sneer at and ridicule.

Ed X. has furnished me not only with the typical history of reasonably successful lawbreaking but also with a typical case of unsuccessful law enforcement.

When we arrived at the station house that night of his arrest—the prisoner, waiting for the lieutenant in charge to come out to the desk, put his new straw hat down on a table and then sat up beside it, swinging his feet nonchalantly. If he had the slightest emotion in contemplating another term at the penitentiary he gave no outward sign of it. His gray eyes were calm; they looked about at the desk, the walls, an announcement of some charity drive, and finally at the clock. It was one-forty. Ed's eyes narrowed slightly. He scowled, meditated and then smiled again. His demeanor might have been that of an honest voter who had come to register. I could not refrain from contrasting him with the detectives who had arrested him. He and they were natural, alert and attractive young men; but on the whole he had more distinction than they. He was more self-contained; and of the lot, he was the only one who might be mistaken for a man engaged in the imaginative arts. I thought, as I watched him, how easy it would be for me to make that human mistake so common among the unsophisticated who, in positions of judges, attorneys, social workers, prison reformers and parole-board officials, are susceptible to the criminal's own slow-music story or at other times develop, instinctively, a sympathy for some very likable and appealing personality.

The Mask of Nonchalance

I once heard a detective express the truth. He said, "They are like some dogs. For months you like 'em. They may lick your hand. Or you may just like 'em and rub 'em behind the ears. And then, if it's that kind of a dog, it flies at you in August just as it did before and buries its teeth in your wrist."

I have never seen real viciousness in Ed's face but once. That was when, before booking him, the detectives took his finger prints. As one of them seized finger after finger of Ed's lean hands and rolled their black-dabbed tips onto the record sheet, the indignity to the prisoner's pride awoke all that intense individualism which has dominated his life. He grew taut from head to foot. Behind the pale mask of nonchalance I could see the fires of anger and hate.

He returned to the desk in the outer room just as calm and taciturn as ever. I can imagine that he can go for days without uttering a word. I have seen the same contempt for a chatterer pass over Ed's face that one might expect to see behind the eyes of some great and silent leader. In the city there is one judge who always sermonizes from the bench. Ed's only comment on him was "He talks too much."

When Ed was interrogated by the lieutenant he gave his answers in a low monotone. The procedure had the same matter-of-fact flavor of a passport examination.

"Bail fixed at two thousand dollars," said the lieutenant after a whispered conversation with the detective who had made the arrest. Ed's expression was as metallic as ever.

"If I'm going upstairs to the cells," he said, "I'd like a package of cigarettes."

"Sure thing," replied the officer in shirt sleeves who has charge of the detention prisoners.

We climbed the stairs with Ed and the turnkey. It was a nonchalant journey. One felt that a principal of a high school was about to show a distinguished visitor the recitation rooms or the laboratory of physics. This impression was emphasized when Ed X. looked from side to side as we passed down the corridor of cells. In some of these cells there were faces. The faces peered out at us leeringly. Ed did not look at them.

He said merely, "Pretty clean."

"Good night," said the detective.

"Oh, good night," Ed exclaimed, as one exclaims when the existence of some unimportant personality has been forgotten.

"Don't forget his cigarettes, officer."

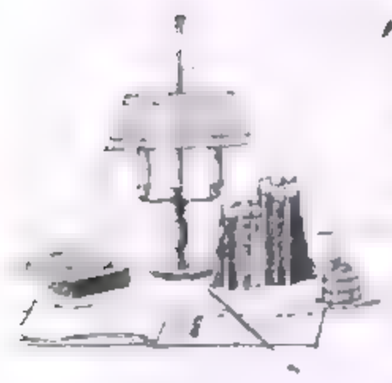
"Thanks," said Ed.

The locks made an emphatic click-clack. Then as we started to go I turned back. Ed had sat down and had buried his face in his hands. That was not a picture of success. His audience gone, Ed was presenting the drama of life only to himself. And one would have said that it was a drama of

(Continued on Page 185)

How a checking account helps you get ahead . . . *in 8 ways!*

You've thought of a check-book as a convenience . . . Now learn how it furthers financial success



THE way to handle money efficiently, say authorities and successful people, is to determine *in advance* just where each dollar is going. Thus you spend and save *intelligently*—controlling your affairs instead of letting them control *you*.

There are 8 definite ways in which a checking account makes money go farther.

By stopping thoughtless, needless expenditures. By eliminating risks of losing money, making wrong change. By removing the chance of paying the same bills twice (for each check is its own best receipt). By saving your time—which is money in the making. By always showing you just where you stand. Further, a checking account is the only way in which you can plan and operate a budget with success. It gives you the powerful friendship of a good bank. And it earns the valuable respect of business people.

Eight influences that work constantly toward financial independence for you. And you can employ them today if you just *will!*

Talk to your banker

This is but one of the great services your bank can render. An *important* one. Some banks make a small monthly charge, where checking balances run below a certain minimum. That is because such accounts actually represent a loss to the bank. But the small fee is well worth paying. It buys you these great advantages in getting ahead.

Discuss it with your banker. Find out the many other ways in which he can aid and counsel you to your advantage.

Now—protected checks

All over the country banks today are supplying depositors with checks protected against fraud. They are Super-Safety checks—safest of any supplied by banks.

Made of fine safety paper, which instantly exposes any attempt at alteration by knife, acid or rubber erasure. Easy to write upon. Handsome in appearance.

This famous Super-Safety paper is guarded like Government bank-note paper. Not a single blank scrap of it, large enough to make a check, is permitted to get out of the factories into strange hands.

You pay nothing for the protection these checks offer. Ask your banker about this valuable service, also.

Send for free book

We have a book, privately printed, which you will enjoy and find valuable. It tells how to budget an income of any size. How to make money go farther. You may have a copy free. Just send the coupon.

VALUABLE BOOK

Free

—sound, practical advice on family budgeting, how to get the most from your income, valuable information on banking transactions. Send coupon now.

SUPER-SAFETY
BANK CHECK

This eagle design identifies Super-Safety Checks —*safest supplied by any bank.* Look for it!

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY, Division
THE TODD COMPANY 1009
5950 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me free copy of new book, "How to Make Money Go Farther."

Name

Address

City ..... *State*

Name of my Bank

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY, Division
THE TODD COMPANY

NEW YORK ROCHESTER CHICAGO DENVER DALLAS

Ordering flowers delivered by telegraph is very simple. You leave your order and the address. You pay for the flowers, plus the cost of the wire. That is all. Your florist does everything for you.

Half a world away

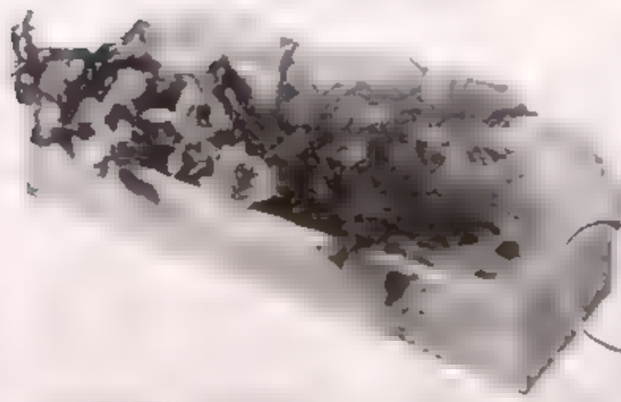
yet never beyond the reach of flowers and friends

The family is all present or accounted for—for tomorrow is Marjorie's wedding day. Uncles, aunts, cousins, chums—all heard from except Uncle Jim, the favorite, who is off in the Orient on his long-planned world cruise.

Marjorie is all a-thrill with excitement. Tomorrow is the day, and yet there is so much to be done. Just now a pause in the exciting task of packing the trunks, displaying the presents, and all the multitude of last minute things to do—a pause to try on that dream of a wedding gown for the last, final touches. And still no word from Uncle Jim, half a world away.

A tap on the door, Celeste returns, her eyes sparkling. An enormous box of glorious flowers and a cable from Uncle Jim! "Just arrived Manila. Love and every best wish for your happiness. Flowers for the sweetest bride!" From Uncle Jim! Flowers! All the way from Manila—*by wire.* Wherever you live, wherever you go, you can not possibly get beyond the reach of friends and flowers and stay in civilization!

From New York to Los Angeles—from Omaha to Cape Town—from Seattle to Palm Beach—*any*where, *any* time, sending flowers requires just long enough for the telegram to go from your florist to the corresponding florist at the destination.



Say it with Flowers

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 182)

failure. I learned later something of what was then beating his spirit down.

We stopped to speak to a weasel-faced department-store thief—a man approaching sixty—undersized, wrinkled, the features on the right and left side of his face quite different. He continually patted a swatch of long red hair plastered across a bald spot on his absurdly small skull. Here was disease indeed; here was the stunted, twisted character—incorrigible—a confirmed offender who had spent most of his lifetime in jail. He greeted us with a silly, empty grin and that frank, straightforward, straight-in-the-eye look, so painfully evident in those who have discovered that the rest of mankind is so interested in reading their characters. The inspector whispered to the super-shoplifter. The latter tried to sight down the corridor between the gray-painted bars. "You don't say!" he exclaimed. "Gunman? Well, well."

He might have been craning his neck to see with wistful wonder a candidate for the presidency. The criminal world has its heroes of distinction in brain and fiber like any other world.

"Oh, well," said the contemptible creature to me, "he'll be taken care of—don't worry."

Ed was "taken care of." The mysterious, and on the whole effective, machinery behind a regular had already been set in motion. One of the astonishments which awaited me when I began investigating crime in America was the impression which the elusive, organized, practiced methods of stepping ahead of the law makes upon police officers. The detective who spends months getting a wanted man, charged with serious crime, often has months of opportunity to watch the evasions, and ponder upon the mysterious twists and turns by which the law is tired out, baffled, beaten and emasculated. We are used to thinking of the arrest as the crisis of law enforcement.

But someone has compared the arrest to the serving of a draft summons on a reluctant and death-fearing slacker. To this slacker a friend said, "Never mind, Clarence, you have two chances even now. The war may end and you may not have to serve. But if you do, you have two chances. You may not be called overseas, but if you are, you have two chances. You may not be sent to the front, but if you are, you have a fifty-fifty chance because you may never have to fight. And even if you fight you have an even bet because you may not be wounded. And even if you're wounded you get two chances; you may not die. And even if you die you've got one chance out of two, Clarence."

The Great Sieve of the Law

The professional criminal in America so regards his chances with the law. It is regrettable, but it is true. The poor devil who is outside the organization or without money or brains may be sent through with reasonable promptness. But the real criminal views apprehension and arrest as only the loss of the first trick in a long card game. Bail comes next—habeas corpus. Delay, delay, delay—a sentimental jury or a corrupt juryman—change of venue—delay. The disappearance of material witnesses. The opportunity to trade with the district attorney on the plea. A technical slip in the indictment. Appeal—delay. The sureness with which an old case becomes cold meat when the public has forgotten the crime. A light sentence or even a suspended sentence. A chance in good behavior. The sentimental parole board which remembers the "enlightened" new attitude regarding the prisoner's rehabilitation as the end and aim of punishment, the parole board which listens to the old mother, the weeping wife, the sad-faced relatives and the social workers, but seldom hears the other side—the police, the prosecuting attorney or the victim. And finally the penitentiary which Ed and his friends call "not so bad." This is the picture of the great sieve which tempts new recruits to lawbreaking because they have learned to believe in the escape from punishment.

Most of this is not present in the more effective law-enforcement systems of other lands.

But Ed was in America—efficient America—America which dotes on organization. So as we left the station house bent on another raid on another gunman's hangout a polished, high-priced, high-powered car swung up to the curb; Ed's organization had begun to tick!

"Who's the big fellow?" asked one of the police.

"It's Blank," said another. "He has done time in New York State—the con man."

"What's he doing here?"

"Probably here for Ed X."

This was a fact. At one in the morning the gang had received the fire alarm. Ed X. was in. The telephones were busy. One of the famous attorneys—veteran defender of crooks—adroit, of wide acquaintance, had been called out of his bed and consulted. Blank had been found at a card game uptown: No doubt he had rubbed his jowls, thought awhile and telephoned to a prosperous bootlegger.

Bail Reduced

"Ed will go before the judge tomorrow morning at ten. There's probably a big bail. Let's make a try to reduce it. What can you do?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"I get you!"

No doubt, some such conversation over, Blank jumped into a touring car and went to a professional bondsman. The latter was out. At any rate Blank telephoned one of the bonding companies—a new one—the right crowd to do business with. Exactly one hour and ten minutes after Ed X. had entered the detention corridor, the turnkey officer unlocked his cell and Ed went out and climbed into the high-powered car of Blank. At this stage the state for all practical purposes had sold Ed his liberty for $2000. Ed has won more than $2000 in one night of partnership in a crooked crap game. The night had now swallowed him.

Nevertheless, $2000 is $2000. Ed X. appeared in court at ten. With him was a young attorney from the great office we may call Doge and Roge, which has done ring work for years until they know more law than judges, and more tricks of practice than the district attorneys, and more of the loopholes than all the forces of law and order put together.

Ed X. and this attorney were beckoned near the judge's bench. The judge, elected as a magistrate for several successive terms, likes his job. He is not a dishonest man. He is a human man. He was elected by votes and it is difficult not to think of votes. While ruffling papers on his desk he looks out from under brushy eyelids and sees Blank sitting in the spectators' seats with the son of a state senator.

"If it pleases Your Honor," whines the young attorney, "this prisoner has excessive bail. It is a hardship for him to furnish $2000 of bail. Indeed, it will prevent him from giving bail. He will be deprived of earning a living if he has to wait in the city lockup, and dependent relatives will suffer."

He speaks in a low voice. The judge knows, or could know, that Ed has not earned a penny for years not derived from lawbreaking or from being a parasite on lawbreakers. The judge, unless he is a fool, knows that men out on bail are usually under financial pressure to commit other crimes. The judge knows, if he has read much, that in other countries bail is not, as here, one of the great holes in law enforcement.

"Bail reduced to one thousand," he says in a low voice, and the state, which started to punish Ed X. and prevent a lesson to youth that crime goes unpunished, has been traded down 50 per cent in its hold on Ed. Blank and the bootlegger, the willing gang

"SUCH a pleasant, friendly home," people say. It did not simply happen so. Those who have built with beckoning doors and smiling windows know how carefully they had to plan—in every detail.

This entrance shows you what an important detail hardware is. It even holds a suggestion for you. Your design will change. Your taste will differ. Your need will include the whole interior. But the finer your plan, the greater your satisfaction will be in Sargent Locks and Hardware of solid wear-resisting brass or bronze. These have been used for years in the better homes, in schools, hotels and office and public buildings. The cost is but little more; the added service and security, considerable.

With your architect, at the very beginning, select this time-proved hardware. The Sargent Colonial Book will help you. It will be sent to you free upon request. A post-card is all that is necessary.

SARGENT & COMPANY, *Hardware Manufacturers*
33 Water Street New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT
Locks & Hardware

Spur Tie *all tied for you*

50¢ *and up*

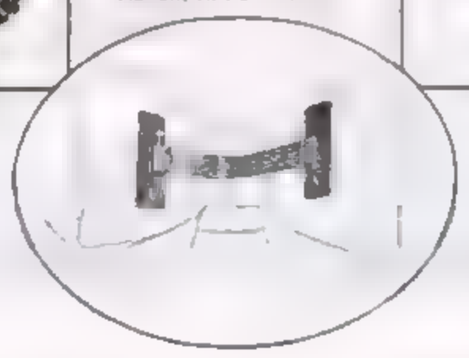
At the right you can see how smart the Square-End Spur Tie looks when actually being worn. This is the [illegible] different [illegible] of Spur Tie created this [illegible] is a new style

FREE!

Write for your free copy of "Can Do Winthrop" an [illegible] attractively bound business romance, by a [illegible] writer—with an [illegible] fall styles in Spur Ties [illegible]

Below—a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented pliable exclusive Spur Tie form that makes the tie keep the shape you give it. The H-shaped Innerform will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle

Above—a new kind of tie the Spur Band Bow, with the silk band that goes all around. It is adjustable to [illegible] or style collar, and [illegible] held in place by the exclusive elastic insert.



Above—the Spur Dress Tie one dress tie that holds its shape. It is made either in black or white, with the around silk band, and of course with the patented H-shaped Innerform

Collar-color smartly tied makes fall gray days gay

THE Younger Man has taught the world of fashion to expect color in masculine attire. The Spur Tie has taught the world of fashion how to put color into men's ties that are permanently smart. Fall days are gray enough. Put up a bold front against wintry winds and cloudy skies. No wind can muss a Spur Tie and no gloom obscure its smart style. Look on the counters of smart shops and find Spur Ties displayed. Look on the back of the ties you buy for the red Spur label, and feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Then you know that your tie looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie—and the H-shaped Innerform will keep it looking that way.

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.
Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Makers of Bull Dog Belts, Suspenders and Garters—the guaranteed brand

Left—the Butterfly-Bow, or bat-wing style of Spur Tie

Right—the French Pointed End style of Spur Tie

of the old neighborhood, the brains and organization of the ring, and all their associates and hirelings, have begun to function.

Ed's case went over to a district attorney's office already three hundred and eighty-nine cases behind on its felony prosecutions. In three weeks, after Ed had been working at the crap game and had bought a new gun and been walking around as a potential killer, the case was sent over to Judge A.'s court, and appeared on the calendar. All the county judges are busy with liquor cases.

The case of Ed X. could not be called for forty-five days. I do not know all that Ed did in those forty-five days. One of the detectives says that Ed went into another state on a big warehouse robbery which had been planned for six months by a big pay-off joint. I do not believe that.

When Ed's case was called, a young attorney from Doge and Roge said that Mr. Doge was obliged to appear that morning as attorney in another case. He was trying this long case in Part II with experts on emotional instability testifying. A postponement of Ed's case was "requested." It was in effect a demand.

The next time Ed's case was called, three more weeks had elapsed. The detective who had arrested him said to me, "Oh, I'm getting tired of this. I'd like to drop it. I drag myself here, juries are prepared, the assistant prosecuting attorney is prepared. This sort of thing costs the public a whale of a lot of money."

There was a good deal in this remark. A young attorney from Doge and Roge presented affidavits from two doctors that Ed X. was too Ill to appear in court! The angry detective went up to call on the doctors. He reports that they are suave gentlemen in partnership.

Forfeited Bail

At this stage I was obliged to go away across the country. When I returned, I asked the detective who made the arrest if Ed X. had come to trial.

He said wearily, "Certainly not. Judge A. went away sick. He is an old man and he won't be elected again. He's good natured and easy. I think Doge, the lawyer, was going to take a chance of trying the case before him. But now Judge B. is sitting. He's a tougher proposition. So Doge asked for another delay and there was some wangling and Judge B. got sore. He didn't try the case, but he raised the bail to $5000. And there we are!"

A week later the case of The State versus Edward X. was called. But Ed X. was not on hand. Luck was against him. Doge did not dare to try a tough judge. That judge ruffled some papers and growled that the bond for $5000 was forfeited. Later he signed a paper to that effect.

This account is written long after that day, but inquiry fails to disclose that the state has as yet collected one penny of the five thousand dollars.

All this process must have been a great inconvenience to Ed. It must have caused him worry, annoyance and expense. It may have interfered with his work as a killer bodyguard of bootleggers and gamblers. It was unsympathetic of the state to harass him. And it may have put him on the police "wanted" list.

I asked the detective, "Are you going after him? You know where he says he lives. Who is going to get Ed?"

He looked at me sourly and said, "Somebody—but not me!"

Why Ed May Go Straight

Ed X. probably has gone on a "trip." I think I know in what city I could find him. Nobody will disturb him there. And within his limits Ed X. will try to go straight. Not so the boy who was standing with him when we arrested Ed. That boy believes that the law is a kind of a joke. Of course he does!

And Ed X. may go straight, but not because of Society with a big S, or Science with a big S, or Law with a big L. He will not go straight because of reformatories, penitentiaries, individual correctional researchers or social workers. For them he has neither love nor fear.

If Ed X. goes straight it will be because of a woman. Ed was married three years ago. She does know that Ed carries a gun. She does know that he gambles and that he is paid for being a bodyguard of doubtful persons. But she does not know that Ed has ever served terms or ever may. And he would kill, with a calm gray eye and his little quirking smile, anyone who told her.

"Light or dark?" I said to him.

"A blonde," he said, his face coming out from its metallic mask. "Yeh, and that ain't all ——"

How can I fail to feel warmth toward this man whom I may never meet face to face again?

And yet if he came before me for sentence, I would send him away for all the years I could give him. And why? Not for hate. Not to rehabilitate Ed X. and restore him to society. That's a joke. I would punish him to the limit so that every boy who had looked at Ed as a hero might know that there is a greater power than Ed—that if they imitate Ed they will feel that power—the power and authority of the state.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Child. The next will appear in an early issue

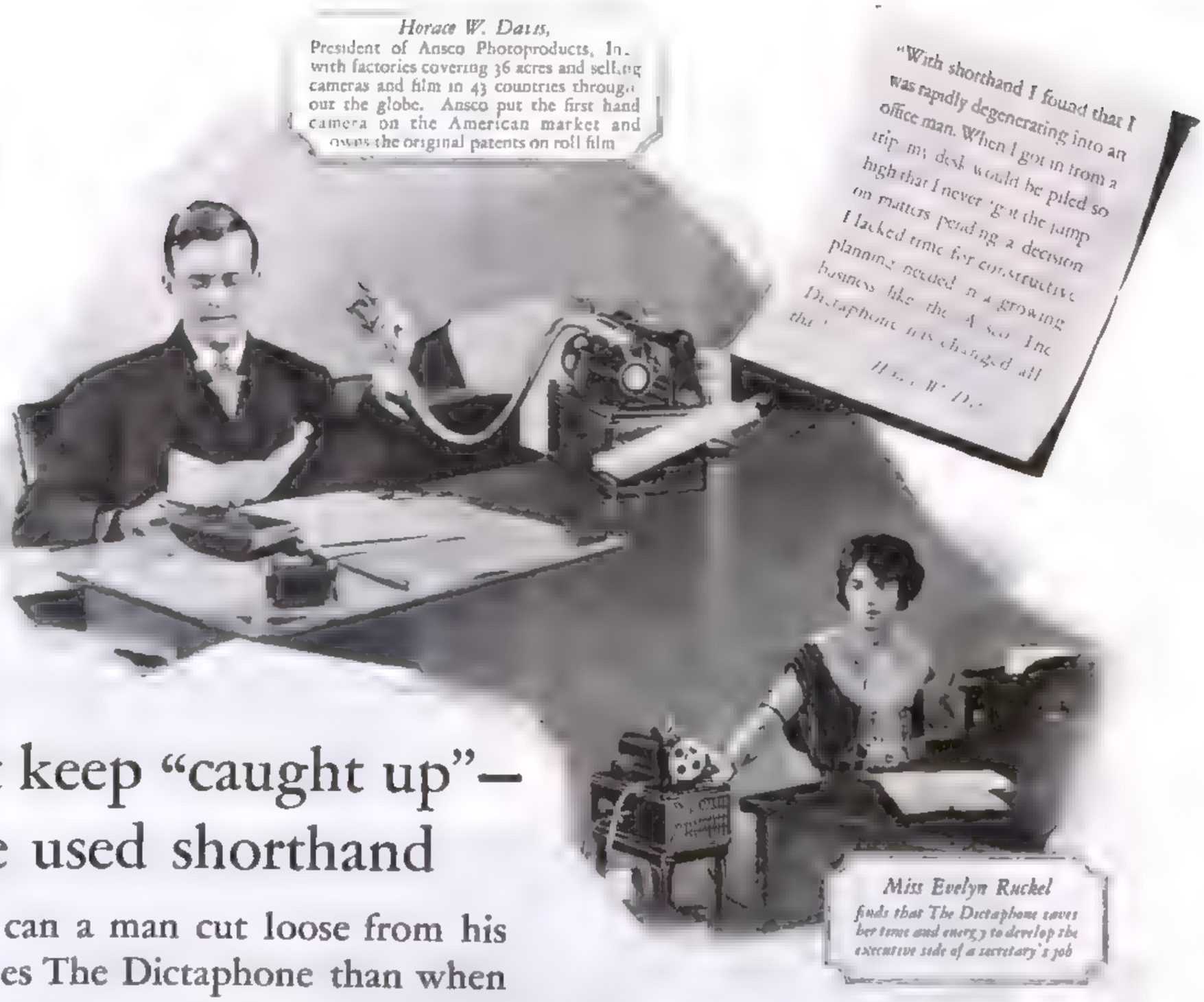
Nearsighted Old Lady—"Well, I'm Glad to See the Girls are Wearing Longer Skirts!"

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—

"She can't help me with other things"
"She can't get out all she's taken"
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
"If she could only take it as fast as I think"
"I'm forced to cut dictation short."
"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow"
"I had all this clear in my mind last night."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.


Horace W. Davis,
President of Ansco Photoproducts, Inc. with factories covering 36 acres and selling cameras and film in 43 countries throughout the globe. Ansco put the first hand camera on the American market and owns the original patents on roll film
"With shorthand I found that I was rapidly degenerating into an office man. When I got in from a trip my desk would be piled so high that I never got the jump on matters pending a decision I lacked time for constructive planning needed in a growing business like the Ansco. The Dictaphone has changed all that."
Miss Evelyn Ruckel
finds that The Dictaphone saves her time and energy to develop the executive side of a secretary's job

He couldn't keep "caught up"—while he used shorthand

How much more can a man cut loose from his office when he uses The Dictaphone than when he's held down by old-fashioned shorthand?

Read this story of Horace W. Davis—then note our coupon offer

CHIEF executive of so important a concern as Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., manufacturers of the famous Ansco Cameras, Ansco Speedex Film and Cyko paper, Horace W. Davis must be on the jump all the time. So one day sees him in the New York office. The next, at the Ansco factories and main office in Binghamton, N. Y. And the next, on an overnight jump to some mid-western city. He's on a Pullman sleeper as a regular thing two to four nights a week.

When Mr. Davis gets back to his desk, does he spend all his time "catching up"? Not at all! The astonishing fact is that he has abundance of leisure—for constructive planning and recreation.

How does he do it? The Dictaphone!

His regular train from the West drops him at Binghamton at daybreak. Then—straight to his office! If his desk is piled with the accumulated correspondence he attacks it—by dictating to The Dictaphone. And when the 8 o'clock whistle blows, his desk is clear.

Three days' work in three hours! He's got the jump on routine. He's free from that burden for the rest of the day.

Mark this—he never has to wait for his secretary to take dictation. The Dictaphone is always ready. Because The Dictaphone makes him *independent*, Mr. Davis finds it invaluable. With machines at both Ansco offices and at home, he can go and come at will—work at all hours—with his mind intent only on his job.

And The Dictaphone is a boon for his secretaries. Since Miss Van Alstyne, at Binghamton, doesn't have to copy letters twice—once in shorthand, once on the typewriter—and isn't constantly interrupted to take dictation, she can handle all Mr. Davis's work and even assist the vice-president in Mr. Davis's absence.

—While Miss Ruckel, of the New York office, has time to handle many important matters—taking over work which would otherwise consume Mr. Davis's energy and time.

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon"
"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."
"I'm 20% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work."
"No one else can read my notes"
"Hours wasted while he's in conference."
"Yes, I do mind staying late."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

(REG U.S. PAT. OFF.)

Which of these coupons will you send, as the first step to "doubling your ability to get things done"?

Give The Dictaphone a trial. We will gladly lend you a machine to test any way you like.

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try—without expense or obligation. Leave it to me to judge by results, not by your own reasons or other people's success. Thank you

Name.....
(Please pin this to your letterhead)

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

I want to see what leading executives or secretaries themselves say about increasing their ability by discarding shorthand. So please send me your booklet "What's Wrong with Shorthand."

NAME
ADDRESS

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐
(Check one)

(Please pin this to your letterhead)

GARDNER

EIGHT-IN-LINE

IF IT is possible for a motor car to make a full-grown man's heart beat faster or a smart woman's eyes sparkle more brightly, the Gardner Eight-in-line will do it.

You find rare charm and distinction in sweeping body lines richly done in colorful two-tone Duco . . . you enjoy immediate obedience from the trim, silent Eight-in-line motor . . . you experience a brand-new kind of motoring performance, thrilling and delightful. When you know the superlative advance made by Gardner in the Eight-in-line, you'll understand why owners call it the 1926, the 1927 car—*today!*

1926 Models—Lower Prices . . . Fourteen smart new body styles are now available on the Gardner Eight-in-line and Gardner Six chassis. Prices, exclusive of tax, range from $1395 to $2495 at St. Louis.

THE GARDNER MOTOR COMPANY, INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A

THE THIRD-TERM TOM-TOMMERS

Continued from Page 31

and stood with his back to the beseechers for a minute or so. Then he turned.

"Well," he said, "they hired the money, didn't they?"

That was all. That completed his part of the performance, but there and then the President, astute politician that he is, and sensible of the bulk of American opinion, voiced that opinion, stated the popular view in the New England phrase, flattened the pro-French altruists and called it a day.

That is one phase of the international aspect of our politics, the problem of making some sort of arrangement whereby the money "hired" by foreign countries shall be repaid, funded, acknowledged or somehow disposed of; and other phases have to do with disarmament, trade balances, world securities, world courts and a dozen other ramifying, important and more or less pressing international questions, some of which are academic, some of which are vital and all of which are breeders of oratory, pettifogging, partisan combat and bogus Americanism.

Collaterally, there is the problem of taxation, and the reduction thereof, which will turn Congress into a bedlam before the coming session is completed, and will have its great effect on the congressional elections of 1926. In reality, taxation is of more potency in a political way than any other issue that is raised or may be raised. It is always so.

Taxation, when we get down to the fundamentals, is the deciding factor in all our elections. His attitude on taxation gave Mr. Coolidge great strength in 1924. The enormous taxation imposed during the presidency of Mr. Wilson, regardless of the necessities of it, helped to give Mr. Harding his seven million plurality of 1920.

However, these are governmental policies and issues; and although they have their enormous influences on political thought and action, they are more or less subsidiary to the real presidential politics that is going on, and especially the real Republican Party politics, which is the most interesting politics at present, because the Republican Party is in power and seems powerful. Here and there, now and again, we observe the spoor of the lads who manage the affairs of the dominant organization.

With the Accent on the Third

On the front page of the New York Times, which is independently Democratic, or Democratically independent, as the case may be, there was recently, for no apparent reason save that it was there, a long piece tying up the third-term idea to Mr. Coolidge in a most elaborate manner; and since then there has been a constant succession of regular, stand-pat, Old Guard statesmen bobbing up in various parts of the country and enunciating the same sentiments. So far as they are concerned, Mr. Coolidge can have the third term if he wants it. A third term ——

Wherefore this question occurs to those of us who have knowledge of the processes and preferences of regular, stand-pat, Old Guard statesmen: "What's the hurry?"

Why all this rush to tie the third-term can on Mr. Coolidge? Why this intense eagerness, early in 1925, to stencil him, tattoo him, even, with third-term sentiments? Why this cumulative emphasis on the third-term aspect of it? Why, before he was in the White House for two years, and only a few weeks after he began his first elective term, with the next election so far in the future as November, 1928, this clamor to make it clear that if Mr. Coolidge seeks another term that term will be his third term? Why begin bruiting about the third-term phrase at this time? Why paste that label on the President now? Why put up these third-term sixteen-sheet bills on every political hoarding? Why make the matter the theme of political interviews and speeches?

The Old Guard of the Republican Party do not like Mr. Coolidge, never have liked him and never will like him. They, at present, are compelled to submit to Mr. Coolidge, just as they could not get away from nominating him, but they are casting about now to see if they can find some way of getting out from beneath the yoke in 1928. They started in the Congress during the latest session, but they did not get very far, save in some defeats of presidential suggestions, and they got nowhere at all in undermining the President with the people. They will try again at the coming session of Congress.

Meanwhile it is quite plausible that they have determined to do a little vacation propaganda in the way of tying up the third-term idea to the President. They know that a third presidential term, since Washington refused his, has been a powerful fetish in American politics, and that a strong popular argument can be made against a third term, as such. In general, the people do not like the third-term idea. The refusal of it is more or less of an unwritten law, a traditional and precedented practice in our politics. A great deal can be said against it. Hence, if thus early in the presidency of Mr. Coolidge the third-term idea can be implanted with the people, there may be a chance to use that as an argument against the renomination of Mr. Coolidge in 1928.

Killing With Kindness

Of course, they are skillful enough to get out their third-term propaganda without the antagonistic angle. They are not talking in opposition to a third term for Mr. Coolidge. On the contrary. What they are doing is advertising the idea—the third-term idea—by emphasizing that feature in all their communications to the public, with the plan of making it apparent to the people that another term for Mr. Coolidge will be a third term. Their opposition to that third term, per se, will come later, if it ever comes at all.

There is no other explanation for this constant harping on a third term for the President, which began before he had been two years in the White House. These Republican politicians who are so earnestly putting forth the eulogies of the President, who are saying that he undoubtedly can have his third term if he wants it, who seek opportunities to announce to the people that this great, grand and good man from New England is entitled to his third—always his third—incumbency of the White House, are almost as averse, politically, to having Mr. Coolidge in the White House, from March, 1929, and for four years thereafter, as they are to having a Democrat there. If you could get the real thought of some of them you would find that they are even more averse to Mr. Coolidge than to the right sort of Democrat. A lot of them will deny that, of course, but it happens to be the fact, none the less. And it looks now as if they cannot beat him by direction; they are craftily taking a fling at preparation for beating him, or trying to, by indirection.

Thus, early as it is, and entirely in opposition to the popular idea that the election of last year laid politics for a time, and especially presidential politics, the campaign for 1928 is already on and active. It has three aspects. The first and dominant is Calvin Coolidge sitting on the top of his seven million plurality and calmly and critically surveying the situation from that imposing elevation. The second is several other eminent Republicans, supported and sustained by Old Guard fellows in some instances, by their own ambitions in others, and by quasi-political influences in still

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others, walking around and round the elevation Mr. Coolidge surmounts, wondering whether it will be possible to pull him off or whether—a joyous prospect—he may fall off himself. The third is the busy salvage corps of the Democratic Party seeking to gather up the fragments in their individual baskets and for their individual benefits.

Remnants must have some value. Otherwise there would not be so many junkmen. And the Democratic Party, after the last election, was all remnants, nothing but. Consequently, we observe several—two in particular—political junkmen, who, in the present instance, were largely responsible for the junking, moving about amid the wreckage, seeking to sort out and secure sufficient materials with which to make some sort of vehicle for 1928. They are cautious and secretive about it, because the idea of being considered a candidate for a presidential nomination in 1928 so early as 1925 is repulsive to their finer political instincts—almost as repulsive as the idea of not being considered a candidate, but not quite.

No one in authority has said that President Coolidge is a candidate for the nomination in 1928, nor has anyone in authority said he is not. No announcement is necessary. The thing is self-evident. Mr. Coolidge served as President from August 2, 1923, until March 4, 1925, as the successor of President Harding, and was elected in his own right by a plurality of seven million votes for the term beginning on that date and continuing four years. If Mr. Coolidge had narrowly squeezed through, the situation might not have been so open-faced; but as he was indorsed for himself, and on his presidential record of the fifteen months that had elapsed between the time he became President and the day he was up for election by this enormous plurality, he just naturally became a candidate for 1928, regardless of any third-term fetish, or of any other circumstance whatsoever.

That is what he is and has been ever since he was elected. It isn't required of him to make a formal announcement. That need not come for three years yet. It isn't essential of him to consider himself a candidate, albeit he undoubtedly does. There he is, and he can't help himself even if he desired to.

Whether he will continue to be a candidate depends on several things—luck mostly. And he has plenty of luck. Also, as has been said, he is a smart politician.

Popular With the People

It does not require any profound knowledge of politics to note what Mr. Coolidge is about in his capacity as the titular leader of his party. The procedure is obvious. His first concern is with the congressional elections of 1926, and his strategy is to get the radical Republicans back under the old banner of regularity. If his party loses control of Congress in 1926, a frightful crimp will be put in his 1928 plans, because 1926 will be the first opportunity the people will have of either indorsing the President or condemning him for his first year and a half in the White House by virtue of that seven million warrant for occupancy the people gave him. Unless he is very careful and circumspect he may get the dose that Harding got in 1922. But he is a careful and circumspect person.

Inquiry about the country convinces me that the President is enormously popular with the people. He is stronger now than he ever has been. His economy and tax reduction programs are a greater asset of popular regard than any President has had of late years, even Roosevelt. On the other and influential hand, the President is not popular with his own party in Congress. Official Washington does not think much of him, and there is an assiduous cultivation of that idea out among the people by presidential publicity agencies, because the President knows—what Washington will never own—that Washington disregard is not a liability with the public, and is a distinct source of strength.

What the President is trying to do, as shown by what he is doing, is to rehabilitate the Republican Party and to reënforce it with the radicals who have been playing fast and loose with that party since the campaign of 1912, when Roosevelt split it up the back and thereby made Mr. Wilson President. Witness his recent trip to the Northwest. The Northwest is the seat of Republican radicalism, and the President went there, making that his first excursion out into the country, to do what he could toward getting the Northwest back into line.

He spoke to the Norsemen of Norse things. The speech was the speech of the congratulator, but the visit was the visit of the conciliator. There are to be some important senatorial elections up there in 1926, important in the sense of preserving the Republican majority in the Senate; and that—and the spreading of a generally favorable impression by compliment, suggestion and the personal equation—was the object of the meeting.

Aspiring Republicans

The President and his close fellows have been working along these lines since the Cleveland convention in 1924, where he was nominated. A preliminary amount of house cleaning was done at Cleveland. The results of it were favorable for the time being, but the reaction in Washington was not so good. The Old Guard of the Republican Party are set in their ways and like to have things as they were. They do not take kindly to house cleaning. Wherefore the President got very little out of the Congress at its last session in the way of support, and considerable in the way of rebuff. The Old Guard held the momentary advantage when Congress adjourned; but that trip to the Northwest showed them that whatever they are able to do in Washington, they are not able to do much outside in the way of depressing the popular esteem in which the President is held. But they are persistent. They keep trying.

It is as plain as if he had written a message about it that the President, first, intends to reunite the Republican Party into a homogeneous Coolidge whole, with Congress playing offside if it likes; and, second, this done, if it can be done, that he intends to use that party for whatever Coolidge purposes seem desirable in the future. His politics is repressed, secretive, but definite. He put his political heart out on his sleeve when he accepted that Minnesota invitation, of all the hundreds of invitations given him to go to various parts of the country; but usually he does not operate so openly. However, his main objective is plain to those who can observe as well as see. He wants a Republican Congress in 1926, and he intends to be the leader of a united Republican Party, in fact as well as by title, in 1928.

He will say very little about it, but he will do a lot about it. He already has done considerable.

With the situation so dominantly Cooldigean, it would be unfair to single out any one, or several, Republicans of eminence who have aspirations for 1928. The only hope they have is in the failure of Coolidge with the people. If the President gets a setback in the elections of 1926, there will be a chance for them to come out in the open; but until that time they can only pray for disaster and must be extremely careful not to be caught promoting it. Not that they would do such a thing as that, of course, but that they must not be detected. To be caught would spill an incredible number of important beans.

Conceivably, great business interests not entirely in consonance with White House ideas might promote someone. Conceivably, Congress might have a favorite son or two. Conceivably, some special interest might think of putting a man in the field. But not now. Not until this popularity of the President with the people is dissipated, if it ever is. Not until the President's foot

(Continued on Page 193)

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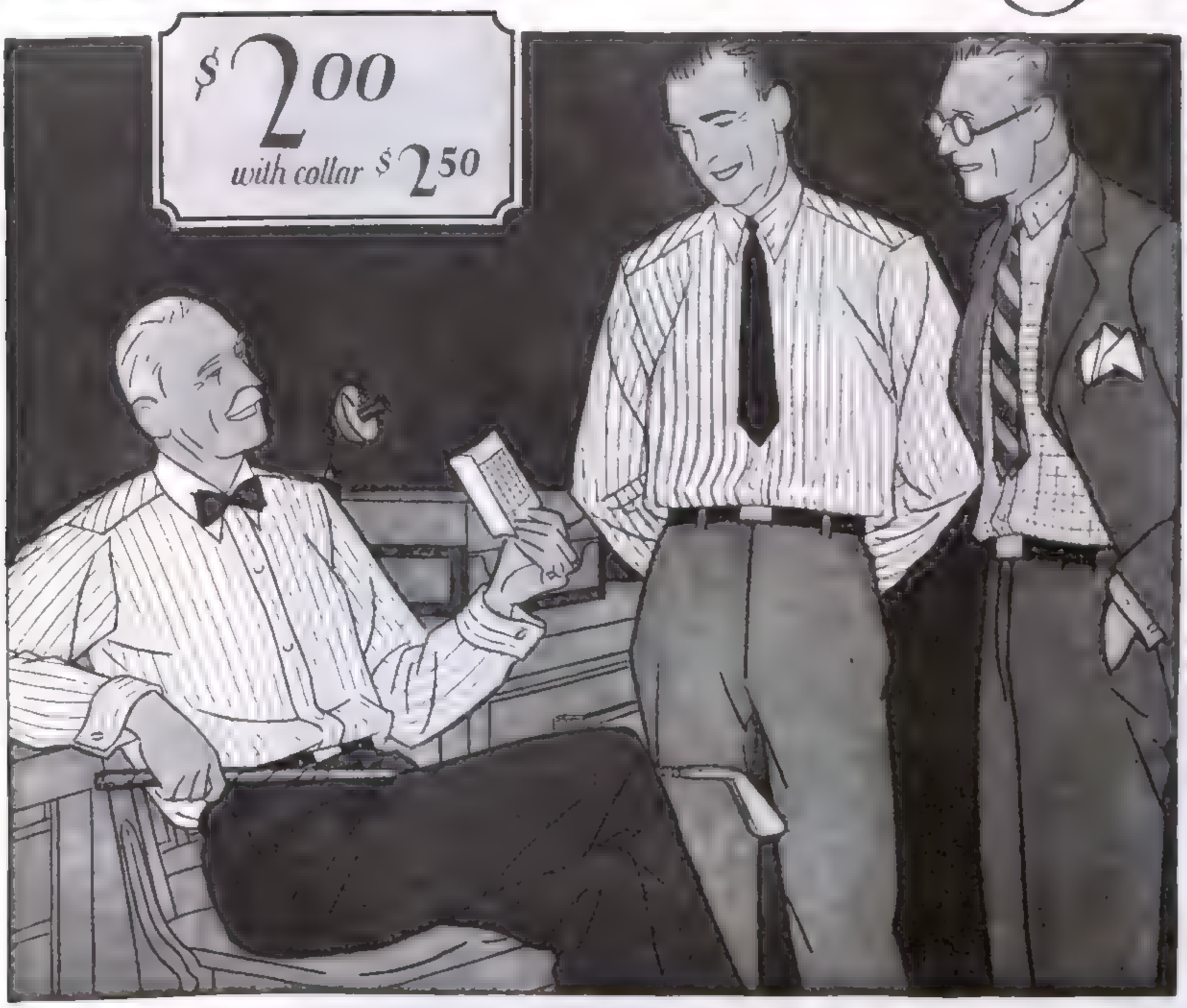

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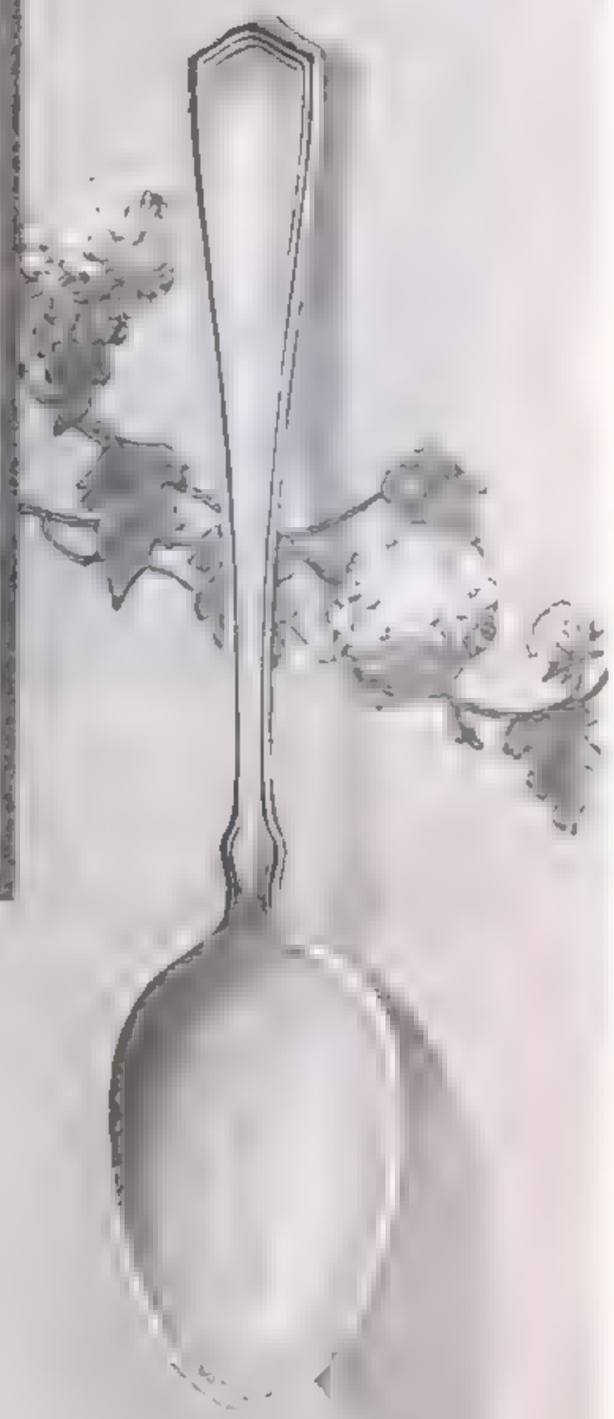

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(Continued from Page 190)

slips. Not until he has worn out his welcome. Absolutely, not at the present moment. Ambitions must be stifled. Hopes must be muffled. All that can be done now is to spread about this third-term stuff, and spread similar birdlime, and to padge about and watch for breaks. It is a buzzard-like game, but it is being played notwithstanding. This wanting to be President is a febrile disease, consuming, incurable, continuous. It causes men to do strange things.

It would be a natural assumption, for instance, that the nomination by a party in 1928 that was whipped by seven million plurality in 1920 and by another and even more crushing seven million in 1924 would be of no particular value. Yet the news that the defeat in 1924 was so great as that was not on the streets in the extras before plans were being made to secure that nomination. Indeed, the New York convention that threw Davis to the wolves was not adjourned before two, at least, of the candidates before that convention, McAdoo and Smith, were at it again with 1928 in view. And they are at it now. If neither gets the nomination in 1928, it is probable they will be at it again in 1929. No man who has five hundred votes in a national convention ever recovers from the compliment, nor the longing that might have been satisfied by just a few more votes. He may say he does but he doesn't. Witness Bryan. Witness McAdoo. Witness others, whose inoculation with the germ of presidentitis was not so extensive.

Coming across the country last October before the election, I found Smith agents at work here and there, possibly without the knowledge of the governor, but at work none the less. And McAdoo, as soon as he got back from Europe and had expressed his sad regrets to Mr. Davis over the unseemly performance at the polls on November fourth, started out with his basket to collect such fragments of Democracy as might be remaining, with an eye to trying again in 1928.

Democratic Salvagers

Ostensibly, neither of these eminent Democrats is doing any such thing. Governor Smith is busy with his governing, and Lawyer McAdoo is busy with his lawyering. They both laugh the throaty laugh of mild derision when the matter is brought to their attention, but the fact of it is that Alfred Emanuel Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo will go to it again in 1928, if they both live, as everybody hopes they will, for they certainly put on a good show in 1924, just as they went to it in Madison Square Garden last summer.

The governor has the advantage over McAdoo of being in the public eye, and he is as capable a public-eyer as there is in this country. He can run for United States senator against Wadsworth in 1926 if he wants to, but the indications are that he will not want to, for two reasons. The first is that even if he were elected he would add no impetus to his presidential canvass, for the Senate is not a good place to work from toward the presidency. Senatorial candidates, as a rule, do not do very well. To be sure, Benjamin Harrison came from the Senate, and so did Harding; but the débris of national conventions for years and years is all cluttered up with the scattered remains of senatorial aspirants to the White House. The second reason is that Al Smith and Jimmy Wadsworth are good friends, have been for years and get along fine in New York politics. It wouldn't be clubby for Al to run against Jimmy.

McAdoo must operate from the level of private citizenship—private but prominent, of course. He has neither Smith's rostrum nor his lever; but he is a busy and resourceful person, and he seems to be quite active in various sections of the country. There hasn't a blade of grass grown under his feet since he sent his regrets to Brother Davis. His salvage corps has been at work since last November, and no bit of political *disjecta* is too small for consideration.

In addition to these two salvagers, there is another movement that may or may not have its bearing. This may be called the Owen D. Young movement, and is, it is said, responsible for the enormous burgeonings of Mr. Young into the current thought of the day. It is stated that the man who is really being groomed by the few remaining and potential groomers of the macerated Democracy is this same Mr. Young, who has become, by virtue thereof and by virtue of his own assistance, what almost may be called a national voice. A wise political observer of the inside of political things in general advised that an eye be kept on Mr. Young, and the advice is herewith passed along for the benefit of those who are interested in such occupations.

Turmoil Beneath the Surface

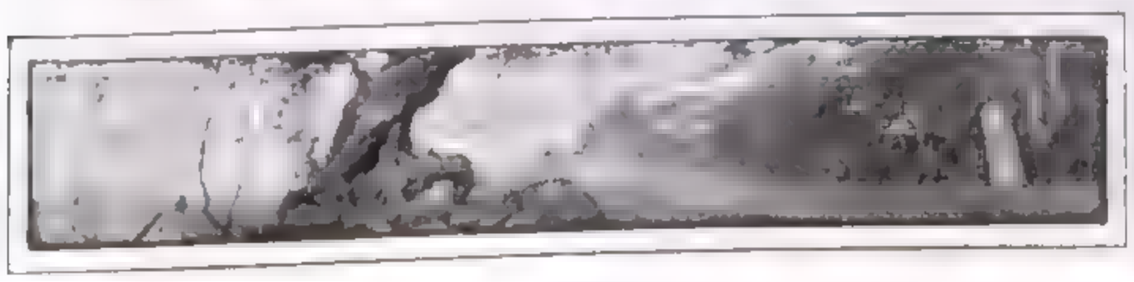
It is too early to say, as this is written, what effect the death of Senator La Follette will have on the fortunes of the radicals whose third-party plans were so rudely disrupted by the election last November. Senator La Follette was the dynamo of that movement, and his death leaves it without current or control. Word has recently come out of the Northwest that there are a number of progressive leaders there who are cold to the idea of a third party; colder, even, than they were after the defeat of Senator La Follette at the polls. The defeat of Magnus Johnson and recent local elections in that territory have also made it reasonable that a fight for progressivism, as it is held by these radicals, might better be made within the Republican Party than outside of it. This, it is said, was the Wisconsin idea before the death of La Follette.

The success of the radicals in combining with the Democrats in the defeat of the confirmation of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General rather cheered up the extreme lefts of the Senate. It gave them the first hope they had had since November, and inclined them to think that a similar coalition might be continued in the next session of Congress to the defeat of the policies of the Republicans and the projects of the Republican majority.

The President was not unaware of these plans when he accepted that invitation to go to the Northwest. What he had in mind was to make a Coolidge demonstration in the enemy's territory, and he made one. It was more than a demonstration. It was an ovation.

Therefore candidates for Congress, in that section and elsewhere, will do a considerable amount of thinking before they run as opponents to Coolidge. The public swing and enthusiasm are still with the President, and likely to remain with him for some time. That applies to the Midwest, the Far West and the East as well as to the Northwest.

Hence, instead of getting out of politics for a time by the election of President Coolidge, the smashing of the Democracy, and the crashing of the radicals, the truth is that we walked further into politics than we have for years. The autumn months may go along without any outward or visible signs of the turmoil beneath, but it will not be long after Congress convenes until the situation will blow its head off, and what is now inside will be outside and boiling.



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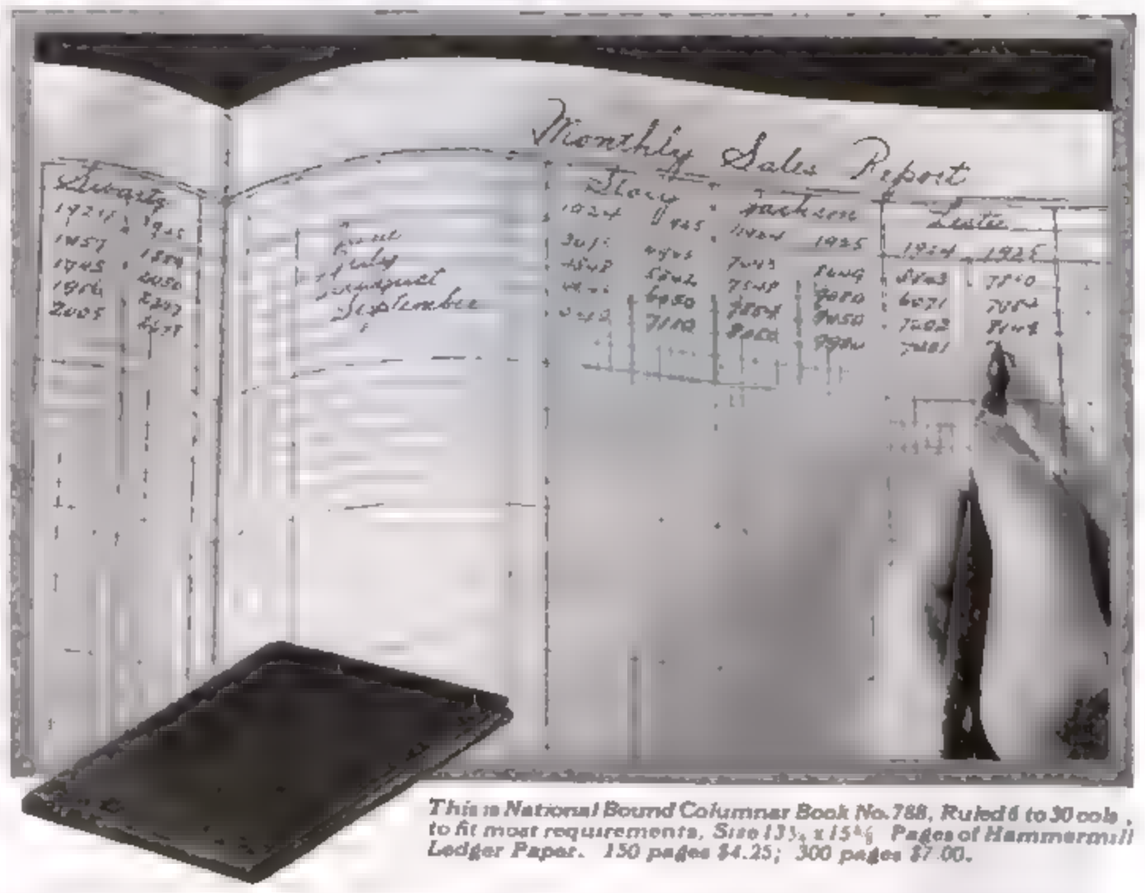

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IS IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY?

(Continued from Page 15)

could always get a laugh at a dinner table by pulling a Barrymore face, I never aspired to a real imitation.

Then I saw him in Hamlet, and for weeks his voice was ringing in my ears. I found myself at the telephone, saying, "To be, or not to be," instead of "Vanderbilt 0860." "The play's the thing!" I shouted in Barrymorian tones on the tennis court instead of "Love 30." In front of my mirror I would stop in the midst of putting up my kid curlers, comb my hair back, and puckering my brow, murmur, to an unseen Polonius, "I know you. You are a fishmonger!" Well, it just had to be done, and I really wrote the parody on bananas and tried the impression for my own satisfaction. I didn't care much whether the audience liked it or not. I just had to get it off my chest.

We opened the Puzzles of 1925 in Atlantic City and I was also doing Ethel Barrymore. I found to my great chagrin that I could not do two Barrymores in one repertoire. Ethel's eyes got all mixed up with Jack's mouth. Their voices, though not really alike, mingled in my throat and so one had to go. The natives of Atlantic City gave Ethel much more applause than Jack, but having had Ethel for years, I clung to Jack and brought him into New York the next week.

Imagine my surprise when, as I combed back my hair and assumed the pose of John Hamlet Barrymore, the audience fairly rose to me, and I got more applause before I even started the imitation than I usually receive when I've finished one. I was so astounded that I almost forgot the lyrics. Of course, I was overjoyed, but at the same time I sort of missed Ethel. She had been my stand-by for so long and I thought how well that phrase "Off with the old love and on with the new" applies to the stage.

People say to me, not resentfully but incredulously, "Why, Elsie, you actually look like John Barrymore."

It certainly is hard luck to be able to look like a beauty and not be one, but then they always say that I look like Will Rogers, so maybe it's just as well that these resemblances are only momentary. I love Will, but I would rather change places than faces with him. The average man likes my imitation of Rogers better than all the rest put together, because the average man has at some time tried to spin a rope, and they think it was so wonderful of me just to see Rogers and then master the rope in order to imitate him.

Learning to Rope, Chew and Talk

I would love to take the bow and tie up the laurel wreath that I would deserve if such were the facts, but while I am in the confessing mood I might just as well, in the words of Aristotle—or was it Bugs Baer?—shoot the works, and tell how in 1913, when Will Rogers was chewing and roping his way out of Oklahoma into fame and was still as unknown to Broadway as a Radiola Eight, I was playing with Fred Stone in the Lady of the Slipper.

Mr. Stone is a wonderful roper and he used to practice on the stage after the show. I watched him enviously for a few weeks. He was preparing to do a rope stunt in his next show and I was planning to be ready to imitate him when he did. One night I borrowed a lariat and did an imitation, which I really can do. If I see someone do something, I can do it right after them in almost a monkey-like manner. They really missed a bet when they didn't get me for Exhibit A in that evolution trial down South.

One day I was playing golf with Jess Sweetser—that is, Jess Sweetser was playing golf and I was trailing along, murmuring, "Ain't he grand!" I watched Jess sink a putt, and not having even met the cup socially all afternoon, I stepped up, did just what he did and sank an eight-foot putt. Of course, I've never done it since, because, unfortunately, Mr. Sweetser likes to play, not talk his way around a golf course.

However, to get back to the rope. Inside of two weeks I was twirling the rope and dancing in it, very pleased with myself. One day Dorothy Stone came to visit daddy. I believe she was about six, maybe less; but when I tell you that she could not only throw the lariat, but jump in and out of it you will understand that the rope died on me a bit. I kept my lariats, but my enthusiasm was sadly dampened.

Then I went to London, made my debut, jockeyed back and forth across the sea with all the speed and nearly the regularity of an ocean liner, playing here a few months, then going back to London; and when I returned in 1916 to play in the Century Girl, all New York was talking about that cowboy comedian, Will Rogers. Out came the ropes from the storeroom. On went the practice bloomers, and Elsie started concentrating on roping, talking and chewing at the same time. Not so easy at first. When the rope would twirl, the jaws would set. When the jaws would chew, the rope would wilt. But eventually Will Rogers became a member of my little family of stars who help me keep the wolf from the door and the car in the garage.

A Daughter of Lady Luck

I'm proud if I do look like Will, even though when I finish being him I have about twenty lines around the eyes that are not in my own manuscript. But if it is true that I do look like my victims—or should I say supporters?—it is because I feel that I am them. And if you feel anything enough on the inside, it shows on the outside.

With Will Rogers, I often throw in jokes to try to make the orchestra or the company laugh. Once I have my lariat and gum, you could say, "Will, sing Rockaby, Baby, or recite The Face on the Barroom Floor," and I would automatically go right into it without even lapsing into Janis.

One night this last winter Governor Smith came to see our show. I could see him in the fourth row, and without any effort I found myself saying that I—Will Rogers—was going into politics. I was starting to rehearse now, 'cause I wanted to be ready to join the troupe when Al moved down to Washington and put on a show at the White House. The audience cheered. They cheered Al, not me. Then I went on and said, "How about it, Al?" The governor played back to me just as I am sure he has done often with Will Rogers.

I don't deserve any credit for that sort of thing. If I had to work hard to sustain a personality, it would be a feat; but as I admit that it is quite natural and easy to do, I don't feel that it is conceited to talk about it. And I am so fully aware of how much real common or garden luck has had to do with my career. For instance, the first time I played in London I was quite worried about whom I would imitate—who would be the local Eddie Foy. I looked the London stars over, and though I had two or three international favorites like Sarah Bernhardt, Harry Lauder and Gaby Deslys, I needed badly someone whom they were so keen about that even if the imitation was not so good, they would like it.

Two months before I was to brave the British lion in his theater, Frank Tinney made his debut and also scored one of the biggest successes ever made by an American in London. Imagine what an absolute blessing that was to me! Even if they had not liked me personally, they would have liked me as Frank Tinney, because London was ringing with his famous patter, "Hello, Frank! Hello, Ernest! I'm all right, I am.

(Continued on Page 197)

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THIS is the masterpiece of the world's pioneer manufacturers of portable typewriters. It embodies every important improvement that has been made in fifty years of typewriter building. This new Corona looks like a standard office typewriter—and does the work of one—yet it is *portable*. If you learn on Corona Four you can sit down and operate *any* standard keyboard typewriter.

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Corona Four is the most complete portable typewriter on the market. It has the same keyboard as the big office machines, the same length two-color self-reversing ribbon, and the same wide carriage, with self-spacing return lever.

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If you own an old Corona—or any other make of typewriter—your Corona dealer will accept it as part payment for a new Corona Four. The price of this latest model is only $60—everywhere in the States. A small extra charge is made for monthly payments. Look for Corona in your phone book, or mail the coupon for full details.

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Children live in the land of make-believe—and toys help mould their characters. Let your children play with Corona. They can't hurt it, and it will help them.

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Now an Entirely New HOTEL SHERMAN in CHICAGO

"Who's Who among World Hotels"

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE
Author, world traveller and authority on American politics

"ANYBODY can build a so-called hotel. Any second-class financial wizard can finance a hostelry in a live community, and it isn't much of a trick to pile up an impressive hotel symbol of stone and steel. America is speckled with imposing heaps of masonry that sport electric signs proclaiming them to be hotels, but a catalogue of hotels that are real hotels and not mere floors of dreary and impersonal cubicles takes little space.

"More than thirty years of testing and trying the hotels of the world has given me much hotel wisdom. I know the hotels from Chicago to Colombo, from New York to New Guinea, from Petrograd to Patagonia. I have a comprehensive knowledge, expensively acquired.

"No matter how much a hotel costs, real hotel essence has but three elements —comfort, food and service. In Chicago, I go to the Sherman because the Sherman exemplifies these essentials in the highest degree, whether the basis of comparison is American or European.

"For many years, there has been no better hotel in Chicago than the Sherman; and now, with its new building, its newest installations, and its old and capable personnel for the expert and friendly application of these essentials, there is no better hotel in the world."

Samuel G. Blythe

1700 Rooms
each with bath

75%
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HOTEL SHERMAN'S
Minimum Rates
$3.00 *to* $5.00
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No waiting for room assignment at any time

No Waiting *for Room Assignments*

The busy business man arriving in Chicago in the morning wants a hotel room *at once.* He prefers a comfortable, moderate-priced room where he can shave, enjoy a refreshing bath, change to fresh linen, leave his luggage, and get to his appointments on time and feeling fit. Delays in assignment ruffle his temper—interfere with his program—spoil his day.

The New Hotel Sherman has anticipated this demand for moderate-priced accommodation by equipping and pricing 75 per cent of its rooms at the hotel's minimum rates of $3.00 to $5.00—with bath. Under all ordinary conditions, the New Hotel Sherman can assure the single guest a room *immediately.*

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Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards

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You may serve the savory dishes of the famous College Inn kitchens in your own home, for this delicious food is now obtainable in cans from leading grocers everywhere. Ask for Chicken à la King, Welsh Rarebit, Chop Suey, Cream of Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, Pea and Vegetable Soups and the delightful College Inn Sandwich Spreads—Deviled Chicken, Chicken Liver Spread, and Salad Sandwich (in glass jars).

Popular features of New Hotel Sherman

¶ The internationally famous *College Inn.* ¶ The *Bal Tabarin,* America's oldest and most exclusive supper club. ¶ The *Old Town Coffee Room,* decorated by Tony Sarg, a restaurant with an atmosphere reminiscent of pioneer Chicago. ¶ The *Amy Leslie Dining Room* containing the well known Leslie Collection of theatrical portraits and programs. ¶ A large, new main restaurant. ¶ A floor exclusively for women. ¶ A floor for tall guests. ¶ A club-valet service hitherto unknown in Chicago hotels. ¶ A new entrance on Randolph Street giving direct passageway to desks and lifts. ¶ Seventeen high speed elevators, centrally grouped. ¶ Expansive new lobbies and lounges with furniture grouped after the European fashion. ¶ Large commercial exhibition hall equipped with all facilities for handling and operating every type of exhibit. ¶ Huge banquet hall seating 2,000 guests. ¶ And many other appealing innovations.

Today the Largest Hotel in the World Outside of New York

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

(Continued from Page 194)

How are you? Wait, Ernest, it don't make no difference how you are," and so on. This one was heard from Whitechapel to Mayfair. I went to Paris in 1921 to make an often-postponed debut, and though I had been there months during the war, you may imagine I had not spent much time getting imitations. So again I was baffled.

A month before I arrived, Madame Bernhardt made her first appearance since the war, just in time to make it perfect for me. Max Dearly, their favorite comedian, had just announced that he had an ambition to play Hamlet, and the next week he lost almost a fortune at the races. This combination of news items filled the papers for two weeks while I was rehearsing, which made it possible for me on my opening night to give my impression of how Monsieur Dearly might play Hamlet, and my text was, "To bet, or not to bet," and so on.

Again luck. Just suppose he had won a fortune instead of losing it. I should have been without my best number. In the war, how wonderfully lucky for me that for the first and perhaps the only time my imitations were absolutely unimportant. The fellows didn't like them as well as they did stories, songs and dances. What they liked best of all was when I would lead them in singing and would, as I put it, hoof it—meaning dance—while they sang. If they had insisted on imitations, I should not have lasted two weeks, because I could be myself nine shows a day and look for a tenth to play; but had I tried to take my "family" with their different voices, and have them do their stuff under a barrage, I should now be in the movies, where "actions pay better than words."

Like So-and-So, Only Better

I am very much afraid that the number of times the capital "I" appears in this article will give the impression that I have a terrible crush on me, but on the other hand it is rather difficult to tell how and why I do imitations and at the same time write about President Coolidge or Henry Ford. Certainly I would much rather write about them. I would even rather write about the economic situation in Patagonia or the effect of woman's rights on men's chins.

It is fairly certain that every general would like to be like Napoleon, only he would perhaps make a few slight improvements on the ending of that glorious career.

Every toe dancer would like to dance like Pavlowa, but perhaps add a Charleston on the toes to keep up with the times.

Surely every painter would like to paint like Rembrandt, but there are so many more things to paint today than there were in Rembrandt's day that the imitator would be tempted to try to go a step farther than his ideal.

Certainly every prize fighter would like to fight like Jack Dempsey, only they might care to fight a little more often, and not be such a perfect example of fistic selectiveness.

In other words, imitation is flattery; but I believe that no one is quite satisfied to be just an imitation. Deep down in the heart of each of us we should like to hear that she or he is very much like So-and-So, only better. And that's what makes the world go around and improve with each turn, for despite the people who are screaming about this dreadful hectic immoral jazz age, I, for one, am going to hang right onto my hunk of it and try for a ringside seat in the next one.

My Chief Supporter

I have left the star who has contributed more to my support than any other until the end, because I wanted to quote a verse of his for my exit. This is it:

"Always leave them laughing when you say good-by;
Never sing yourself to death;
You're losing time,
You're losing breath.
When you get an audience that's halfway shy,
You can leave them laughing if you try.
Now when I write a comic song
I fill it full of jokes—jokes that everyone has heard;
And they'll declare the song's a bird.
Now you're giggling good, you know;
That's the time I'm going to go.
I want to leave you laughing when I say good-by."

George M. Cohan wrote that, but he didn't live up to it, for when he left the stage he left most of us crying for him to come back. I for one am still crying, and not because when he left he gypped me out of one of my most happy imitations, but because he is, to use one of his own expressions when referring to someone he likes, a great guy, and I would rather be like him than anyone else in the world. There we have an instance when an imitation is not the sincerest flattery, but is the greatest ambition.

PHOTO. BY ANSEL A. ADAMS

Half Dome, Yosemite National Park

Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

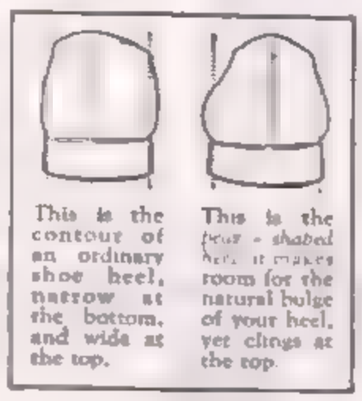
A bird's-eye view of a "bird" of a shoe!

YOU are looking right straight down on this new Walk-Over style—a bird's-eye view. Look at any Walk-Over from any angle—style, fit, wear. Just one eye will tell you that it's the best you can get at the price.

Style? That's why you see this shoe in this out-of-the-tenth-story-window view. It is the new, short-vamp, wide-toe style made as only Walk-Over can make it—with the half-century-old skill that puts the look of quality into every Walk-Over shoe.

Wear? You'll be stepping out in Walk-Overs long after ordinary shoes are worn out.

Fit? That's where Walk-Over stands as supreme and unequalled as an American gold dollar. The one trick of making shoes cling at heel and ankle as closely as a flapper's make-up is found exclusively in Walk-Over shoes. It is the *pear-shaped heel.*



This is the contour of an ordinary shoe heel, narrow at the bottom, and wide at the top.

This is the *pear-shaped* heel—it makes room for the natural bulge of your heel, yet clings at the top.

You'll find a Walk-Over waiting for you, in the style you want—wide or narrow, square, round or pointed. It will fit. Wear it, and know why comfort is every Walk-Over shoe's middle name. Write for Catalog H.

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The Majestic Foils Messrs. Wear and Tear

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Other Majestic Quality Products needed in every home are Underground Garbage Receivers, Package Receivers, Fireplace Dampers.

Write for Catalog and Dealer's Name

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Are you guiding your boy's play habits?

When a boy reaches that difficult age when he's outgrowing "play" and looking forward to "sport" he needs special attention and help from his father. That is the time for you to guide his play habits into channels that will build manly character and self-reliance.

Thousands of fathers are meeting this problem by giving their boy a Daisy Air Rifle and showing him how to handle it and shoot with it. Millions of American boys, most grown, got their first lessons in clean, wholesome outdoor sport, with a Daisy Air Rifle.

Perhaps you had a Daisy when you were his age. Then you know what a thrill of joy comes to a boy when he gets his first gun. Let your boy have this sport, and share with him the fun and [illegible]

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

ALL'S FAIR

Continued from Page 9)

they left much to be desired. When together, a circumstance frequently arising through the energetic organization of the two mothers, for the Hon. Mrs. Wivenhoe was also of the party, Ronald would sit with hands down-hanging and an expression of melancholy upon his face. And Meggie would frown, frown and frown. There was little excuse for such despondence, for never had I stayed in a house more plentifully sprinkled with mistletoe. The wretched boy seemed insensible to the invitation of these waxen berries, and there was little need to cough or sing before coming into the presence of the lovers. They sat apart, frowning and glooming, and I do not believe I have ever seen a more miserable pair.

"That boy of yours, Harry," said old George Wivenhoe, one night after his third glass of port, "is too shy to change his shirt before a hand glass."

Over a tilted decanter the Bart nodded.

"He needs livening up, George, and your gel don't seem able to do it."

"You can hardly expect a girl of spirit to coax a fellow into making love to her," said I. "She has the future to think of."

George Wivenhoe cracked a nut with his teeth to prove they were not detachable.

"Here, here! And damn good for you!" said he.

"Trouble is, madam and your lady's worth fixed this up between 'em and left the youngsters nothin' to do for 'emselves. It's been a damsite too easy and what's easy ain't worth havin'. If they're like this before marriage, Lord help 'em after it."

The Bart nodded gloomily.

"The whole thing falls down," said he, "on a question of experience. Young men have no right to get engaged until they've been through the mill. I know, you know, and Chalmers here, he knows, that the affections of a fellow who hasn't knocked round a bit ain't attractive to a gel. If Ronald's to cut ice with Meggie, he'll only do it after cuttin' ice with a dozen other Meggies."

"There are no other Meggies," I said with heat.

"Other gels then, if you want to be so fine. When I married Emily Crewe, I'd been over the sticks and hurdles, my boy, and so'd old George—and so've you or that face o' yours is a forgery."

It was not worth while arguing the point. The sacred half hour after dinner is not the time to protest one's innocence.

"Be consequence we know the way of a man with a maid and we know how to make the best husbands. . . . Port's at your elbow, George."

Old George helped himself.

"When I was one and twenty ——" he began, but we were dealing in generalities and not individual reminiscences. "You're the losers," said George. "She was a Spanish gel and couldn't speak a word of English. Met on the Dover-Calais boat, night crossing and so damn cold my teeth were chattering. Mistook 'em for castanets, she did. Still, if you don't want to hear ——"

"We don't, George. All we want to do is to establish the fact that as a result of experience we know how to handle women."

It was the way of the Bart to discover, in himself, great sex courage after the ladies had left the room.

"The handling seems to have broken down in this case," said I. "Lady Elliston and Mrs. Wivenhoe seem to have had much their own way about it."

There was some embarrassment in the silence that followed. Old George at length found the courage to reply, "When you're older, my boy, you'll discover there's a big difference between handling women and handling wives. Eh? How's that, Harry?"

"Tremendous, George—for you it's tremendous."

I left them congratulating each other and joined the ladies in the jade drawing-room. They were sitting about in attitudes of people wondering if there was going to be a little music and hoping not. Ronald and Meggie were side by side on a small settee. Ronald was playing with the button of his dinner jacket. Meggie was frowning and yawning. My first impression of her was of a coral uvula. Two or three other girls—too young to be really bored—were practicing smiles with which to delight old George when he should appear. The Hon. Mrs. Wivenhoe and Lady Elliston rigidly faced each other from two small chairs, ready, as it were, for conversation, a game of cat's cradle or an exhibition of thought reading.

My appearance was the cue for a general perhaps-something-will-happen-now kind of movement.

"Ronald," said Lady Elliston, "why not take Meggie to the billiard room and give her a game?"

"All right," said Ronald.

Meggie said, "Come and mark for us, Mr. Chalmers, if it wouldn't excite you too much."

But Lady Elliston roped me with an eyebrow.

"Dear Mr. Chalmers is going to talk to us," she said, and whistled as though to a dog.

As I came to heel, Meggie made a face at me and went out.

"There's a gramophone in the music room. Wouldn't you girls like to try a few dance steps together?"

The three girls, who were too young to be really bored, thought they wouldn't like that.

"Nonsense! Of course you would," said Mrs. Wivenhoe in a rich contralto. "Off you run!"

As the door closed, I began to feel very much alone.

"Now," said Lady Elliston, "shall I begin, Alice, or will you?"

"Do you," chanted Mrs. Wivenhoe.

"As you wish. . . . Mr. Chalmers, I have made a very dreadful discovery."

I said I was sorry to hear that, and hoped not.

Said she, "Listen." I listened. "The news was brought to me by Sparrow."

"One moment," I interrupted. "Do you mean by a little bird?"

"I do not. Sparrow is my sewing maid. You may have seen her. She is sometimes to be seen in the bedroom corridors."

Yes, I had seen her—a little black crow of a woman—a bird of ill omen—slipping in and out of half-open doors.

I nodded.

"As you are aware, Ronald went to town last night and did not return until one A.M."

"He was dining with a man from Trinity," said I.

"Mr. Chalmers, this is Ronald's twelfth engagement with the man from Trinity."

"They must have much in common, Lady Elliston."

"Mr. Chalmers, there is no man from Trinity."

"Oh, come," said I. "I myself have two cousins at Trinity and I am assured that ——"

"The man from Trinity was a mere excuse—a blind!"

"Excuse for a blind? Lady Elliston, you shock me."

"A deception, Mr. Chalmers. Ronald went to London to meet no one."

"What a curious place to have chosen for that!" said I.

"He went for a purpose of his own; and, at the risk of paining you, it was a dark and hideous purpose." I braced myself for the worst. "He went to see A Blank Check on Eternity."

"But how," I asked, "can you be sure of this?"

"Sparrow, on my instructions, followed him."

"Not, I hope, into the theater."

(Continued on Page 201)

When Winter Comes

MAYBE the mercury will be ranging around 90° the day you read this page. But remember, winter is coming.

And when winter comes, will you ride in solid comfort, or will driving be a dreaded hardship? Will you and your family enjoy the grateful warmth of a Perfection Heater, or will the use of your car be accompanied by menacing cold and discomfort?

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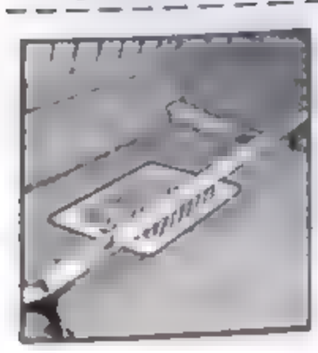

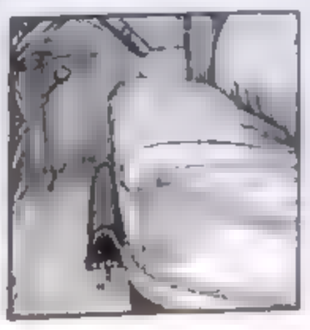

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Do your BATTERIES *fail* — when you want them most?

Now—you can be certain of continuous, unfailing "A" power of the highest quality . . . and always at full voltage.

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A DELIGHTFUL PROGRAM *that you've been looking forward to. A circle of friends to share it with you. Your radio is working perfectly. Then the rich, clear tones begin to fade. Embarrassed, you start to tune and tinker.*

Your "A" batteries failed—just when you wanted them most!

AN experience that comes to every radio fan! For "A" battery failure is the most frequent cause of poor radio reception.

But *to you*—this need never happen again. For you can now have continuous, unfailing "A" power that *automatically* replenishes itself from your house current.

Unipower—a triumph in radio engineering

Unipower is a single compact "A" power unit that fits *inside* most radio cabinets. It takes the place of dry cells or separate storage battery and charging units.

Unipower comes to you completely wired and assembled—all you have to do is connect two wires to your set and plug in on your house current. Unipower is equipped with an exclusive Balkite charger of special design. Unipower will last you for years, and has no tubes, bulbs, lamps or working parts that require frequent and expensive replacement.

A unique feature of Unipower is the master-control switch that governs the operation of your entire set. When the switch is ON, Unipower feeds your set rich, quiet power with neither hum nor noise. When the switch is OFF, Unipower *automatically* replenishes itself from your house lighting current.

Unipower is not a battery eliminator, and should not be confused with any other power device. Unipower is a scientifically designed "A" current supply which automatically converts house lighting current into radio power.

Within the reach of all

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Take time today to see Unipower at your radio dealer's. He will be glad to demonstrate it and explain its features to you. The Gould Storage Battery Company, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York.

FREE! *Write for interesting booklet, "Unipower—a Triumph in Radio Power", describing Unipower's many advantages and economies.*

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THE UNIPOWER ILLUSTRATED ABOVE IS FOR SETS USING UV-199 TUBES OR EQUIVALENT. FITS COMFORTABLY INSIDE MOST RADIO CABINETS

Unipower

Trade Mark

Off when it's on—On when it's off

(Continued from Page 198)

"I gave her three and six and she put herself in the pit. Ronald was alone in the stalls."

"He was not," said I. "A Blank Check is still playing to excellent business."

"I imply that he had no companion."

"There is," I said, "a silver lining to most suspicions; but how disappointing for Sparrow."

Lady Elliston shook her head gravely.

"When I tell you, Mr. Chalmers, that it was not the first time he had been to that play alone, you will realize the occasion is not one for jest."

With that she took from her bag a crumpled packet of theater ticket counterfoils.

"These were found in his dress waistcoats and brought to me one at a time by Sparrow. There are eleven, and with last night it makes twelve. Mr. Chalmers, there is only one explanation. My boy has become infatuated by an actress. In short, Ronald is his father over again."

"Lady Elliston," I said, "I really don't see how this concerns me."

"But surely, as my guest, as a man for whom Ronald has a deep respect, you would wish to rescue him from this terrible situation."

I spoke—I spoke at length. I said that there was no terrible situation, that heaps of people went to A Blank Check and were all the better for it, that I happened to know Ronald had never met Alves Fossdyck, but that if ever he did it would be a liberal education for him. I finished up with a word to the detriment of Sparrow.

While I talked, the two ladies wagged their heads like a pair of china mandarins. When I ended, Mrs. Wivenhoe began. She released her contralto and bayed at me. And the rot she talked, the rubbish about the perpetuation of noble species, the fusion of England's best blood and all that guff about county stock. Could I stand by and do nothing, she asked, while a marriage between an Elliston and a Wivenhoe was in jeopardy?

I said I thought I could. I said marriages were made in heaven and not at the College of Heralds.

"I am well aware, Mr. Chalmers," said she, "that authors, painters and the like are all too socialistic in their tendencies. But one does not appeal to them in vain for sympathy. Does it mean nothing to you that my daughter's heart should be broken?"

"Yes," I said, "it does. I would do anything to prevent it."

"Then for her sake—if not for England's—act, act, act!"

Then Lady Elliston:

"Ronald is such a timid boy. He is shocked by the slightest thing. Across the footlights, he sees in Miss Fossdyck an ideal woman: but with his delicate sensibility, what would his feelings be were he to meet her in the flesh? He would recoil, Mr. Chalmers—recoil in horror."

"Good gracious!" said I. "Do you think so?"

"I am certain of it."

"Other men," I protested, "have found Alves most attractive."

"Ronald is not as other men. He would shrink from her in repugnance. She would jar the refinement of his nature and in misery he would return to Margaret. It could not be otherwise."

I rubbed my chin.

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Arrange for his disillusionment."

The plot was certainly ingenious and did not lack for courage; but I was astonished that either of these two ladies cared to face so grave a hazard. Alves, too, had a right to be considered, for it did not seem altogether a chivalrous act to introduce a boy to her for the purpose of awakening him, rudely or otherwise. It was only after some hesitation I spoke.

"I would like to know Meggie's feelings in the matter."

Lady Elliston and Mrs. Wivenhoe exchanged glances.

"Mr. Chalmers, it was Meggie herself who made the suggestion."

I started.

"Meggie knows?"

"A lover's eyes see all."

"She sanctions it?"

"Naturally, she would do anything in the world to save Ronald."

I remembered how Meggie had said for Ronald she would make any sacrifice; but heaven and earth, where was her pride? I flung the butt of my cigar into the grate.

"Very well, Lady Elliston," I said. "I promise nothing, but I'll think it over. If I decide to help, it will be for Meggie's sake, not for Ronald's. In my opinion Ronald has behaved like a—never mind."

And with that I walked from the room, leaving the Hon. Mrs. Wivenhoe to nod triumphantly over Lady Elliston, as is the habit of friends and conspirators all the world over.

In the hall I saw Meggie. She was alone, seated—but how could she avoid that?—beneath a bough of mistletoe.

"Come and sit somewhere else," I said. "I want to talk to you."

"Why not here?" said she, patting the sofa at her side.

"Because I am an ordinary man with a proper appreciation for tradition."

"But it's Christmas," said she, "and you're a friend of the family. If the worst came to the worst, what's the odds?"

"On your own head be it," said I, and plumped down beside her.

"You're miserable about something. Won't you confide in me?"

"I am not miserable at all; I'm just angry."

"Ah, then you've been told—and you're annoyed at having to do something for someone else."

"Nothing of the kind, Meggie. I'm angry that you should be such a prideless fool."

"Oi!" said she.

"Oi be damned!" I said. "If you had to fall in love, why couldn't you fall in love with a man, instead of a pink-and-white—never mind what."

"Treachery," said she. "You would not dare abuse my lover to his beard."

"Beard!" I scoffed. "He doesn't know the meaning of the word, and how should he, the silk-skinned little sweep?"

Meggie drew herself up.

"Mr. Chalmers, you are speaking of your hostess' son and the man who is destined to be my husband. Another such word and I shall call 'Hola there!' to old George Wivenhoe. 'Hola, put me this varlet out!'"

"It's all very well for you to make a jest of it," I complained. "You and your generation have no fire, no feeling—nothing. You marry and give yourselves in marriage with as much enthusiasm as I'd eat—eat an ice."

"For a man who lives by phrase making, it's a wonder you don't starve," said she. "It isn't as if you have any imagination either. Nowadays one doesn't carry one's heart on one's sleeve. Granted imagination, you might have realized that what I am doing for Ronald is not a usual thing."

"No; it is not, and I'd think more of you if you told him to go to the devil."

That great smile of hers came and stayed.

"But I'm sending him there under escort, am I not?"

I humped a shoulder.

"A girl of spirit wouldn't have much use for a secondhand lover—for a man who has to be dragged up the altar steps by the hair of his head."

"Maybe so," said Meggie; "but where love is, pride goes by the board. No one shall say I haven't given Ronald every chance."

"The whole thing," I said, "disgusts me."

"Then why did you promise to help?"

"I haven't promised."

"But you will."

"I suppose I will," I replied grudgingly.

"Why, Mr. Chalmers?" Her face was near to mine. The mistletoe drooped above as a waxen berry fell upon her smooth gold

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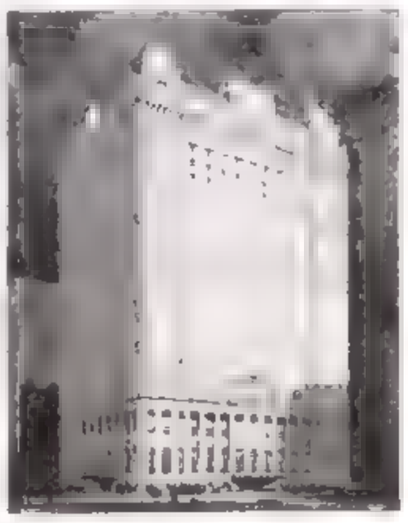

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head and rolled to her lap. "Why, Mr. Chalmers?" The words whispered round me.

I struggled against unworthy desire and vanquished it.

"I prefer to answer that in some other place and at some other time."

"'Go thy ways to a nunnery,'" said she. "Unlike me, you lack the courage of your affections."

Oh, miserable night!

The campaign against me was launched at breakfast next morning, when Lady Elliston accused me of having announced the intention of a visit to town.

"Of course we shall miss you, but it's only for twenty-four hours. And you shall take Ronald with you—the change will do the dear boy good."

My attempts to wriggle out of it were circumvented. Within an hour I found myself seated in my car with Ronald beside me and the whole party gathered on the steps to speed our departure.

"Farewell," sang Mrs. Wivenhoe, in a manner that must have excited the jealousy of Tosti. Meggie jumped upon the running board of the car, and popping her head through the open window, kissed Ronald's cheek.

"Take care of him, Mr. Chalmers; he is very precious to me." I growled something inarticulate and Ronald invited her to shut up. Meggie smiled into my eyes. "And bring me back a parrot," she pleaded.

"I don't believe you like Meggie, sir," said Ronald, as we moved away; "but she's quite a good sort really."

"Oh, shut that window," said I, and drove to town in silence.

I managed to get rid of Ronald during the afternoon and did not see him until dinnertime at my flat in Duke Street. Rather bashfully, he informed me that he had bought a box for A Blank Check and wondered if I would join him.

"It would be terrific to be there with the author," he said.

"Good heavens, boy!" I groaned. "Aren't you sick of it yet?"

"And never shall be," he said. "Will you come?"

It was what I was in town for.

"Yes, I'll come."

He hesitated. Then—"I say, sir, I don't suppose there's any chance of your taking me round behind the scenes?"

The Christian was putting his head in the lion's mouth with a vengeance. Conscience smote me. Ideals are not so plentiful that we can afford to shatter them. Was he not too young to have his dreams blown away? But there was Meggie to consider—Meggie's future—and I had promised; at least, I suppose I had.

"If you like," I said.

Ronald sprang to his feet and seized me by both hands. Thanks poured from him in torrents. If I had given him the kingdom of heaven, New York City and the British fleet his gratitude could not have been greater.

"Sit down and eat your soup," I said. "And remember you're engaged to the best girl alive, and don't be an ass."

It was a wretched evening. We sat in that box while a great audience sniggered and nudged one another, guffawed, cried and applauded. Nothing could shake the success of A Blank Check on Eternity, not even the atrocious liberties Alves Fossdyck was taking with the script and the proper reading of her part. Alves was drunk with popularity. She was manneristic, she fooled, she overacted, she farced comedy and stressed emotion. She was utterly and completely wrong and the audience adored her, cheered her, roared at her.

And Ronald leaned over the side of the box and lapped it up like a cat before a saucer of cream.

"Did you ever see the like, sir?" he gasped as the curtain fell on the last act.

"I did not," was my reply, "and very soon you'll hear me say so."

I led the way through the iron pass door, across the stage and down a dressing-room passage. The door of Alves' room was open. Alves was saying, "Darling, how divine! No, did you? Honestly?" to a group of infatuated women. Also she was swearing in an undertone at her dresser. "Mrs. Knight—aouh!—give me the comb. Your great hands ——"

Then she saw me. The infatuated women backed out as before royalty.

Alves cried, "Darling, darling!" seized my face, kissed it in divers places, flung herself back in a chair, stamped her feet and kicked a pair of mules into the air.

I borrowed a towel from Mrs. Knight to clean myself and looked at Ronald. With eyes wide open and lips parted, he stood in the doorway, breathing—just breathing. The poison was at work.

Alves said, "Come in, darling." And to me, "Who is it?" I suppose I introduced them, for she went on, "Sit down, Ronald. Not on that slip, you baby fool. Move it, Mrs. Knight, or I'll scream. But he's sweet, he's poifect, he's peach candy, darling."

Alves Fossdyck affected certain Americanisms, although she had never penetrated nearer to the heart of the United States than the Savoy Hotel. If I had not been concerned with a grievance of my own, I might have analyzed the effects of her dynamic personality on a sensitive soul like Ronald Elliston's. That he was shaken there could be no doubt, but whether by indignation or disappointment it was impossible to say. Spellbound and in silence, he sat watching Alves remove one make-up preparatory to assuming another. It must have been an illuminating experience. Even with her face shining with grease Alves was distractingly pretty, a wild savage little creature with the most perfect feet and ankles, the kindest heart and the smoothest and roughest tongue in the kingdom.

"Why didn't you tell me you were in front, darling?" she cried. "It's death not to know."

I replied coldly that I had wanted to find out what she was up to.

"Brutal! Brutal! You're brutal! Isn't he brutal?"—to Ronald. Then—"And what was I up to?"

"Doing your best to wreck the play," I answered. The towel slipped from her fingers.

"Darling!"

"And succeeding," I added.

"I'll die of tears if you mean it."

"I do mean it, Alves. You're clowning, you're moaning, you're playing havoc."

She looked at me with her astral eyes wide open, then turned to Ronald and screamed—shrieked. It was a wonder the ceiling did not fall.

Said Mrs. Knight, the dresser, "Think of your throat, dear."

"Wish I hadn't got a throat; wish I'd never been born. Gee! And I made that man's reputation!" One more scream. "But it's true what he says—every word! I am playing havoc—but the audience doesn't know. I swear on my mother's head they don't. Only I know and he knows—pig that he is to say so. Fiend! Peach candy, darling, take me to Waterloo Bridge—no, it's closed—to Blackfriars Bridge and push me over. I want to die. . . . Not that dress, Mrs. Knight—the silver tissue. I am going out to supper, you great silly."

It was reasonable to suppose that this unbridled display of temperament would have convinced Ronald Elliston that Alves Fossdyck was not the kind of girl his imagination had pictured. One might have expected so tender a youth to walk out in alarm, nor ever to return. And this is what I thought he would do, for at the height of her outburst he sprang to his feet and stood with clenched hands and breath hissing between shut teeth. Alves asked him if he wanted a drink and if so to help himself. His reply was an inarticulate sound accompanied by a gesture. He took three paces across the room and faced me.

"S-s-sir," he stammered. "I have to warn you that if you ab-b-buse this lady again, I shan't hold myself accountable."

(Continued on Page 205)

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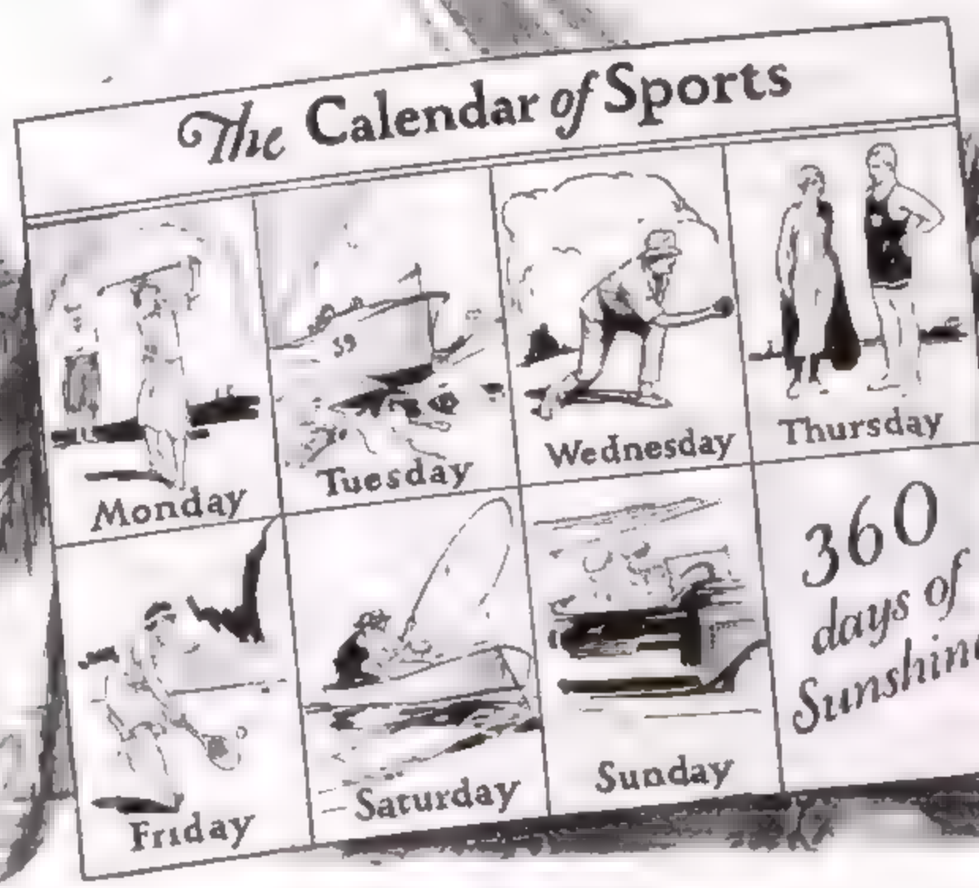

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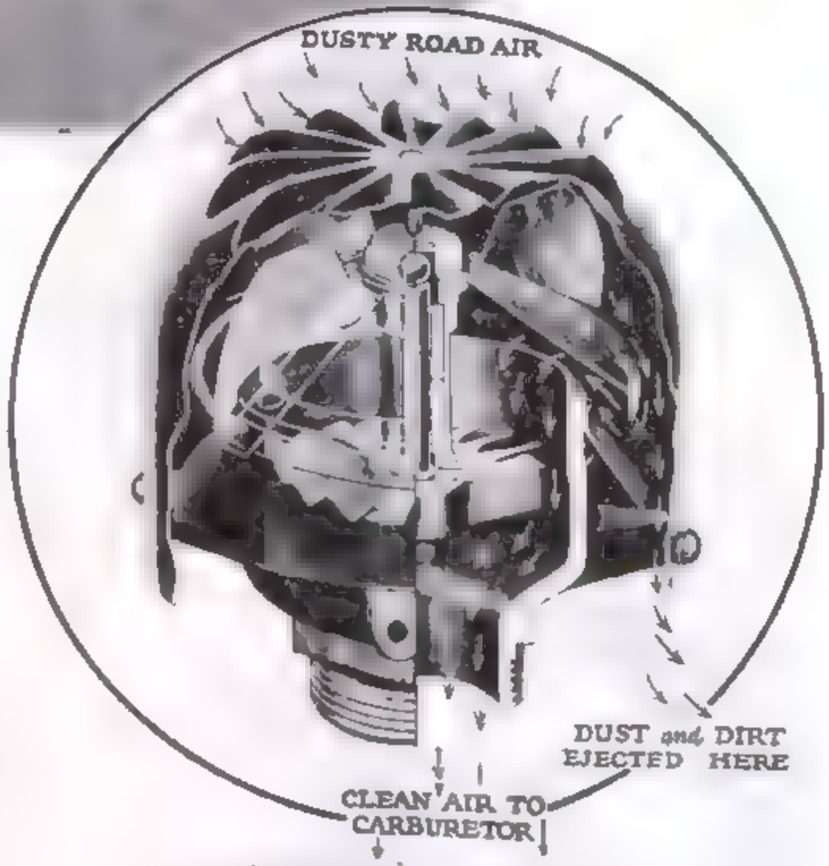

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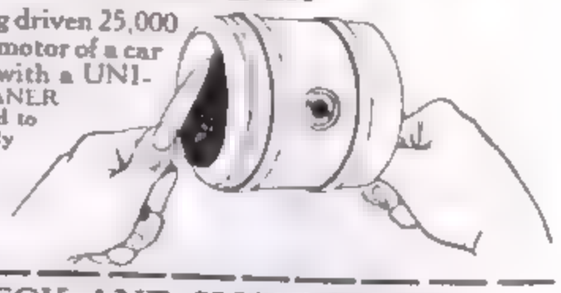

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(Continued from Page 202)

I stared—amazed. "I s-s'pose your criticism is inspired by professional jealousy, but if you don't want to be hit, let me tell you to l-l-look out." He turned from me as from a dog. "Miss Fossdyck, I have seen this play thirteen times, and whatever this man says to the contrary, I say you're wonderful—wonderful—and I know what I'm talking about."

"Ronald," I implored, "don't be an ass."

Alves gestured me to be silent.

"Does he mean it?" she asked.

"The fool," said I, "is infatuated."

"But it's too marvelous. The adorable person. Oh, darling, let him hit you once for my sake!"

"Ronald," I said sternly, "come home—at once."

"Never!" he replied. "Never until this lady dismisses me!"

"I won't dismiss you," said she. "You're much too precious. Oh, I must show him to mother."

"Alves, leave that boy alone!" I thundered. "He has done you no harm."

"But I wouldn't hurt him for a fortune. I was to have had supper with two cabinet ministers and their wives. Ring up the embassy, Mrs. Knight, and say I'm going to dance with Peach Candy instead."

"His name," said I, "is not Peach Candy; it is Elliston, and he is affianced ——"

Ronald took a step toward me, but Alves threw white arms about his neck. Her gray eyes were bright with laughter.

"Go!" she besought me. "Go ere worse befall you!"

I said, "I shall smack you in a minute. Brush the powder off that boy's coat and hand him over to me."

Then Ronald, chin out, brows down, very much a man:

"I'm prepared to take the view, sir, that your behavior is provoked by insanity. It would be better to retire now and avoid violence."

It was a miracle how he found the words, for I swear that never before had he pieced together a sentence so grammatical. Sheer gasconade, of course; but there was an earnestness about him that could not be denied. Alves Fossdyck fell back in her chair, racked with laughter.

"Oh, keep it up!" she implored. "It's the divinest thing that ever happened to me! Go on, my lovely knight, cleave yon dramatist's helm and bring me his head upon a charger!"

Ronald approached the dressing-room door, flung it open and bowed.

"I am waiting," he announced; "but before you go, p'raps you could lend me a second latchkey to your flat. I mean to say, I may be late."

"Oh, June!" cried Alves, who swore by the months of the year. "Take him outside, darling, till I've finished dressing."

Mrs. Knight shut us out. Robbed of an audience, Ronald's eloquence departed from him and he looked at me sheepishly.

"Now look here, Ronald," I said, "this won't do. If you weren't such a monumental ass, you'd see that Alves is only laughing at you."

"Of course she is," was the unexpected retort, "but I don't care. Hers is a gorgeous laugh."

"And if you imagine you're going to make an impression, you'll be disappointed. Half the men in the country are mad about Alves and she doesn't care a snap of the fingers for the lot."

"The more lucky me to take her out to supper."

"You'll only make a fool of yourself."

"I shouldn't wonder," said he; "but haven't you ever made a fool of yourself over a girl?"

I was not going to be sidetracked.

"Then you mean to see it through?"

"Certainly—that is, if you'll lend me a fiver to pay for the supper. I've stupidly left myself rather short."

"And Meggie?" I queried.

"Let's take one thing at a time," said Ronald.

It was too much. I slapped a crumpled fiver into his palm.

"Take it and be damned," I said.

"Good night," said he.

But I had a Parthian arrow in my quiver.

"Alves never supe alone with a man. You will find her mother a most attentive woman."

"I'm more or less used to mothers," said he.

It ended there; at least for a time it ended—to begin again at three A.M. the same night, with Ronald in evening dress leaning over the rail at the foot of my bed. He looked happy by the light of a match held to a cigarette, but why he should have thought I would be happy, too, passes comprehension. He told me he had had a wonderful time—too marvelous—"and really her mother's an awfully good sort." As to Alves—well, there were no words.

"I asked her to marry me, you know, but more for form's sake. Her refusal was something I'll never forget. She said she'd never marry a man she cared for because it wouldn't be fair to him. There's a lot in that—convinced me marriage is a mistake." It may have been the bright electric light point that hypnotized and held me mute. "Quite a mistake," he went on. "Rather a cruel institution in fact. Made me think. Now there's Meggie."

There was —— I blinked and sat up.

"Meggie, one of the best of good sorts and a girl I really care for. But if marriage is a mistake, it 'ud hardly be playing the game to marry her, would it?—I mean if, as a result of marriage, she came to dislike me."

Glimmerings of sense were apparent. She would—she undoubtedly would. My silence stimulated him.

"Now, sir, it occurred to me you'd be able to state my case a lot more clearly than I could. Put it up to her that I don't feel equal to the test—fond and devoted, but unequal to the test. See what I mean?"

I saw and I agreed. From his point of view and from mine the suggestion was admirable, but what of hers? I put the question and gloom descended upon him.

"If she wants me to stick to it of course I must," he said; "but let's give freedom a run, sir."

I sent him to bed and he slept. But I slept not.

There was consternation when, the following afternoon, I turned up alone at the Ellistons' country house. Lady Elliston was pouring out tea. Old George Wivenhoe was pouring out whisky.

"But where is Ronald?"

Careless of consequence, I flung a grenade.

"He has taken Miss Fossdyck to Peter Pan."

Lady Elliston paused in the act of pouring and aimed the spout of the teapot at my head.

"Miss Fossdyck—the actress?"

"I followed your instructions and introduced them last night."

George Wivenhoe didn't bother about any soda—he swallowed the whisky neat.

"Slush!" it went. "Who-whoop!" he said.

"And Ronald did not recoil?"

I shook my head.

"He advanced, she advanced; accompanied by her mother, they both advanced."

There was the clatter of a teacup and Meggie ran from the room. The Bart came forward, eyes gleaming.

"What's this about Ronald and an actress—and you, Emily, causing them to be introduced?"

"How was I to know, Harry?"

The Bart's hand descended with a whack between her shoulder blades. A jet of tea leaped across the Aubusson carpet.

"So you came to my way of thinking, after all. Damme! I never credited you with so much sense. We'll make a man of Ronald yet."

Then from Mrs. Wivenhoe in a deep diapason: "You can say that when my daughter's happiness has been turned to ruin and to blight."

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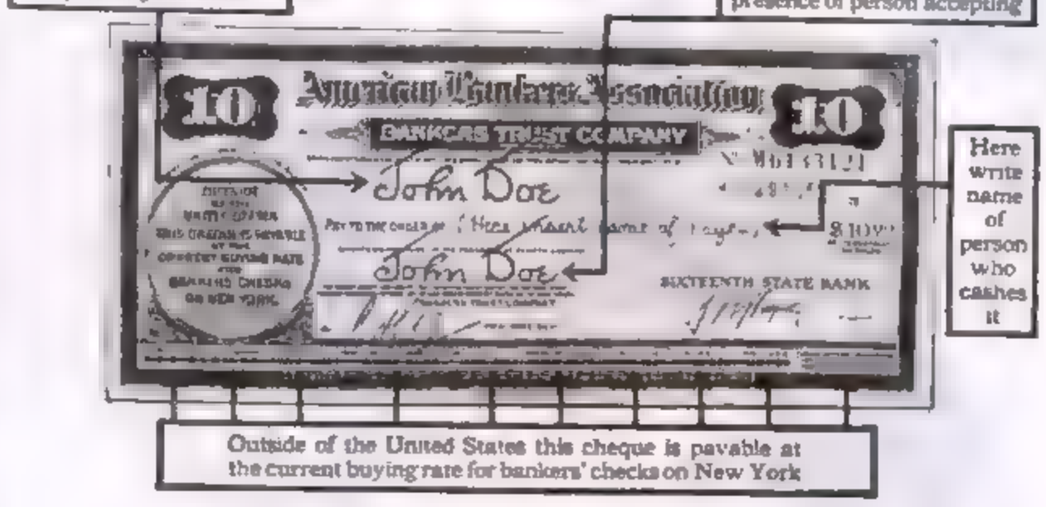
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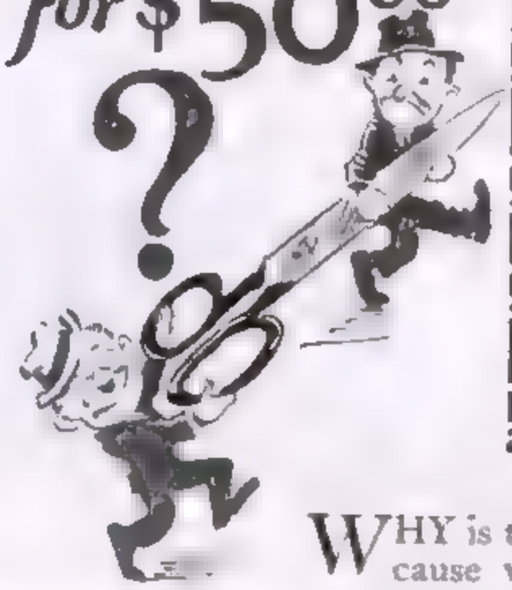

The Curtis Publishing Company
789 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How do I stand a good chance to make $50.00 or more *extra* by your cash plan?

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WHY is this coupon printed here? Because we have something we want you to know about—and a coupon is such a handy little vehicle for bringing us together!

Would *you* clip it for $50.00? It can easily be worth to you that much, or more! For just such a coupon as this has brought to other Post readers all over the country a plan that pays them $1.50 for an odd hour; $5.00, $10.00 *extra* for a day; $200.00 and up for a single month's pleasant work.

What's the plan? You need only risk two pennies—for mailing the coupon—to learn, without the slightest obligation, all about the way we make it easy and profitable to line up subscribers for the Curtis Publications. Clip—and learn the really worth-while facts!

Risk a Little Red Postage Stamp!

If your feet could TALK *They'd Shout* Ground Grippers

If Your feet were endowed with the power of speech they'd protest against being imprisoned in bone-crushing, muscle-restricting shoes.

They would demand freedom of action in pliant, easy-flexing, arch-supporting GROUND GRIPPER SHOES. You who are subconsciously resigned to foot pressure, will find incomparable delight in the soothing, strengthening resiliency of GROUND GRIPPERS. Heed the protests of your aching arches! Give them a square deal!—but be sure you get the genuine GROUND GRIPPERS and not an inferior substitute.

In the event no authorized Ground Gripper agent is accessible to you, write to the factory direct.

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO. INC.
90 Linden Park St. Boston, Mass.

Send for a FREE COPY of our book, "*What You Should Know About Your Feet.*" There's a world of wisdom in it!

IN YOUR FEET

Ground Gripper SHOES

The Most Comfortable Shoe in the World
For Men, Women and Children

Pleasant Hours That Pay Big

—for men or women —part- or full-time

HAVEN'T you often wished you knew of an easy, congenial way to make a few extra dollars every week—or fifteen or twenty, even fifty, dollars extra when you needed them for "something special"?

Here's the plan you've been looking for. Harry Hutchinson of New Jersey earned just under $100 in his first month by this plan—*extra* dollars, mind you. Mrs. L. H. Bothwell of West Virginia secured an $8 order in only *ten minutes*. Hundreds of busy people from coast to coast count on this plan to give them the extra cash they need, week by week and month by month.

What is the plan? Simply this: Let us authorize you to forward from your community both new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, on an exceptionally generous commission and bonus basis.

Read at the right some of the attractive points about this work. Then send in the coupon for all the interesting details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
815 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me, without obligation to me, how I can make money by your plan.

Name _____

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The Curtis Plan Has These Real Merits

1. You are your own boss. You work when you feel like it, among your friends and neighbors, and stop when you like. If you plan a little trip, you may take your Curtis receipt book with you and let us help foot your expenses.

2. You are generously paid in cash in proportion to the extent of your success. An ambitious young man will find in this work challenging possibilities.

3. Many workers bank Curtis dollars who seldom have time to leave their own homes for subscriptions. Busy mothers, for instance, find it easy to make "pin" money by use of the telephone and the mails.

4. Almost every person of standing in your community is a prospect for one of the three Curtis publications. They know the exceptional value you can offer. They will welcome your call.

5. You need no experience, no capital, to start. We furnish all the supplies you require, free of charge, and very helpful instruction in salesmanship.

"Rot!" said old George. "Rot, madam! Blight be jiggered! Gel like Meggie's worth a dozen Ronalds."

"That," said Lady Elliston, "is a lie."

I left them to decide who was right.

In a corner of the hall I found Meggie face downward on a sofa, gold hair spilled across a cushion, shoulders shaking. A most affecting sight.

"You brought it on yourself," said I harshly. "You'll get no pity from me."

"That you?" came a muffled inquiry. "Half a second and I'll make room." Her feet described a circle. She presented to me a face reddened by partial suffocation. "Tell me, please."

I did and she nodded.

"In a vision last night I saw it all. But how did you manage so cleverly?"

"I? Manage? It was nothing to do with me."

Her face glowed. "I'm glad, for I was almost afraid you'd seen."

"Seen what?"

"That if I'd broken off the engagement any other way there'd have been an awful fuss with the families."

"You—but it wasn't you who broke the engagement."

"No, but I did the arranging."

"Is this true?" I demanded.

"Verily," said she. "I thought it was a good idea."

I had a futuristic impression of shafts of sunlight stabbing darkness.

"When did you think it was a good idea?"

"The other day."

"Which other day?"

"There's no such thing as a specified other day. The other day is a confidential measurement of time, sir, I mean to say, if you see what I mean."

Her smile was maddening.

"And you willingly involved me in a plot of this description?"

"Well, I thought you'd like to help," said she. "After all, Ronald is much too young for any girl to marry."

"You've behaved atrociously," I cried. "If you thought that, why on earth did you agree to the engagement?"

"To oblige," said she. "I am very obliging, you know."

"Then oblige me by not smiling while we're discussing a serious matter."

"I was smiling at the other serious discussion that's going on at the back of your eyes, sir."

What was the use? Thoughts are better out than in.

"I suppose," I said—"I suppose you are well aware that I'm in love with you, Meggie?"

"Yes, I noticed you were."

"When?"

"The other day."

I took her by the wrists.

"Was it the same other day, Meggie? Was it? Answer me! Was it?"

"It might have been," said she.

"Meggie," said I, "I give you fair warning. I shall kiss you in a minute."

She suddenly frowned.

"Jilted I may be," she said, and suddenly smiled, "but at least I have something to look forward to."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot **be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice.** With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your **address label from a recent copy.**

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

©1925 H. S. Co. Inc.

Styleplus Windsor Cheviots

Smart dressers are wearing cheviots this Fall. Knowing they would, we brought out Styleplus Windsors—cheviots of character. The fabrics are diagonals, broadwales, diamond weaves, herringbones, and super-mixtures. Shades are Blue, Collegiate Greys, Sand Tones, Burgundies, Delft Blues, Gothic Browns.

Styleplus Windsors retail at $35 to $40. Other Styleplus Clothes retail at $25 to $40—some at $45.

See Styleplus *before* you buy *any* clothes—especially see the Windsor Cheviots.

"Style plus quality plus pride of appearance."

HENRY SONNEBORN CO., INC., BALTIMORE

Other Styleplus Special Features presented for Fall are:

Styleplus York Blue

The best-known, semi-formal suit in America. Fine, dark blue unfinished worsted, lined with striped silk, with silk vestback and silk sleeve lining to correspond. Trousers in the season's correct widths. The York Blue gives the feel of luxury and the consciousness of style.

Styleplus Fieldbrook Cheviots

A worsted cheviot of style and character that can be bought at an extremely popular price. Made in plain diagonal and herringbone weaves—and in the newest shades.

Styleplus Holbrooks

A fine quality unfinished worsted fabric that appeals especially to men and young men who wish to dress in quiet elegance. A weight suitable for year around wear.

Styleplus Sahara Tans

This is one of the new shades for Fall, and we are showing it in a variety of patterns and in the wanted weights. The Styleplus Sahara Tan suit has character. Every fabric is cut in the proper young men's model so that the fabric and the model are in complete harmony.

Styleplus Platinum Stripes

These are all high quality soft finish worsteds in blue and black background, with the famous platinum stripe. They are cut in our special models for young men and in our less extreme, more dignified models for older men.

Styleplus Old Dominion Worsteds

Also identified by a sleeve label. These are made in herringbone and soft stripe effects in grey, brown, and bluish mixtures of very exceptional quality for men who like quiet colorings.

Styleplus Tuxedos

The Tuxedo suit is no longer a luxury but a style necessity. Styleplus Tuxedos are made in several models, offering young men the very latest thing in style, and giving older men the gentility they seek in evening clothes. The stylish appearance and all around quality of Styleplus Tuxedos have made them popular with men who select their evening clothes regardless of price.

Styleplus Glade Toppers

Made of a special fabric that has both style and wear. The shades are suggested by the Scotch woodland tones—blue, brown, fawn, oxford and heather. All have plaid backs and are made with a deep satin trim to the waistline. They are topcoats of distinction.

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats are identified by our special Dunberry label. The Dunberrys are overcoats de luxe, silk lined. They carry a full silk yoke almost to the waist, and silk sleeve linings. The models are smart and stylish, including the new straight hanging effects, the box backs, and the ulsters for warmth and hard weather.

Styleplus Silk Lined Suits

Many beautiful Styleplus fabrics are made up with silk linings, including blue diagonal Cheviots, blue broadwale diagonals, diamond weaves in blue, grey, tan and fancy patterns and herringbone weaves in all popular shades.

Our 75th Anniversary

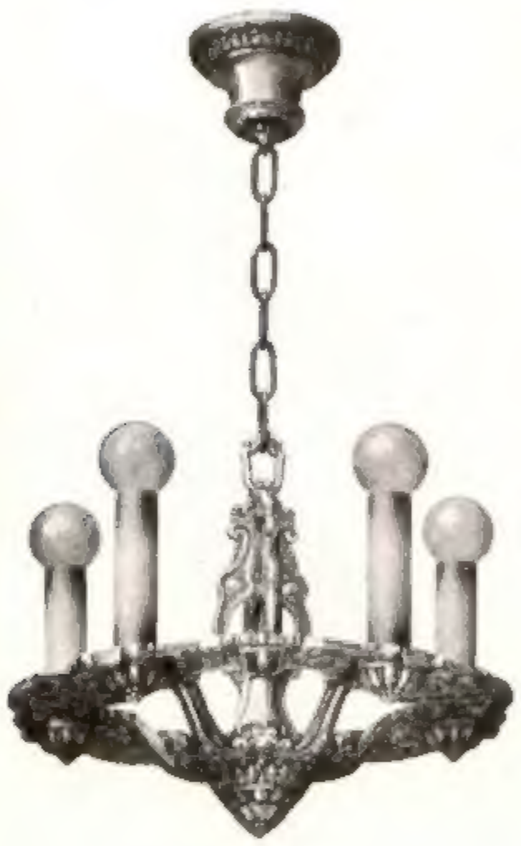
In November we will celebrate our 75th anniversary. We are one of the two oldest men's clothing makers in the United States—our house was established by Mr. Henry Sonneborn in 1849.

Trade Mark Reg.

Modernize Your Lighting

Trade in your old fixtures for new Riddle Fitments

Ask your Dealer for trade-in allowance



SUMMER is over, fall is here and the long winter evenings are just ahead. Now is the time to think about having everything bright and cheerful indoors. It's the time to think about your lighting, which can be such a factor in making the home pleasant and in keeping with modern ideas in interior decoration. Consult your Riddle dealer—see the beautiful new styles he will show you and ask him about the trade-in plan, the greatest opportunity ever offered to buyers of home lighting equipment.

New styles; greater values

In selecting Riddle Fitments under the trade-in allowance plan you have the advantage of choosing from the very newest Riddle styles. Some of these pieces are illustrated on this page. There are others equally attractive—beautiful hanging and ceiling fitments and attractive wall brackets. The cost is moderate in the extreme. The fitments pictured are available at only $23.50 each. Others at even lower prices—still others at only slightly more. A moderate investment will give you an entire Riddle installation. And the trade-in allowance still further reduces the cost.

Just like trading in your old car

Under the trade-in allowance plan you receive credit for your old lighting fixtures just as you do for your old car when you buy a new one. It gives you a real opportunity to modernize your lighting equipment and install decorative lighting at a remarkably small expenditure. Do not fail to take advantage of this very unusual offer. See your Riddle dealer—or if not acquainted with him, write us at once for his name. Illustrated folder sent on request.

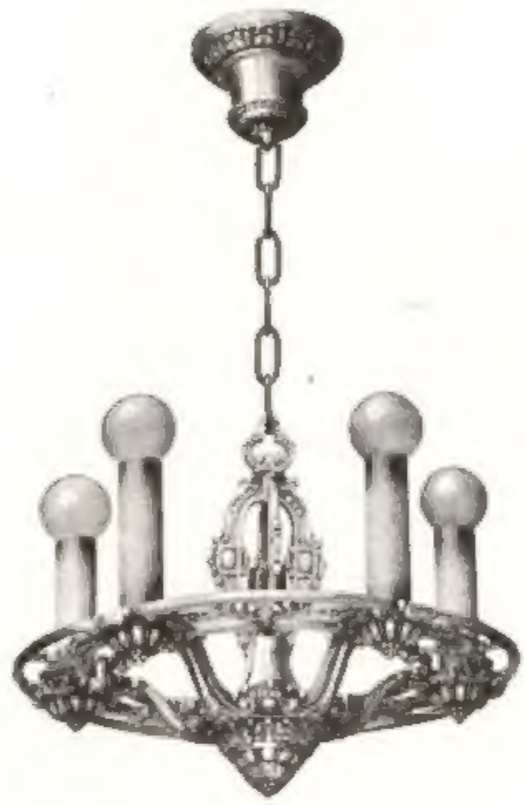
To Realtors and Builders

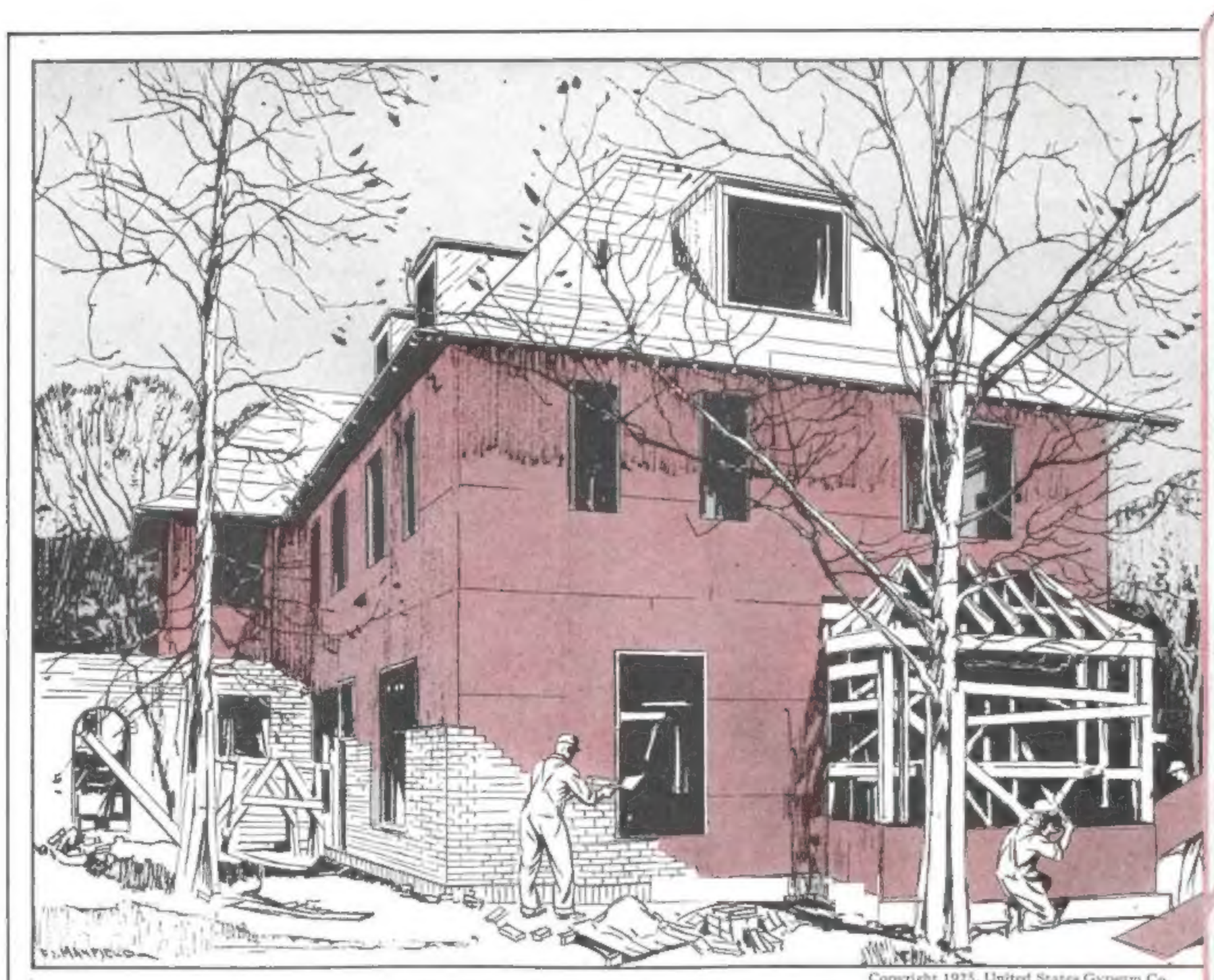
Many home builders are standardizing on nationally advertised materials, including Riddle Fitments, owing to the better re-sale market for homes equipped with nationally known materials. The Riddle Fitments illustrated, and many others, are especially designed and priced for homes of moderate cost. Your Riddle dealer is prepared to cooperate with you in every way. His name and details of the Riddle Planning Service for realtors and builders will be sent on request.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Riddle
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Now in over 150,000 homes





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The Ideal Sheathing *for a modern home*

On the nature of your sheathing depends the kind of house you will have—whether sound and strong, secure against fire and weather, easy to heat in winter and comfortably cool in summer, economical to build and maintain—or the costly reverse of all these qualities.

One after another, present-day building conditions have made plain the need for a better sheathing material than any heretofore known.

The rising cost of fuel, for example, has put a definite money-value on insulation.

Again, the values of fire-resistive construction today impress everyone with the wisdom of using fireproof materials. It is imperative that the sheathing be fireproof, that it will not burn and will not transmit fire.

Finally, structural strength is necessary to brace your building against racking and wind-stresses.

It is clear, therefore, that the modern building need is for a unit sheathing material that is fireproof, insulating, structurally strong, and economical.

Realizing this need, the United States Gypsum Company devoted its unequaled resources and experience to the development of an ideal material—a new type of sheathing of great merit, extremely low cost and possessing *patented advantages* found in no other materials used for this purpose.

This product is *Gyp-Lap*—the *fireproof* sheathing.

Gyp-Lap provides in one easily-applied material all four essentials of the ideal sheathing:

1–It is *fireproof*
2–It is *extra-strong*
3–It is *insulating*
4–It is *economical*

Your dealer in Sheetrock, lumber and builders' supplies sells Gyp-Lap or can get it. Write for free sample and booklet.

Made only by the United States Gypsum Company

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Gyp-Lap is made of rock—pure gypsum, cast in large sheets a full half-inch thick and all ready for nailing to the framework. The patented interlocking edges assure a solid, wind-tight joint. Gyp-Lap provides a perfect backing for stucco, brick or wood

U.S.

GYP-LAP

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The *FIREPROOF* Sheathing

Housecleaning with Old Dutch brings

Healthful Cleanliness

To Millions of Homes

You want your home, and everything in it, clean. That's the purpose of "house-cleaning." The most efficient, economical way to secure that result is to use Old Dutch Cleanser.

It takes away the dirt you see; it takes away all invisible dirt and impurities; wherever Old Dutch is used it leaves *Healthful Cleanliness.* It is a natural detergent; flat, flaky particles make a perfect contact with the surface cleaned; it goes through the dirt, not just over it; it *erases* dirt instead of scratching it off.

You want quick, economical cleaning—Old Dutch accomplishes this and brings *Healthful Cleanliness* to floors, woodwork, bathroom; cooking utensils; tiles, stone steps, porches; refrigerator, stove, etc.

It is inexpensive because a little of it does a lot of cleaning.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch

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